

I LIVED IN AN AMAZING AMAZON FEMALE VILLAGE

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IND

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Dick Baden, 26, former truck driver from Napoleon, Ohio: "Fine salary, expense account, a car, many other benefits. I highly recommend Universal."

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STAG is published by ATLAS MAGAZINES, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. and at Meriden, Conn. Published monthly. Copyright © 1968 by Atlas Magazines, Inc., all rights reserved. 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 19, No. 4, April 1968 issue. Price 40c per copy. Subscription rate \$5.00 for 12 issues including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes. NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Kalish, Quigley & Rosen Associates, 667 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, and 490 South San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048. Printed in the U.S.A.

stag

APRIL, 1968
VOL. 19, NO. 4

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CONFIDENTIAL



ONE OUT OF FIVE

INSIDE FOR MEN

Some estimates indicate one out of five married women is having an affair. Most justify it by claiming they learn new techniques which they then can teach their husbands . . .

Big push on to make women liable for alimony payments as well as men . . .

PSYCHIATRISTS WAITING TO SEE THE EFFECT ON PETTING HABITS ONCE PAPER PANTIES BECOME MORE WIDELY USED. Some stores selling packs of six panties for half a buck . . .

Court fight is on to allow a confessed homosexual to retain a "secret" security rating. Argument is that if a man confesses to being queer, nobody can possibly blackmail him . . .

Last Christmas saw an uproar among the babes in toyland. One manufacturer put out a "little brother" doll, complete with male sex organ . . .

N.Y. COPS CLAIM NEW POLICY OF SHORT JAIL TERMS FOR PROSTITUTES CAUGHT IN THE ACT IS BRINGING MORE GIRLS INTO THE BUSINESS. They feel that tougher, longer stretches should be given the girls if any progress in driving them off the streets is to be made . . .

Men get re-heated by a girl who tells them she loves them AFTER THEIR ROMANCING IS CONCLUDED; claim they're "turned off" by girls who jump the gun and pour out those three little words before any action has started . . .

Head doctors believe that a girl who has experienced an orgasm exudes an eroticism that men can sense, whether they've ever been involved with her or not . . .

FOR GREAT GIRL-HUNTING GROUNDS, TRY ENGLAND (15,000,000 girls to 11,000,000 boys), SWEDEN (124 females to every 100

males), or RUSSIA (where there are at least 9,000,000 women too many to go around) . . .

First test of moonship after the tragic fire that took three of our astronauts' lives showed that, with new safety improvements, the capsule was A-OK--it wouldn't burn . . .

MEN IN UNIFORM

Vietnam is not the most unpopular war this country has ever fought. Survey shows that No. 1 on list is War of 1812, followed by the Mexican War, then the Revolutionary War. NUMBER FOUR IN UNPOPULARITY WAS THE NORTHERN ACTION IN THE CIVIL WAR . . .

By the end of 1967, we lost over 3,000 planes in Vietnam--at a cost of more than \$3,000,000,000 . . .

Wave of nationalism hitting Saigon resulted in ruling that all "foreign" signs must be translated into Vietnamese. How do you say "Pizza," "Big Boy Hamburgers" or "Golden Hands Massage Parlor" in the native tongue???

We've finally convinced South Vietnam to lower the draft age from 21 to 18 . . .

Integration of U.S. GIs and Vietnamese troops has proved to be a big flop--the brass is quietly forgetting all about it. Big reason is that the Viets tend to rely on us too much, refuse to TAKE THE INITIATIVE . . .

Medics having a hell of a time with draftees trying to duck service. Men show up high on LSD, faking limps, showing phony needle punctures in their arms, wearing eye patches, EVEN STAGGERING IN ON CRUTCHES. Temperatures aren't even taken anymore, as almost anyone can fake an above-normal reading. If he does show up with high blood pressure, racing pulse, or anything that might be drug-induced, he is shipped to a hospital for observation . . .

GIs IN VIETNAM ARE BACKED BY MORE FIRE-POWER THAN IN ANY OTHER WAR THIS COUNTRY HAS FOUGHT. WHEN AN INFANTRYMAN IS ON THE

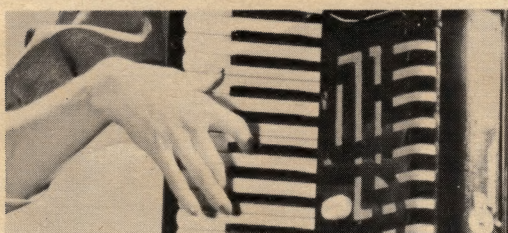
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BACKED TO THE HILT





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Here's How Others Learned to Play This Fast, Easy Way!

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Clara J. Napoleon
Trenton, N.J.

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Dwight Bullard
Concord, Ark.

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Communications Techn'l'gy
Electronic Fundamentals
Electronic Fundamentals (Programmed)
Electronic Fundamentals with Electronic Equipment Training
Electronic Instrumentation & Servo Fundamentals
Electronic Principles for Automation
Electronics and Applied Calculus
Electronics Technician
First Class Radiotelephone License
Fundamentals of Electronic Computers
General Electronics
General Electronics with Electronic Equip. Trng.
Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems Servicing
Industrial Electronics
Industrial Electronics Engineering
Industrial Electronics Engineering Technician
Numerical Control Electronics & Maintenance
Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
Practical Telephony
Principles of Radio-Electronic Telemetry
Principles of Semiconductor-Transistor Circuits
Radio Servicing with Equipment Training
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Three valuable booklets sent to you free when you mark and mail the I.C.S. coupon. No obligation.

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Special I.C.S. booklets for women Convenient Payment Plans

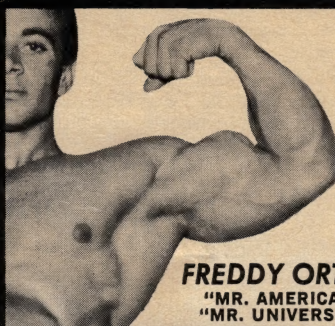
Send For Free Information On How
**YOU, TOO, CAN OWN
A POWER-PACK BODY**

Like These Weider Pupils
and Champions!



LARRY SCOTT
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Twice "Mr. Olympia" winner—Larry stands 5' 7", weighs 205 lbs. and has a pair of 20" arms! He is considered one of the world's best-built men—but he was a 136-lb. weakling before mailing the coupon! This Can Happen To You Too!



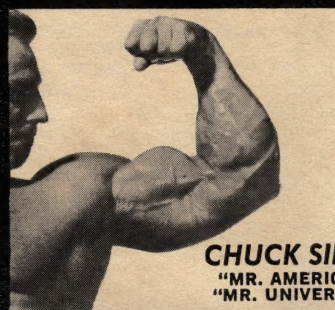
FREDDY ORTIZ
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Freddy stands 5' 5", weighs 185 lbs. of rock-hard muscle. His arms measure 19" and he is considered the best-built short man in the world. Yet, he was a 115-lb. skinny weakling before sending in the coupon! Why Not You?



RICKY WAYNE
"MR. EUROPE"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Ricky is 5' 8", weighs 198 lbs. of Herculean muscle. His arms measure a full 19½", and he is considered the best-built man in Europe today. He weighed a pitiful 123 lbs. before sending the coupon! And It Can Happen To You! ☺



CHUCK SIPES
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Chuck stands 6', weighs 225 lbs., and has a pair of 20" arms—among the strongest in the world! He was a 141-lb. weakling before sending in the free coupon! Now How About You?

Weider-Pupil
DAVE DRAPER
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner, and movie-TV star—Dave stands 6' 2", weighs 235 lbs. and owns the largest arms in the world—21" upper-arm, 17" lower-arm! Yet, he was fat and flabby before mailing the coupon! But Why Wait? Rush!



FREE! MUSCLE COURSE THAT CAN ADD 3 INCHES TO YOUR ARMS FAST! ...AND MAKE YOU INTO AN ATHLETIC VIRILE HE-MAN!!

In half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes a day, I will, through my "TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE" that I want to send you FREE, guarantee that virtually overnight, you will experience a muscle-building miracle! Before your eyes you'll slap on inches of steel-hard muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give yourself life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy, athletic legs. Add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest, skinniest or funniest-looking body, whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy or businessman, I must make a new,

virile he-man out of you—with handsome muscles bursting out all over! They will ripple with power, vibrate with energy! And for the first time in your life, men will envy your body—women admire it, because at last you will own a body that brings you fame instead of shame! What I did for Dave Draper "Mr. Universe" winner, and for hundreds of other champions since 1936, I am ready to do for you! A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength! Fill out the coupon below NOW! Rush it to me—and in hours, with no charge to you—at my own expense, you too, like Dave Draper did, will start putting an end to your weakness! You have nothing to lose but your weakness! ACT NOW!—SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

THIS GIANT 32 PAGE COURSE

WRITE TO: **JOE WEIDER** Dept. 16-48G
TRAINER OF CHAMPIONS SINCE 1936,
531-32nd Street, Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I am saying YES to becoming a New Man! Rush me your free Muscle-Building information which I can use right now at home to build a handsome and useful body.

I enclose only 10c to cover the cost of handling and mailing. I am under no further obligation.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

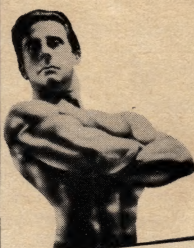
CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____ AGE _____

(Please print clearly)

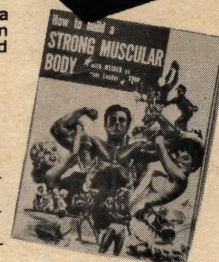
I have ☒ where I need more muscle:

- I Want: ☐ Bigger Arms ☐ Larger Neck ☐ Deeper Chest
☐ Trim Waist ☐ Athletic Legs ☐ Added Weight
☐ Broader Shoulders ☐ More Endurance and Power



JOE WEIDER
Personal trainer of "Mr. America" "Mr. Universe" "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1936—over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

**ABSOLUTELY
FREE!**



MAIL COUPON TODAY! NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!

LAST LAUGHS



A girl walked up to the hospital information desk and asked to see the upturn.

"You mean the intern?" the nurse on duty inquired.

"Yes, I guess I do," the girl said. "I want to have a contamination."

"You mean examination," corrected the nurse.

The girl blushed. "Well, I want to go to the fraternity ward in any case."

"I'm sure you're thinking of the maternity ward," the nurse grunted.

The girl, obviously flustered, put her hands on her hips and blurted loudly, "Uptern, intern . . . contamination, examination . . . fraternity, maternity . . . what's the difference? All I know is I haven't demonstrated in two months and I think I'm stagnant!"

The elderly housewife bragged to her husband, "I can still get into the same skirts I had before we were married."

Without glancing up from his paper he replied, "I wish I could."

Thinking she recognized her husband, a lady in a suburban train left her seat and put her arms around a bald-headed man sitting several seats ahead. Naturally she was greatly embarrassed when the man turned around and she saw that he was a complete stranger.

"Oh, pardon me," she stammered, "but your head looks exactly like my husband's behind."

They were necking like crazy on the couch in her living room, but every time he thought they'd reached the point where the preliminaries could be dispensed with, the telephone rang. When it happened for the fifth time, he groaned in disgust. "What's the matter," she pouted. "Don't you think a pretty girl should have her number in the phone book?"

"Sure," he said, shrugging, "but not in the Yellow Pages."

A mean-faced Marine and a sailor were sitting next to each other at the bar.

"You don't look like a sissy," said the Gyrene to the swabby. "How come you didn't join a man's outfit like the Marines?"

"I tried to, honestly," answered the sailor, "but they found out my father and mother were married."

Rare typo in account of a golf match on sports page of a Daytona Beach, Florida, newspaper: "At this point the gallery deserted the defending champion to watch Miss Blank, whose shorts were dropping on the green with astonishing regularity."

As they entered their honeymoon suite, the groom asked his new bride, "Will I be the first man to sleep with you?"

She smiled and said: "Only if you doze off."

Joe and Mike had been shipwrecked for a week without food. Finally Joe got lucky and brought down a sparrow. With shaking knife, he divided it down the center and gave one half to Mike.

Mike eyed both pieces critically and said, "Joe, my piece is heavier by a couple of feathers."

"Oh, that's okay," said Joe.

"Okay," screamed Mike. "What are you fattening me up for?"

A retired English colonel had hired his former orderly as his valet. "You'll have the same duties as you had in India," said the colonel. "Wake me at eight in the morning, as usual."

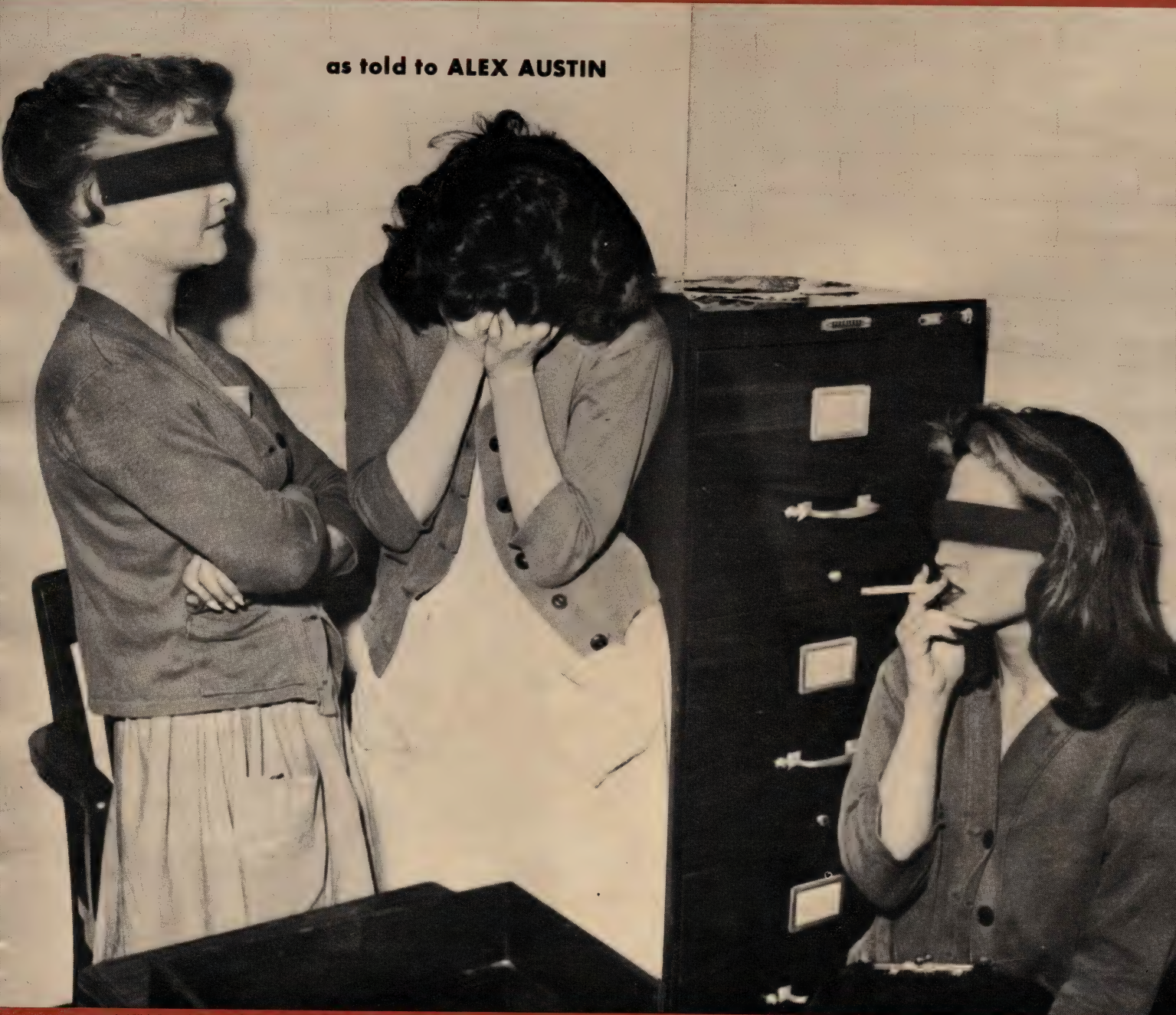
The next morning, at 8:00 A.M. Sharp, the new valet rushed into his employer's bedroom, shook the colonel awake, then slapped his wife on her fanny and said: "All right, sister, it's back to the village for you!"



Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

Brought Over As

as told to ALEX AUSTIN



I'M AN IMPORTED

A "Foreign Maid"-

Importing of Maids Bared As a Big Domestic Racket

By ROBERT McDONALD

Thousands of alien women are pouring into the New York area ostensibly for "keep-in maids" only to wind up in more crowded fields of employment or on the heels of the U.S. Immigration Service charged yesterday.

District director [redacted] said, "I got the women in [redacted] led by Americans." Es [redacted] household requiring [redacted] and [redacted]

Immigration Service (see news clip above) has begun investigation into recent wave of imported maids. Many of them have been caught hustling (photo, facing page), but others, working in pairs, have made it real big as top-level "party" girls.



CALL HOUSE GIRL

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE

IMPORTED CALL HOUSE GIRL

I got my chance to step into the "big time" by coming over here as a "maid"—but I'm not wearing a mink coat and eating caviar because I dust a few tables and scrub floors . . .

MOST of what any woman makes of herself in this world, she makes on the flat of her back. It's as simple as that. It really is. The rest is just fancy talk and flowers.

Well, like I've got a full-length mink coat in my closet that cost \$7,000. Six months ago, I was working as a maid in Scarsdale for \$40 a week plus room and board. I guess a girl has just got to know what she's really worth, that's all. And I bought that coat myself too!

I'll tell you how.

I guess it starts with this: when a beautiful girl knows just how beautiful she really is—if she's no square little dummy—she won't take too long to

find out just exactly how much that beauty's worth.

Now I don't mean she's got to run right out and hustle and plant a money garden. You get plenty of girls who just go out and since they *know* they can get a rich guy for themselves, they *do* get him—if that's what they're after.

Me—I was never much for making it all the time with just one guy. That's like not changing your underwear. And I could never go up to a guy and tell him I need fifty bucks for a pair of shoes. I'd walk barefoot to Brighton first.

I'm 21, born and brought up in London. By the time I was 17, I pretty much knew what was what. I had the looks. I had the (Continued on page 44)



Rackets boys have moved into imported maid game, usually set up "sex stable" (left) to lessen the chances of being busted by police (above)—which occurs often when girls play it solo (right).



Girls who are brought over by the "mob" are carefully "screened" in advance, checked out for looks, body—and willingness to "play."





"DANGER 79"

Toughest

General

The Cong Ever Faced

by GLENN INFELD



Gen. James F. Hollingsworth

"Danger 79 . . . do you read me . . . command post under attack . . . can you help . . ." In seconds the answer came back. "This is Danger 79 . . . hold on . . . I'll be right there . . ." When a green GI asked, "Who the hell is Danger 79?" a 1st Div. vet grunted, "Buddy, if I told you, you'd never believe me!"

STORY STARTS ON PAGE 18

Their armored vehicles in a "wagon-train" circle, the surrounded GIs poured it on, as Hollingsworth hovered above leading the air-ground action.

Art by Gil Cohen



"DANGER 79"



WHEN the enemy flare exploded over his command post that dark November night, in War Zone C, South Vietnam, Lieutenant Colonel Jack Whitted jerked upright in his hammock as if he'd been shot. Whitted, commanding the 1st Division's 1st Battalion, 28th Infantry, knew what the flare signaled.

"Attack!" he bellowed. "They're going to hit us!"

He had hardly shouted the warning when the mournful sound of a bugle echoed in the night. Seconds later, screaming Vietcong, one hundred strong, emerged from the jungle and moved toward the command post's perimeter.

"Give them the Claymores!"

Specialist 4 Kirk James waited until a group of the enemy had reached one of the Claymore mines then exploded it. In rapid succession, two other mines in the area were detonated. The blasts threw dirt, rocks, tree limbs and the shattered VC through the air into the command post. But the Vietcong who survived kept on coming, now joined by a second wave.

An enemy heavy machine gun made it impossible for the men of Whitted's outfit to get out of their foxholes. They were pinned down, couldn't move. The colonel knew they had only one chance of getting out of the ambush alive. One man might save their necks. One thing was sure: he'd certainly give it a try!

"Picking up the transmitter, Whitted called, "Danger Seventy-Nine! Danger Seventy-Nine!"

For a long minute there was no answer.

"Danger Seventy-Nine," Colonel Whitted repeated desperately. "Do you read me, Danger Seventy-Nine?"

This time an answer came quickly. "I read you. Go ahead."

"This is the command post. We're under attack. Heavy attack. Pinned down by machine-gun fire. Can you help?"

"Hold on. I'll be right there."

No questions about how many enemy guns were in the area; no questions about the chances of a helicopter getting through the enemy fire to the scene; no request that Whitted's outfit hold off until daylight when flying was safer. Simply: "I'll be right there."

A soldier on his first mission overheard the radio conversation. He turned to the 1st Division veteran next to him and asked, "Who the hell is Danger Seventy-Nine?"

Keeping his head down as enemy shells whistled over the foxhole, the veteran said, "Buddy, you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

The identity of Danger 79 came as a shock to newcomers and veterans both when they first learned it. The legendary "Lone Ranger of Vietnam," as some of the men nicknamed him, who risked his life over and over again in suicidal battle situations, was a general: Brigadier General James F. Hollingsworth, Assistant Division Commander of the 1st Infantry Division.

Now, generals were sup- (Continued on page 64)



From his on-the-spot 'copter, Danger 79 called in any type of support needed—rocket-firing choppers, air-to-ground missiles, heavy artillery.



Biggest GI morale-boost came when Hollingsworth (in goggles) moved in to personally comfort or evacuate 1st Div. wounded.



SCREAM ALL THE WAY DOWN

Nobody was fooling anybody with those phony accidents—especially a “high steel” veteran like Pete Conover. And it wasn’t until someone tried to kill him while he was making love eight floors up that he suddenly found the handle to the whole bit.

by **SAM PORTER**

PAUL Jellicoe screamed all the way down. Eight stories. He fell like a shotgunned bird—awkward, arms flapping, legs kicking—diving head-first for the ripped ground below the construction site. His hard hat floated flatly, catching the air, side-slipping, like a feather left behind.

He screamed for what seemed like an hour. When he hit he folded like one of those six-foot rag dolls they toss around the comedy stage. Then he kind of bounced, sprang up straight as though the fall hadn’t affected him at all, but after *(Continued on page 88)*

Art by Samson Pollen

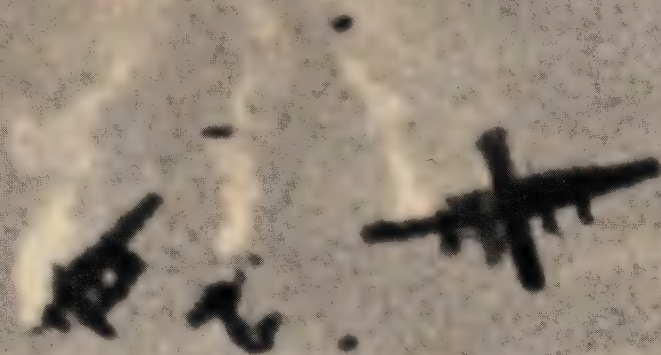
With shots coming from the ground, Pete grabbed a spud wrench and aimed for the gun flash. June rolled up inside the tarp.

STAG'S

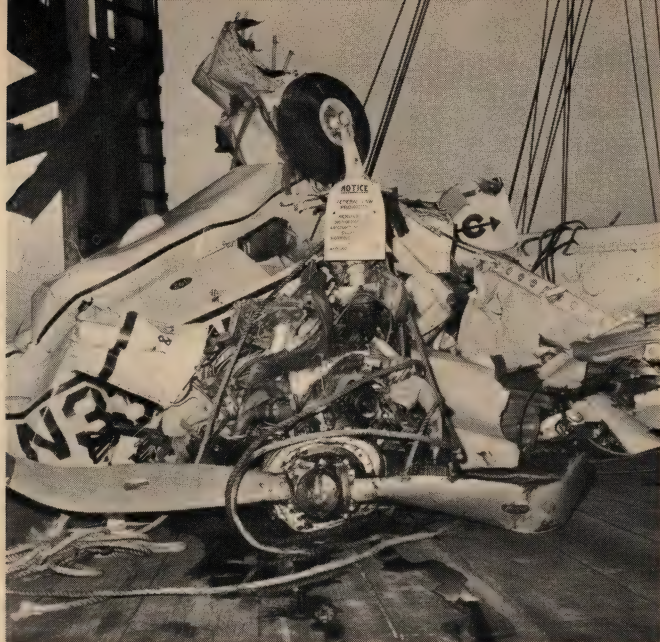
**PRIZE-WINNING
BOOK BONUS**

Small Planes - Crowded Skies - Below-Par Pilots

HOW MANY MORE AIR CRASHES

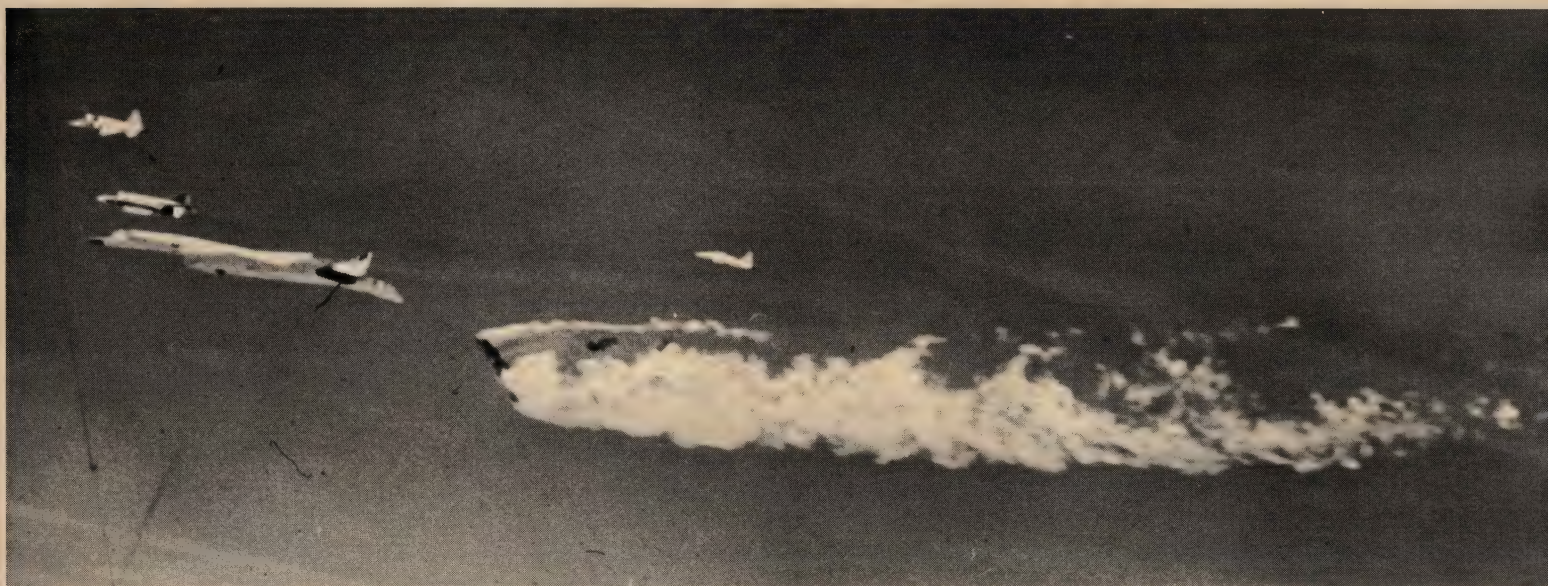


DOES CONGRESS NEED?



Fished from Long Island Sound, wreck of small plane that just missed hitting Paris-New York jet—didn't miss radio transmitting tower.

Sounding off about their "right" to fly anywhere, any time—meaning, take-off and land at busy jetports in "rush hours," wander into approach lanes, "buzz" airliners—amateur sky jockies endanger thousands of lives daily while Legislators pass the buck.



Even under "ideal," "controlled" conditions collisions can happen. In wide-open sky over Mojave desert, Joe Walker, piloting F104 chase plane, collided with XB70A research bomber (L) and went down in flames. Walker and Major Carl Cross, the bomber's copilot, were killed.



Off-course Cessna collided with jetliner near Hendersonville, N.C., and 82 died, including Navy Secretary-designate John McNaughton.

THE blue and white Cessna Skyknight took off in a drizzle from La Guardia Airport into a heavily overcast sky. Six persons were in the twin-engine private plane, among them the owner, a prominent Oklahoma physician.

The Cessna left one of the world's busiest commercial airports where thousands of airline passengers arrive and depart daily on a 30-mile hop for Westchester Airport, near White Plains, New York.

It didn't make it.

Less than two minutes after take-off, one of the engines began to act up. Almost immediately afterward something else (exactly what was never determined) went wrong.

The Cessna veered toward New York's Bronx and staggered crazily into the path of a jet passenger liner making an instrument approach through the overcast.

Air traffic controllers swiftly (Continued on page 74)

CARLA

Although born in London, Carla Sheppard's tastes are international . . . she favors Latin music, prefers French-style cuisine, and is simply wild about Italian men—but not necessarily in that order.





Substituting pickups for ponies, .30-06s for six-guns, the profits they

20th CENTURY CATTLE RUSTLERS MORE DARING

Fencing can't keep cattle in or rustlers out; wire-cutter-equipped thieves "open gate," stock wanders through, and rancher is out several head.

LATE on a dismal rainy night, a pickup truck stopped on a desolate stretch of road fronting a ranch several miles north of Beaumont, Texas. Three men jumped out. One of them carried a .30-06 rifle, another a wire cutter, the third a rope.

The three were professional cattle rustlers. Staked out in the mesquite, Texas Ranger Anderson, attached as special investigator and brand inspector to the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association, watched them cut the wire in the glow of the pickup's dimmed headlights.

(Continued on page 70)

"lasso" are juicier than the steers they sell.

THAN EVER



Stock headed for market doesn't always make it, in spite of watchful lawmen and insurance investigators. It gets "lost in transit" (swiped from cattle trucks) or rustled from stockyard pens.



by EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

\$28,000,000- A-Year-Haul





A MISTRESS IS NOT FOREVER

28 It took him weeks to teach her how to ski—but it took him only one



"I want you to seduce me a little," she whispered to him as he tugged off her ski boots, "but with the lights on . . . so I can look at your face."

Art by Bruce Minney

by RICHARD GALLAGHER

MRS. Gordon.

Mrs. Marylou Gordon, wife of one Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon. Age 31. Address: Sutton Place, New York, and Newport, Rhode Island, the appointment card said. Three weeks of private skiing instructions for her at \$200 per week, fifty of which was to be mine, a bonus in addition to the instructor's salary. I am pretty skilled at taking the Marylou Gordons at their inexperienced worst and turning them into passable skiers.

I conjured up an image of Marylou Gordon as I stood on

hardpacked snow by the lift at 9:00 A.M. waiting for her to arrive that Monday morning. I was certain I would know her. I've had many Marylou Gordons put into my hands to learn to ski by rich husbands too bored or impatient to teach them. The Marylou Gordons more often than not are of one stamp.

She would arrive carrying brand-new Head skis at \$200 the pair, without the foggiest notion of how to use them. She would be wearing the newest European ski clothes and boots at \$300 per outfit, and not (Continued on page 82)

night to turn her into the woman her husband had never brought alive. 29



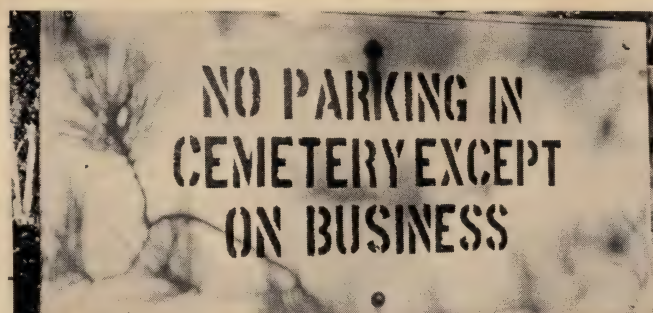
STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

A sharp-eyed, quick-fingered lens-clicker catches a larceny-minded, light-fingered purse-picker and the photo tells the story. Woman was apparently unaware of the theft which took place in Sao Paulo, Brazil.



Terrified by smoke swirling about her, a woman gets set to leap from third-floor window as blaze sweeps through restaurant and apartments in Rochester, NY. Firemen urged her to wait, finally rescued her.



Signs of the times: One (above) posted in front of an Ohio cemetery is "dead" serious. For honesty . . .



. . . there's one (above) in Kansas. For confusion, check out those (below) erected in New York State.





Who's in hot water? The girl soon will be . . . when she finally takes her bath. The man already is . . . he came to fill her tub—but his timing was off. The scene is from the comedy film, "The Sweet Sins of Sexy Susan."

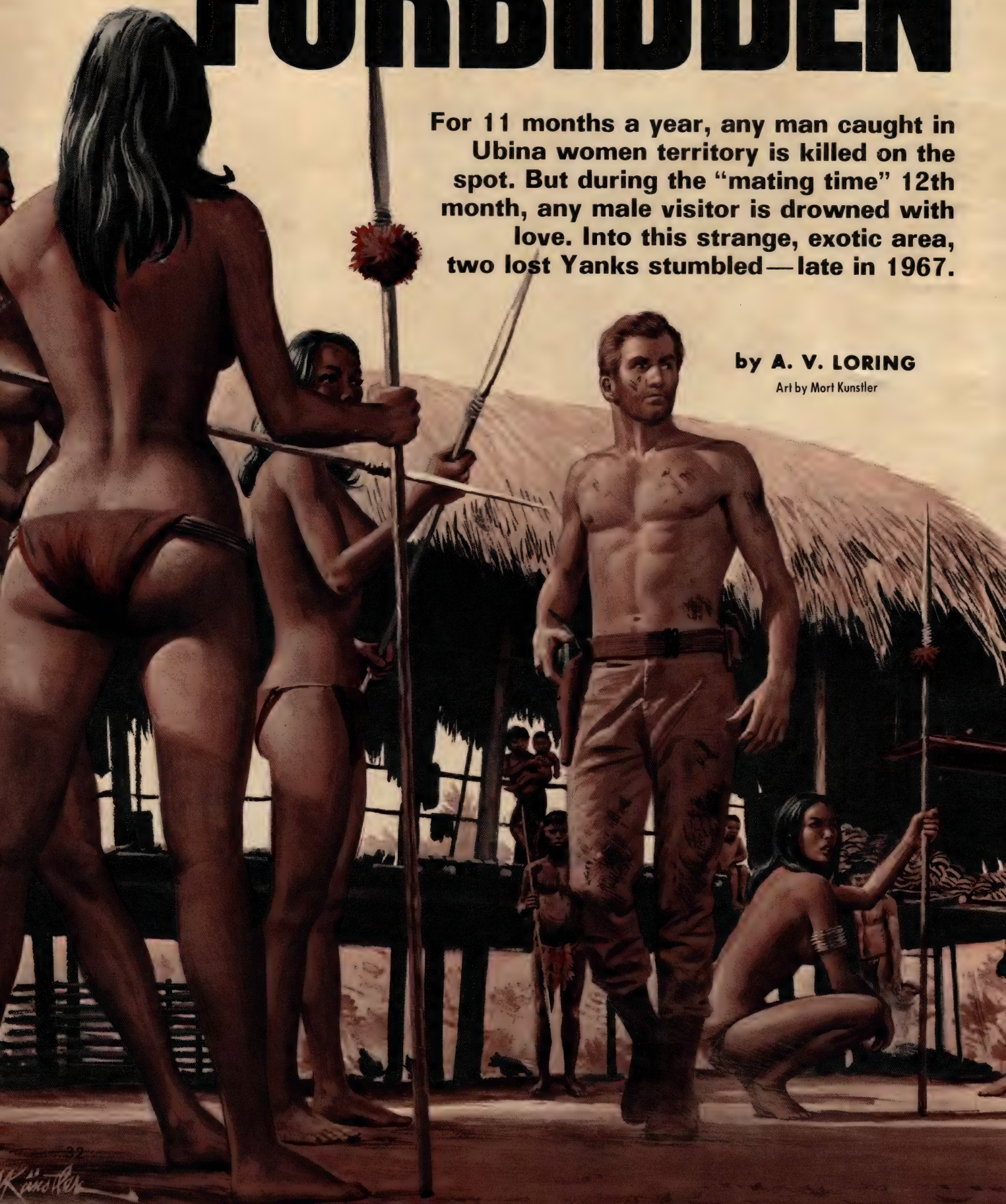
AMAZING DISCOVERY OF PERU'S

FORBIDDEN

For 11 months a year, any man caught in Ubina women territory is killed on the spot. But during the "mating time" 12th month, any male visitor is drowned with love. Into this strange, exotic area, two lost Yanks stumbled—late in 1967.

by A. V. LORING

Art by Mort Kunstler



AMAZON FEMALE COMPOUND

STORY
STARTS ON
NEXT PAGE▶

Jerry tensed, watched for the Ubinas' reaction as Moore was carried into the village.



Editor's Note: To get Jerry Knox's exclusive story, STAG assigned reporter A. V. Loring. The subsequent interview revealed one of the most incredible adventures ever lived . . .

THE outside world did not learn about it until some time later, but on September 2nd, 1967—two days before the new moon inaugurating the *Toshi*, the 28-day Month of Mating—Jerry Knox 29, a mining engineer from Detroit, Michigan, was captured by female Amazon warriors of the Ubina.

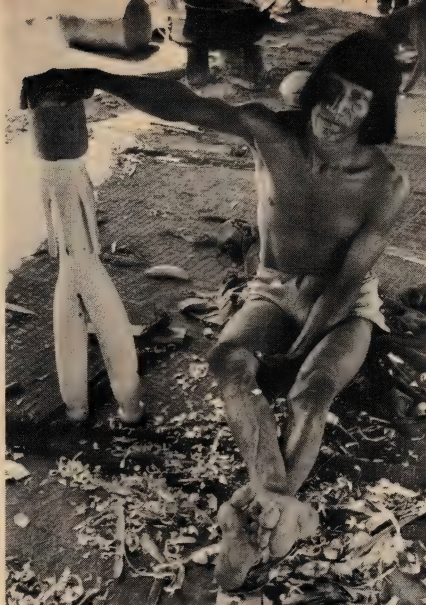
Knox was two weeks' cayuca paddle south of the juncture of Peru's Ucayali and the Tambo Rivers when the four Ubinas emerged silently from the jungle and ringed the hammock he had slung between two chonta palms on the river bank.

Naked except for short skirts of llata grass, they were well-built, firm breasted women. Tawny skins gleamed golden in the light of the campfire. Long black hair banded by hummingbird feathers framed belligerent faces. The four stood holding stone-tipped spears of chonta wood.

"*Maikoa Tiahuani!*" Rising from his hammock, Knox gave his unexpected visitors a friendly greeting in Quechua, the common language of the river basin and the adjacent region of the unmapped Cordillera Vilcabamba.

The response was hardly what he expected. One of the women raised her spear and put the point to his throat. Another slipped behind him, and he felt a second spear jab him between the shoulder blades.

He stood unable to move while a third Ubina scrutinized him with provoking deliberation. (Continued on page 56)



Men from nearby tribes spend months before love rite fashioning gifts for Ubina women.



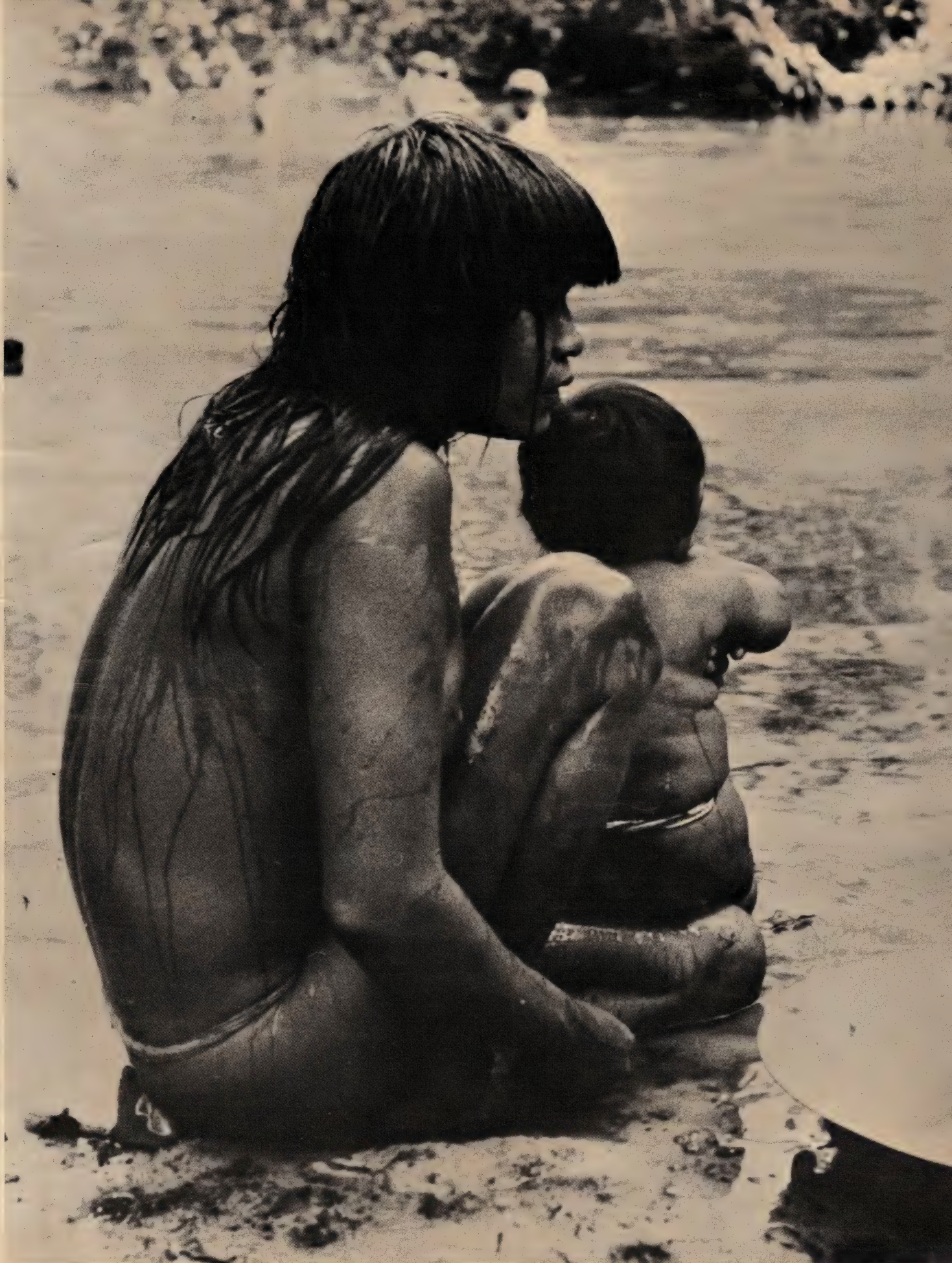
Other male "guests" also bring food—fish, game—as kind of temporary peace offering.



Tribesmen participating in the month-long jungle orgy go to great lengths in preparing for it, paint numerous and varied exotic markings on their almost naked bodies.

On the day before taboo of celibacy is removed, the Ubina amazons' anticipation is at fever pitch; they know that for the next 28 days they'll be free to indulge in sexual relations with any male they choose—have as many mates as they desire.





It is the duty of every Ubina woman to try and become pregnant during the mating month in order to perpetuate the manless tribe. Any male babies born are immediately given away to other tribes or slain in infancy, while female offspring are raised by all the women collectively.

It's time we were told the "chemical and biological" weaponry facts of life—and death: that the Reds are way ahead of us in the bacteria and poison gas game—so far ahead they could wipe us out with one ICBM-delivered "epidemic" tomorrow . . .

THE San Francisco Police Department radio operator issued a terse emergency order that May afternoon in 1966:

"Attention, all officers! Every taxicab must return at once to its garage or dispatcher's stand for thorough search. Instruct all drivers to obey this order immediately. Ask all passengers to leave cabs at once. Offer no expla- *(Continued on page 78)*

by **ARTHUR DUTTON**



**Why
Won't
They
Talk
About**

GERM



Instead of powder, artillery shells above "pack" deadly nerve gas manufactured at plant near Terre Haute, Indiana, for Pentagon stockpile.

U.S. servicemen are at least equipped with gas masks; U.S. civilians have no protection at all against the chemical warfare of the future.



WARFARE?

For Your

ANOTHER FACE OF WAR — Morning. Another 24 hours had passed. The American pilot's 97th day in solitary confinement at the Vietcong camp for POW airmen was ending.

A major entered the windowless hut as he did every morning, regular as the sunrise. The pilot welcomed his appearance even though the routine was always



the same. It was his only human contact. "Are you ready yet to publicly denounce the war and your country?" The pilot answered, "Go to hell." The major said, "You will. You all do. We have time." He left. The pilot sighed, "Lord, get me through another twenty-four hours of this loneliness without cracking." The 98th day in solitary confinement was beginning . . .

The pilot is one of more than 300 Air Force and Navy fliers imprisoned in solitary confinement at present and Major Shan Park is wrong. There is no evidence that one of them has ever denounced war and country. Nor is it likely one ever will, the Air Force says. There are two reasons, according to Major Keith Young:

■ Contrary to popular belief, the North Viets and Vietcong do not generally torture prisoners. The men then are spared one of the traditional great confession producers: physical pain. The Asian Communist approach is that of mild but incessant violence which eventually becomes unbearable, such as the classic water torture.

■ The methods they do employ (solitary confinement, slapping, spitting in face, etcetera) are not considered torturous. U.S. airmen are conditioned to them. The AF subjects pilots to such abuses often in "dry run captures" during their four years' training.

The Communists would brutalize Major Young himself, however, if they ever captured him. Young is the only U.S. officer with a price placed on his head by a Red bloc nation, \$18,000, set by North Korea's Premier Kim Il Sung. Reason: While an intelligence officer during the Korean War, Young learned that Kim Il Sung is an ancient Korean military hero. The premier's real

name is something that means roughly, "skinner of snakes." Young publicized this to Kim Il Sung's ever-increasing rage.

Young says solitary confinement is the toughest thing to bear in POW captivity as practiced by the North Viets. The Air Force takes a hard line on yielding to this pressure of loneliness. AF expects its men to hold out.

"We see no acceptable breaking point other than death or insanity. Anything less is quitting, not breaking."

Of U.S. airmen now held in North Vietnam, Young says, "I know of none who have quit."

THE GASHOUSE GANG — They number more than 40. They sit in the death house at San Quentin wondering each day whether this will be the day the State of California will put them in the gas chamber. They do not know. The State of California does not know either. Public outrage over the execution of kidnaper Caryl Chessman was so great, California has not dared stage another. So, until California decides whether to repeal or continue its death penalty for major crime, condemned men pile up. Some have been waiting eight years. They call themselves the "Gashouse Gang."

Ten states now execute their capital criminals by gassing. A gassing is a horror show. The condemned man is strapped in a death chair in an airtight room. A bundle of cyanide "eggs" drops by remote control into a pot of acid beneath the chair. The acid bubbles. Cyanide fumes swirl up around the room. The prisoner usually whips his head violently to avoid them. He holds his breath. His eyes bulge. He lurches against the straps. There are at least two minutes of this before he slumps and dies.

Medical men say gassing is really humane, that it doesn't hurt at all. Reasons:

■ Cyanide is essentially a nerve gas. It paralyzes the cardiac and respiratory functions at the first deep whiff.



Information

■ The symptoms of death struggle and great suffering are nothing more than unconscious reflexes.

States imposing death penalties frequently try to make executions still more humane. The efforts often give off whiffs of gallows humor.

Several decades ago, Nevada, one of the ten "gas states," proposed pumping a man's cell full of gas while he slept. Give it to him quick, without warning. Remove the agony of waiting for execution day.

The first scheduled to die this way was a killer named Gee Jon. The date was set in secret. Pumps were purchased and smuggled in. Witnesses were sworn to secrecy. Then, a few days before, someone slapped his head and said, "It won't work." He was asked why. "We forgot the cell bars," he said. "The gas'll blow right through and kill everybody in the place."

"THEY WERE NOT ALL BAD . . ." —The sergeant told the SS men shoveling naked people into the Auschwitz ovens, "Not this one. She's been ordered spared." Then he fled into the countryside with a girl whose accusative eyes were haunting him to death. She had not been ordered spared . . .

The farm wife hid two wanted Jewish men in her attic, daily telling the SS searchers: "Me, I have not seen them." One fugitive finally wept, saying, "We're leaving. We can jeopardize you no longer." She stayed them. "No," she said. "If you go you'll surely die. If I can lie just a few times more we all shall live . . ."

The clerk, a frail man unfit for **Wehrmacht** service, first forged false identity papers to help a Jew become something else in 1942. By 1945, he had risked bringing on his own execution by forging fake IDs for 70 more. "I can't see a German doing this," one of his clients once said in disbelief. "See it," the clerk snapped. "We may be afraid to dissent, but we are not all bad . . ."

It is on record that these three and some 10,000 other Germans aided Jews and other Nazi victims when it was a capital crime to do so, punishable by beheading or garroting. Yet, not until last November, 22 years after Berlin fell and buried Hitler in the ruins was anything done to recognize these few "unsung heroes."

"Perhaps the reason they went unsung for so long is that there **are** so few," a West German official snorted recently. "Ten thousand in a nation of 30 million is nothing to be proud of."

Whatever the reason, they are unsung no longer.

■ The 10,000 were named and lionized at a Bonn ceremony recently, an occasion on which the Israeli ambassador to Bonn said, "These men and women truly served their nation."

■ In a surprise move the West Berlin State said, "Such heroism deserves something more than thanks." Then scoffing at hints of one more German effort to expiate Hitler Era guilt with money, it said it is paying these brave ones close to \$500,000.

SUNSHINE HUSBANDS — John K., 28, loves his wife. He has not even kissed another woman since their marriage. He does not make beery passes at girls in bars as other men do. He is devoted to her.

Yet, come Memorial Day, John K. is going to commence a volcanic extramarital affair and the loving wife he adores so much must bear much of the responsibility

She is going to live at the Atlantic seashore with the children this summer. John K. will see his family only on weekends. To his suggestion that she come spend a few days in the city, she will say, "Oh, it's so hot there."

And with her departure John K. will join the ranks of the "summer bachelors" whose tomcat behavior is all



too predictable to doctors and sociologists. "Faced with five long empty evenings per week, he becomes lonely," says a New York City psychiatrist with many male patients who send wives to the country. "He develops anxieties. He takes to overwork or strong drink to fill the emptiness. But these are not enough. He must find something to do. All too often the something is another woman . . . the secretary down the hall, the old girl friend who never married. He is a pushover for such a woman. A wife with happy husband cannot suddenly leave him for the summer and reasonably expect him to live like a monk."

For most men the end product of such an affair is a bad conscience at the least. For some, it is physical collapse. A vice-president of a New York City bank saw his wife off to the Hamptons on Long Island and settled into a night routine of report reading that lasted several weeks. One night he stopped in a bar on the way home from work. Among the many young women there was a special round blonde. He said "Hi," almost before he knew he was saying it. She said, "Hi yourself" and that's how the affair began. They went to shows. They met for intimate dinners. They made love till dawn during the first week he knew her. Summer bacheloring suddenly did not seem bad.

Second week. He couldn't breathe. He threw up often. He felt the pavement was shifting like jello when he walked. He called his doctor in panic. During the examination he mentioned his absent wife. The doctor grinned. "She's your illness. Call her back."

The man did. Every symptom was gone within two hours after she came home.

From Doctors'
Intimate
Files:
**THE
SEX
TRADERS**

Not a prostitute, not a call girl, yet her body is up for grabs. Willing to bedroom "operate" for anything she wants—job, good times, physical gratification—the "love swapper" will use her charms as a weapon, a come-on or a trap . . . and any man's fair game . . .

by JAY WEBB

"TO me, sex doesn't have to be an act of love," said the young blonde, during a recent behavioral study interview. "In fact, I've had sexual relations with many men without having any real emotional feeling toward any of them."

To make her point, she recounted several experiences to the interviewing psychologist where she had sex relations with a man after the first or second date, her "consent" frequently based on the kind of evening the man provided.

"If a man takes me out to a good restaurant, plus the theater afterward, I'm inclined to be agreeable. After all, if a guy spends some fifty dollars or more taking me out, I consider it a compliment, and feel he deserves more than just a good night kiss."

The blonde reacted sharply when the psychologist suggested that her sexual permissiveness might be a form of "payment" for what her date spent on her.

"HELL, no!" she exploded. "That's something you'd expect from a prostitute!"

In the opinion of many psychologists, however, the line separating the pandering prostitute from the permissive female is an extremely thin one. Where the prostitute trades sex for cash, the blonde in the interview above—a type frequently referred to as a "love-trader"—will deliver sex in much the same way as a "pro," but for a different kind of coin.

"For this kind of woman," says the English psychologist, Lloyd Haverill, "sex is not an act of giving, but rather a commodity to be traded off in return for some tangible gain, materialistic or otherwise; a bartering *(Continued on page 52)*

LINE, HE IS SUPPORTED CLOSELY WITH AIR FORCE FIGHTERS, HELICOPTERS AND ARTILLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION--all this plus the load he, himself, carries into the field.

LUCKIEST GI IN THE WORLD is the SP/4 whose police dog stepped on a mine during a patrol. The GI was ripped by shrapnel and, when finally shipped back to a hospital, no heartbeat, pulse or breathing could be found and he was declared dead. The embalmer was making his first incision, when the femoral artery showed a faint pulsebeat. RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM, THE GI WAS BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE AND HAS ALREADY BEEN SHIPPED TO THE STATES FROM VIETNAM FOR RECUPERATION . . .



HORROR WITH A CAPITAL "H"

MEN IN CRIME

While drugs are dangerous to anyone, women are particularly vulnerable--especially if they're pregnant. They pass along a whole series of "monster" babies to the next generation . . .

Top penal brains worried that the tremendous advances in technical gadgets we're developing for cops may lead to "THE MOST EFFECTIVE, OPPRESSIVE POLICE STATE EVER CREATED" . . . Gimmicks on the drawing boards include systems that could pinpoint the location of any car at any time of day or night, and record every long-distance conversation ever put through . . .

AREA 4's FOUR POLICE DISTRICTS IN CHICAGO MAKE UP THE BUSIEST CRIME CENTER IN THE WORLD--ONCE LISTED FIVE MURDERS IN SIXTY MINUTES . . .

Many dope addicts hooked because of serious ailments, during which their own doctors over-prescribed narcotics in one form or another to kill pain . . .

Cops who EMPTY THEIR GUNS AT A SUSPECT USUALLY HAVE HAD POOR, OR TOO LITTLE, POLICE SCHOOL TRAINING

42 It won't be until 1970 that the CONGRES-

SIONAL INVESTIGATION INTO PORNOGRAPHY will be completed. Until then, don't look for much in the way of overall crackdowns on so-called dirty movies, dirty books, "feelthy" pictures--only local harassment . . .

IN LESS THAN A YEAR, CARGO ROBBERIES AT KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TOTALED \$2,245,868. AND IT ONLY TOOK 45 HEISTS TO DO IT . . .

Weirdos who get their kicks out of dirty phone calls have switched from straight obscenity to asking, "What are you wearing, honey?" or telling the woman on the other end of the phone she's just won a complete set of underwear and asking for her most intimate measurements . . .

PSYCHIATRISTS WORRIED THAT FULL TV COVERAGE OF THE VIETNAM WAR IS BRINGING VIOLENCE AND CRUELTY RIGHT INTO THE LIVING ROOM AND MAY HAVE A SERIOUS EFFECT . . .

MISCELLANEOUS

BALD-HEADED MEN GOING FOR TOUPEES LIKE WILD--AND THREE-QUARTERS OF SALES TO THE UNDER-35 IVY LEAGUERS . . .

If you're caught in a "friendly" nation and a national crisis breaks out, get to the American Embassy immediately for instructions . . .

Tremendous shortage of electrical appliance repairmen. Ditto dentists . . .

Navajo Indians living at Window Rock, Arizona, are using an IBM computer to keep track of their \$1,000,000-a-month income--how and where it is spent . . .

FIVE-YEAR FORECAST OF GROWTH INDUSTRIES LIST THESE AS THE BEST BETS: OFFICE EQUIPMENT, ELECTRONICS, AIRLINES, COMMUNICATIONS, DRUGS . . .

FOOD PRICES CONTINUE TO SKYROCKET . . . A 106-carat diamond has been dug up in Siberia . . .

SMART MEN WILL HAVE A FIRE-ESCAPE PLAN WORKED OUT FOR THEIR FAMILIES JUST IN CASE THEIR HOUSE BEGINS TO BURN. DON'T WAIT UNTIL THE TRAGEDY HITS . . .

THE GREAT ESCAPE



IVAN SEES 'EM TOO

RED WORLD

IF YOU EVER THOUGHT THAT "FLYING SAUCERS" WERE OF RUSSIAN ORIGIN, FORGET IT. SOVIETS ARE REPORTING SIGHTINGS AT SAME FREQUENCY AS PEOPLE IN U.S. THEY DESCRIBE THE UFOS IN ALMOST IDENTICAL TERMS--AND THEIR SCIENTISTS ARE JUST AS UNCONVINCED THAT THEY ARE EXTRATERRESTRIAL SPACE SHIPS TRYING TO CONTACT EARTH . . .

Moscow's traffic commissar is having familiar headaches--he's going out of his mind trying to keep things moving with the increase in number of cars, lack of adequate roads and parking areas, hard-to-find repair and gasoline stations . . .

Toughest thing to find in Moscow--as in N.Y. --is a maid. MANY FARM GIRLS ARE LURED TO BIG CITY, FIND THEY CAN MAKE MORE RUBLES BY SELLING THEIR BODIES THAN BY COOKING AND DUSTING . . .

They're calling Cuba "Tropical Siberia." A Castro outfit labeled Military Units for Aid to Production is little more than a "Big Brother" terror organization that carries the threat of forced-labor camps to uncooperative Cubans. At least 80,000 Cubans are "Volunteers" at the camps--where they break their backs for seven pesos a month . . .

SWINGINGEST SPOT IN RUSSIA IS YALTA, FAMOUS BLACK SEA RESORT. Married women who can't vacation at same time as their husbands pack the city and are very open and eager to share bed and board with a man who strikes their fancy. "Resort romances" are perfectly o.k. with Ivan--healthy sex with no strings attached, and the women will make the approaches . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

One cigarette company offers a mink stole to anyone who saves up 47,185 of its gift coupons. This figures out to 129 years of smoking a pack a day, starting at the age of 26 . . .

COST OF AN AVERAGE BUSINESS LETTER COMES TO \$2.49. And when one of America's highest paid executives dictates a letter the cost can run as much as \$25 . . .

YOU MAY HAVE TO LIGHT UP YOUR OWN CIGARETTES ON AIRLINE FLIGHTS IN THE NEAR FU-

TURE. PRESSURED BY ANTI-SMOKING LOBBIES, MANY COMPANIES ARE CONSIDERING DOING AWAY WITH HANDING OUT FREE BUTTS . . .

If you need a cab the next time you're in Paris, try hailing a woman cabbie. Experienced travelers say she's less likely to hook you for an overcharge than her male counterpart . . .

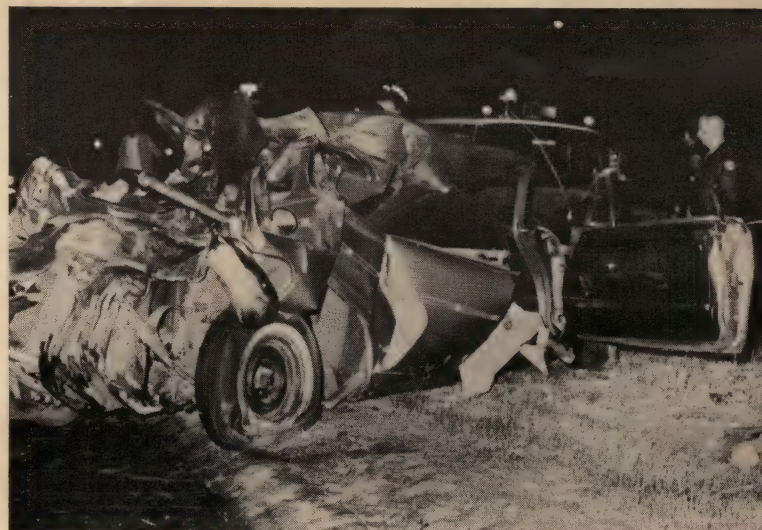
Big problem by 1975 will be how to keep them down on the farm. Approximately 73% of population will be concentrated in metropolitan areas, with 60% ganged up in the 25 largest metropolitan complexes . . .

Phony drug claims separate gullible citizens from at least \$350,000,000 a year, and not one iota of value received . . .

A MAN'S CAR

Surest way to check whether speedometer of a car has been tampered with is to look for scratches on face of the numbers. Only if someone has monkeyed around could they be present . . .

Among other safety features in the future: A PERISCOPE DEVICE SET OVER THE FRONT SEAT AND EXTENDING THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE CAR, AND A BUMPER THAT JUTS OUT WHEN YOU DRIVE FASTER THAN 37 MPH . . .



\$1,000,000,000-A-MONTH

CAR ACCIDENTS ARE COSTING INSURANCE COMPANIES A BILLION DOLLARS A MONTH . . .

Chevy is working on an electric transmission system that could be ready by 1971 . . .

If you get angry when someone suggests that the driving age be raised to 21, remember that 10,000 PEOPLE A YEAR ARE KILLED IN CAR CRASHES CAUSED BY DRIVERS WHO HAVEN'T REACHED VOTING AGE . . .

BARGAIN HUNTERS WHO BUY YEAR-END LEFT-OVER NEW CARS ONCE THE NEXT YEAR'S MODELS ARE OUT DRIVE AWAY WITH THEIR BUGGY ONE YEAR OLD THE MINUTE THEY SIGN THE PAPERS. It will take four or five years to make up the huge depreciation. Keep the car less than that and you're behind . . .

Medium blue is the most popular car color for 1968, followed by white. Black keeps dropping down toward the bottom of the color-preference chart . . .



IMPORTED CALL GIRL

Continued from page 14

body. So I got the boys. And by the time I was 18, I got the money too. A girl friend of mine told me all about how it works, who you pay, what you charge for this, what you charge for that.

So I started to hustle. We worked a lot together, this friend of mine and me. It was no rough go like you'd think—I mean the first few times even. You got paid when you were finished. That's all.

I HAD a pretty good life going for me: nice little apartment off King's Road, some real sharp clothes, a few pounds in the bank. Then last year, one of the girls put me wise to something new that was happening.

There were these agencies that were getting jobs in America for girls who'd work as sleep-in maids. Seems like nobody over there wanted to clean anybody else's house so there were all kinds of jobs open for girls who'd do that kind of work. They were importing girls from Sweden, France, Germany and England.

And it turned into a nice racket real fast, because the agencies would get it from both ends. They'd get it from the family in America who wanted a maid, and they'd get it from the girl in the foreign country who wanted the job. They were collecting from \$600 to \$1,200 from both the girl and the family who was hiring her.

The girls paid not only because they wanted the job, but because they wanted to get to America and this was the quick way to get a visa.

(Editor's Note: Under a 1964 immigration law amendment, immigrants must have a certificate of definite employment to enter the United States. Once they have this certification, all they have to do is apply at the United States Consulate in their own country for a permanent visa. With this visa, they can stay in the United States for as long as they want.)

This girl friend of mine who told me about it said a couple of girls she knew had gone that way. They signed up as maids, paid their fee, hopped the Atlantic, worked a week and then just took off and went about their way. And like they were making four and five times as much hustling over there as they ever made here. Even more. Seems like American men like foreign accents in bed.

I thought about it awhile. I liked London all right. But I'd wondered lots of times what it would be like to go to America. I guess it was all those dollars that finally made up my mind for me. Twenty-one's not old. I know that. But it's old enough for you to think more about money than you do when you're 18.

I signed up at an agency that was run by an immigration lawyer my girl friend knew. He usually charged \$1,200. He took \$800 from me. I got my certificate of employment, then my visa. And on September 8, 1967, I was on my way to New York City.

The family that hired me met me at the airport. They were nice enough, but I guess maybe the wife wasn't as happy

as her husband to see a girl like me, knowing how I was going to be sleeping in the same house and all. The skirt I had on didn't exactly reach my ankles and her husband wasn't nearsighted.

Their house was big and expensive, ten rooms. They had two kids—a boy of 12 and a girl of 9. All their bedrooms were upstairs. Mine was off the kitchen, not a bad room. But I wouldn't want to have to spend more than a week in a room like that. And I didn't.

It's funny though. I washed the kitchen floor just once. I could've got away without doing it even that one time, but I'd never washed a kitchen in all my life and one day I figured what the hell I'd try it, like almost for kicks.

But six days of being a maid was enough. One afternoon before the kids got home from school, I packed my bag and called a taxi. When it pulled up and I started walking out of the house, the wife came running after me like she was on a bad "trip." She asked me where I was going and I told her straight out how this wasn't my trick at all and that I was sorry. I even thanked her for everything. When I got into the taxi though, she started yelling how I couldn't do this, that they'd paid my fare and their end of the fee and she'd have me arrested. She was still jawing when the taxi pulled away.

I didn't feel too great screwing them the way I did. They were decent enough to me. But you start worrying about stuff like that and you end up playing tambourine in the Salvation Army.

I got the train into the city, checked into a midtown hotel and called this girl my friend in London knew.

Her name's Mavis. She's tall, not too much up front, but she has the kind of face you see in all the classy women's fashion magazines, really something to look at.

And it was funny. When I went over to her place to meet her, she took one long look at me and said, "You know, dear, between us, we've got something a good man needs."

It took me less than a minute to see what she was talking about. She was tall, thin, classy out of *Vogue* Magazine, with short jet-black hair; I was small, busty, sexy out of *Playboy* Magazine, with long blonde hair.

"We'd make a very good act," she said.

And we did.

Mavis'd been hustling in New York for over a year. She had a long list of Johns and new ones calling all the time. For a good reason. A lot of the girls, once they get a John's money, make it fast, cool and not much to remember. But not Mavis. One thing I learned from her was, if you're going to take a John in the first place, make it good.

Anyway, her story was that she'd always worked with another girl. Lots of girls work that way. You get Johns all the time who want a new face, a change. So if you give them the name of a girl you're working with, you don't lose him like you would giving him away to a

stranger. He comes back to you and he comes back to the other girl too. He's always got this choice going and Johns like that. Harem stuff, I guess. And, of course, there are a lot of guys who like two girls at a time.

The girl Mavis'd been working with had gone down to Florida. So she asked me if I wanted to work with her. I could stay with her until I found my own place, and I could start working right away.

That was just fine with me. Matter of fact, I picked up my first hundred bucks that very night.

One of Mavis's steady Johns called her. He wanted a girl to come over to his hotel. Did Mavis have something new for him. That was it.

She told me he was a big actor in from Hollywood. "Might as well start at the top, luv," she told me.

The deal was this: he'd pay \$200 for the whole night, and Mavis and I would split. I'd earn the hundred, she sort of warned me, but no rough stuff.

Well, Mavis said I'd recognize this John as soon as I saw him, and I sure did. I'd worked pretty good trade in London, but Mavis really worked the top. To this gent 200 bucks was just small change.

It didn't take me long to see what Mavis meant when she said I'd earn my dough. He had a wardrobe I guess he carried around with him. After the first time, he gave me a pair of high-heeled black boots, net stockings, a real fancy garter belt and asked me to put them on. So I did. I don't mind guys who get their kicks this way. What the hell! Just keep me away from the bastards who get their happy times when they're beating up on a girl. I've already run into a few of these characters. I guess every girl does sooner or later, and it's no night you want to remember.

Anyway, he wanted me to walk around in this outfit for a while. After that I got into bed and we played all the games described in those Chinese and Indian love books. No wonder the streets of Bombay are so crowded! But it wasn't a bad experience. And \$100 was more than I'd ever picked up in one night.

Like Mavis had said, I made it real good. No lousy act like the girls who get \$10 or \$25 a trick put on. I figure, you want to play that penny arcade stuff, you might as well get married.

The next time this John came to town, I had my own place, although I still worked with Mavis occasionally. She'd give me a John who wanted somebody new or just a change and I'd do the same thing for her. It evens out.

THIS second time. I split the fee with Mavis again. But I gave him my new number and said he could call me direct next time he was in town. Maybe this sounds like cutting lousy, but all the girls do it. Angels have wings so they can't lie flat on their backs.

So next time I saw him, there was no split. I got \$200 for the night. And I really gave him his money's worth! Maybe money excites me. I don't know. Like one night Mavis calls me and asks me if I want to make a thousand bucks.

"You got the whole bloody Bulgarian navy lined up?" I asked her.

"Almost, luv," she said.

One of her regulars, a big advertising exec, had a convention in town and wanted a couple of girls to take care of it.

"A whole goddam convention?" I asked her.

"Works like this," Mavis said. "We put on a show for the dears, you and me.

(Continued on page 46)



**Invest an hour a day
to take home an extra \$50 a week**



**...and get
FREE SHOES
FOR LIFE, too!**

**When you accept as few as 5 orders a month as
a Mason Shoe Counselor in your neighborhood.**

Now you can enjoy an EXTRA payday *every week* and get FREE SHOES *for life* as well...just for showing folks wonderful Mason Shoes. Many a man sells 2 to 6 pairs of Mason Shoes after supper alone...and takes home \$5 to \$20 or more extra. Here's how: The 61-year-old Mason Shoe Manufacturing Company will set you up in a profitable "shoe store business." You need no experience...don't invest a cent!

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That's right—you're entitled to receive FREE SHOES every

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You show famous Mason Air-Cushion shoes—good-looking footwear in the latest styles—a line that's far beyond the reach of competition. That's why *everybody* is your prospect. Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll rush you our free "Starting Business Outfit"! Send no money now or later. Act today!

RUSH COUPON FOR YOUR FREE OUTFIT!

Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. G-873
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Please show me how I can make an extra \$50 a week in spare time—and get FREE SHOES *for life*! Rush me—FREE and without obligation—everything I need to start making BIG MONEY in my very first spare hour.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
(If known)



Rush Coupon for your FREE OUTFIT!

We give you everything you need to make big cash profits from the very first hour. Mail the coupon for your FREE Outfit today!

**MASON SHOE
MFG. CO.** Dept. G-873
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

Something nice. We can't rush 'em for that kind of money now, can we? Then we take on whoever wants to go. There won't be more than thirty, thirty-five guys. So we each get a thousand for the show, and for twenty Johns—ten each. Any more want to go, we get seventy-five a man. O.K., luv'?"

"Never have worked a factory," I told her. "Might as well have at least one go at it. It'll take care of my new coat too."

We went to a big suite on Central Park South, overlooking the park, real class. I wouldn't mind spending my life there with some kind and generous gentleman!

WELL, they had food and plenty of liquor. You don't get much pot smoking with business Johns. They tank up, but they don't fly.

They had a couple of movies first. Hard-core stuff. Not bad really. Me—I'll take Bogie or the Beatles any time.

After the films, Mavis and I put on our little bit of vaudeville for the dears. And, oh, but they *do* enjoy that! They all gathered around and made wisecracks, like I remember one of 'em said, "If we could run that as a commercial, only old ladies would drink any other kind of beer." Stuff like that.

Then we took them on.

I didn't exactly feel like dancing the next morning. But I made over \$1,200 that night. No split. No taxes. What more could a nice girl ask out of life?

Here I got three nice rooms on East 65th Street, millionaires down the street for neighbors and a deposit box full of cash nobody's ever going to pay taxes on.

But I've been lucky. Not only getting over here like I did, but meeting somebody like Mavis who already had such super contacts. Not only making all this money. I mean I've been really lucky the "boys" haven't moved in on me.

First off, I came over before the racket boys realized what a good thing this could be—bringing in girls from all over Europe. Once they got wise and set things up, they'd collect—through an agency in, say, Paris or London—from the girl who was coming over. The girls, of course,

knew what it was all about. They weren't hopping the Atlantic to join the girl scouts.

Then they'd collect from families over here who really thought they were going to get maids for their money. They had immigration lawyers who collected from the families and who then would get in touch with the agency in Paris or London, depending on what kind of girl the family asked for. They were able to give them a pretty good choice, there were so many girls in Europe who wanted to come over here. You're not going to keep a deal this good a secret for long.

So the boys'd bring the girls over. The girls would report to the families who had signed up for them. Some of them stayed only a day and they'd take off. Others stayed maybe a few weeks, tried to make it look good. I guess the boys didn't want all the girls flying off like that too fast; it'd be too easy to spot.

Once a girl took off, the boys took care of the rest. They kept the best girls in New York because this is where most of the big money is. But they didn't have many "dogs" to worry about anyway. They screened them on the other side. I heard about how lots of girls who applied at these agencies got turned down because they didn't have the looks. And I also heard from some of the girls who got here how after they paid their money, they still had to take some "tests" with the guys who ran the agencies. They had to be sure they weren't sending over any stiff.

These agencies the racket guys set up also brought in legit girls who really worked as maids. They didn't want the immigration guys on their necks if they could help it and these legit girls made it look straight. Like how could *they* help it if these girls flew their coops? There was no legal way they could hold a girl to a job. That was the happy catch of the whole setup.

But the girls who were brought over by the racket guys sometimes had it rough. Like Rita, a Belgian kid I got to know.

She's 22, comes from Brussels. And you just don't believe it the first time you see her, she looks that much like Elizabeth Taylor. I don't think even Dickie Burton could tell the difference, except for the accent.

Well, she got set up in New York by the racket guys. And they do it right, I got to give 'em that much. No more of the old-fashioned bawdy-house stuff. A lot of birds in one coop, save on the rent and all. They know if you've got a really good girl set up right all by herself, you'll make more off her than running a rush-'em-in-and-out stable.

So they got her a place about the size of mine, bedroom and living room, over near the East River on Seventy-second Street. They even gave her some cash and sent her out with one of their older girls to get some clothes for going out fancy because they had calls for that too. A guy'd pay a couple of bills to take a girl out fancy or maybe to a party or something, and then he'd have the rest of the night with her at his place or hers. Rita was good enough for this. They always have a few real super girls for this trade. You don't get any complaints that way.

So Rita took her calls direct from the guys. She got \$100 for a simple time. She kept \$50. The big guys know it pays off to keep their girls happy, so they split even that way. A lot of the little guys in the racket try to keep as much as they can so they've always got girls trying to run off on them or cutting in on their own trade on the side. Always a mess going. A lot of rough stuff too.

Rita made it just fine for maybe a month or so. Getting only top trade and splitting down the middle like she was, she earned plenty.

But then some John put a bug in her head. I saw her a few days before she took off. We were both at one of the clubs over on the East Side where some of the girls go for a drink and some lady-talk after the night's work is done.

She told me about this John from Hollywood. He was a big TV director. He didn't tell her any garbage how he'd get her into TV or the movies. Nothing like that. He just told her that even with as many beautiful girls as they've got in New York, a girl like her could make a real bundle for herself.

When she told me about it, she was big on the part of there being no cut down the middle.

"Sometimes when I'm tumbling on that bed," she said to me that night, "I think how maybe if they take half the money, they should take half the tumbling too."

As soon as I heard that, I knew trouble was coming. You start getting greedy when you're tied up with the racket guys and pretty soon the cleaner tells you he can't get the blood off your nice dress.

SHE had cash for the trip and all. So a few days after I saw her, she took off, bag and baggage. She figured they'd never know where she was going. Well, she figured wrong. You play with these guys, you've got to begin by telling yourself they know everything, that's all. Just don't ever think they got bargains at their store.

A couple of months later I heard from another girl how they finally found Rita out in Hollywood. Like this director John had told her, she did just great on her own. No split down the middle. She did all the tumbling and she kept all the cash.

But word gets around in "the life." Faster than falling down stairs. I don't know how, but it does.

Well, they found her. The way I heard it, a couple of guys just went to her place, beat up on her something awful.



"Sure you've got insomnia—anybody would, lying there night after night, not sleeping..."

(Continued on page 48)

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E **#3-4799**
BLACK MAGIC
Every gal NEEDS one sensational Black nightie! She'll dream sweet dreams in this sheer delight. Bust and sleeves are exquisite Black Lace, with Nude sheer underlining the bottom. Neck is deep-V'd back and front. Drifty skirt in Nylon Tricot Jersey. Black. Sizes 32 to 38. **\$5⁹⁹**

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This brief, brief pantie has no crotch at all! Nothing but lovely-lovely lace! High-cut legs leave little to the imagination. Elastic waist . . . lace, and more lace trim, wouldn't you know it's a copy of a Continental import! Nylon. White, Black or Red. Waist sizes 23 to 30 inches. **\$2⁸⁸**

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This 2-piece peignoir set is for dream making. The gown of sheer nylon has fitted lace bra top with spaghetti straps and contrasting ribbon trim bow at bust and 6" nylon lace hem. Peignoir has alluring scoop neck with 3/4 sleeves and lace trim panel to hem. Colors: Black or Red. Sizes 32 to 38. **\$13⁹⁹**

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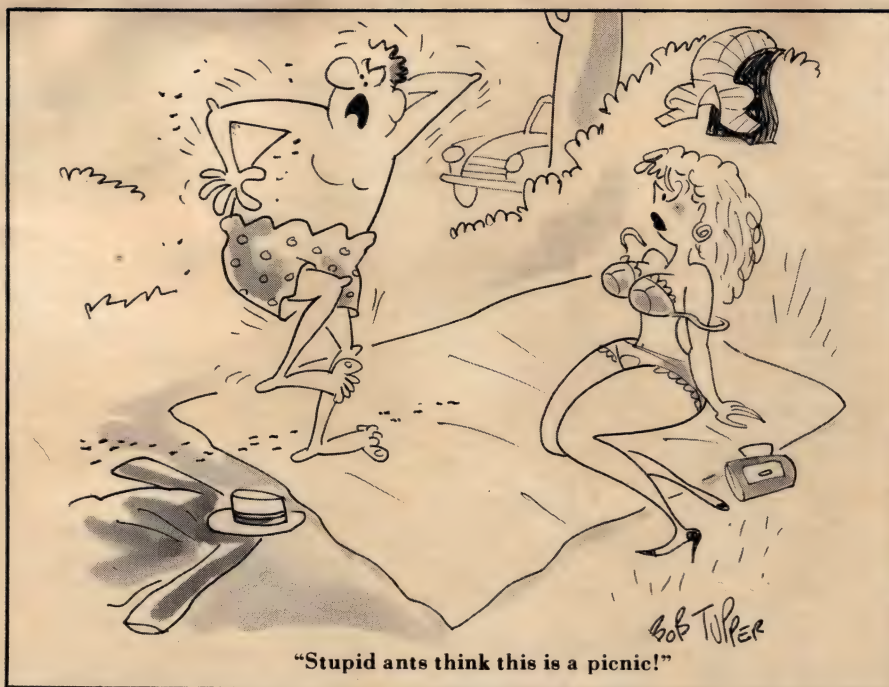
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(Continued from page 46)

And just so all the others girls would get the message nice and clear, they cut up her face so she'd never get the top trade anymore. It's a real pity, I'll tell you that—I mean a girl with looks like that and now she'll have to hustle hard and take really lousy trade just to get by. No box of cash in the bank either, no more of that for her.

Some of the girls who've been brought over by the racket guys get it rough in other ways. Like they find a girl's not making it big enough for them in New York working a single, she can end up in a dumpy joint in Indiana taking on every damn creep who comes along. I think they invented sleeping pills especially for girls who get this far. You can work one night in dumps like that and think you've already died and gone to hell like your mommy always said you would.

But you don't even have to get in with the big guys to end up with a lousy time of it. I've heard from a few girls I know how the rotten little ordinary pimps in town are starting to get on to it.

These pigs know how if the Immigration Department ever finds out a girl who was given a visa so she could work as a maid is hustling instead, they'll make sure as hell she's sent back. So they latched on to this, see? As soon as one of 'em hears about a girl who came over this way, he gets right on her for a pay-off. Natch, he checks first in case she's tied up with the racket guys. If she is and he tries to crawl in, he knows what he'll get, like sleeping in cement would be a pleasure compared to it.

But if a girl's making it on a single, like I am, they're very ripe peaches to pick. There're already lots of birds paying off every week to some bastard or other, just to keep his mouth shut. And they're as hard to shake as the big guys are.

Me—I've been lucky so far. I even tell my Johns I was born here and lived ten years as a little girl in London and that's why I've still got the accent. You never know who's going to be talking to whom, so I just make out like I'm George Washington's daughter, that's all.

(Editor's Note: This racket of importing

girls from foreign countries to work as maids in the United States is currently under investigation by the U.S. Immigration Service, the New York City Department of Licenses, the American Bar Association and the New York State Labor Department. According to P.A. Esperdy, District Director of Immigration, the problem concerns much more than the call-girl side of it, since thousands of alien women are being brought into the New York area alone and wind up either in crowded fields of employment where they take jobs away from American citizens or end up on the relief rolls.)

One thing that's happened since the heat's been on with the immigration guys is that some of the racketeers and even some of the two-bit pimps, when they've got a really good girl, "arrange" a marriage for her. Maybe the hubby just runs errands or something, but she's got the certificate in case they come around and bother her. Everything's nice and legal, and everybody's safe. Business as usual.

BUT last month I kept hearing of so many girls getting busted, I took a trip for myself. The heat was almost all in New York because, as I've said, that's where almost all the girls end up, either those who hustle or those who try to get jobs or go on relief.

So I headed West. I'd always wanted to see Hollywood, where all the big movie stars live, and that's where I went.

I had a chum from London who'd been out there almost a year. She hustles. But she's also a model, most of the time on the level too. She's done some rough stuff, I've seen it. She gets a kick out of posing that way. She's also made some of those nudie movies, the silent ones where a girl just strips down and writhes around on a bed for maybe five or ten minutes.

I called her from New York before I left and she said it'd be fine with her if I stayed at her place when I came out, no trouble at all.

Well, I found out fast enough that Hollywood's far from the best town in the world for a girl who wants to hustle for her bread, butter and candy. You can't throw a pound of flour in that town without hitting a real beauty. I've never seen

so many good-looking broads in all my life, and London's got a nice crop too. So has New York for that matter. But out there, it's like you've got to win a beauty contest or something before they even let you in the state.

And so much of it for free too! All those pretty little girls giving it away everywhere you go. I think any man who gets married in that town is either just plain worn-out or just plain crazy, one or the other.

Well, Julie, my chum, said that as long as I was out there, she'd get me to one of the big parties so I could see if maybe I didn't want to stay in town and be a starlet. I had to laugh.

"I swing only for cash," I told her. "I've got a fetish for it, I guess. Promises just don't turn me on."

But the party was something to see. It was worth the trip. It was held at a big house out in Bel Aire. The place could've been a castle in England, it was that big and grand. A TV actor owned it. He was in some kind of Western series.

Seems like it's the thing for a host to do to always have extra birds at a party. That's what Julie and I were. Sit around the swimming pool and all that. Decorations.

"Just don't try to hustle anyone out there," she warned me before we left her place. "If you want to take off with someone—fine. He'll probably give you fifty for a taxi in the morning, but you've got to chance it, luv. O.K.?"

"I'm on vacation," I told her.

"Good-o."

So I sat around the swimming pool. It was just lovely. All those palm trees and a garden that made you think you were in the tropics. I watched the dancing, all these little starlets just as naked as they could get while still being dressed and shaking their tails so anybody'd know they were up for grabs.

There were some big stars. I knew their names. Even a couple from the old movies. It was a kick. I'd entertained some pretty big names back in New York, but I guess being out of business for a night makes it different. At least it was for me.

I even ended up with a screenwriter out in Malibu. He didn't have an idea in the world that I hustled. At least I don't think so. And I didn't mention money at all the next morning.

I must've come off straight because he asked me out to dinner the next week. I told him I had to get back to New York. He drove me to Julie's place. No taxi. It was a real vacation.

Only you can't leave the stand for too long. They start scratching your number off their lists. I stayed three weeks. Then I came back.

I knew all the heat wouldn't be off. The hustling part of it is one thing. That kind of heat they turn on and off all the time. But the immigration part of it is something else altogether. Things are getting messier all the time. They're bringing girls in from all over—Europe, South America, the West Indies even. As long as there're all these American women who want maids and who'll guarantee a job, the immigration lawyers and the agencies and the racket guys are going to keep bringing them in. It's just too good to walk away from.

What I've got to do from here on in is to be double-careful. I mean, like a smart girl is always careful. No getting greedy. I couldn't even begin to make this kind of money back in dear old London. I'd be tumbling for biscuits there. And once you've got a taste for cake, there's just no changing it.

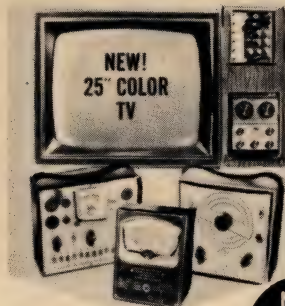
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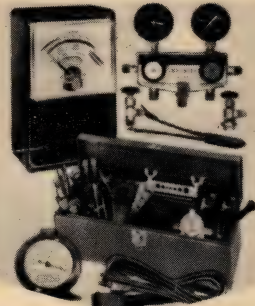
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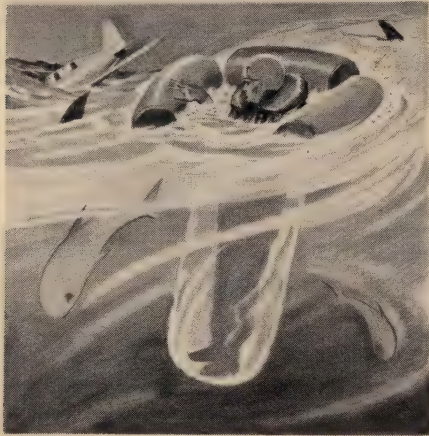
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ESCAPE FROM A MAN-EATING SHARK—What bugs a bailed-out pilot or an “abandon-ship” sailor most is the danger of man-eating sharks. Once he hits that water, he feels



they're all around him—a state of panic that sometimes results in death before rescue. The Navy has experimented with everything from chemical dyes and repellants to electrical devices, but none has really done the job. Finally, someone has handed the Navy a gadget that has been checked out O.K. in live tests with sharks that had been purposely starved for two months. Here's the way it works: When the survivor finds himself in the sea, he removes a plastic bag from his life vest, opens it and allows it to fill with water. It balloons out to a length of five feet and a width of three. Crawling into the bag, the downed pilot or shipless sailor now blows up three flotation chambers at the top of the bag and he's all set. Advantages of the “shark shield” are: (1) Shark-attracting scents are kept inside the bag; (2) Body is kept warm by the same principle that scuba divers' wet suits act as an insulation; (3) Survivor is completely at ease, mentally, because he isn't worrying about the danger of an imminent shark attack.



BRITISH DRUNKEN-DRIVER TEST IN TROUBLE—Recently, motorists in England suspected of driving while under the influence of alcohol have been given “breathalyzer tests.” This consists of blowing into a gadget that registers the amount of acetic acid in the driver's breath.

However, a warning has been sent out to all cops—as well as to licensed drivers—to the effect that the test can be thrown out of whack and caution should be used in administering it. It has been discovered that anyone eating fish and chips, vinegar or any pickled foods prior to being tested will also check out exactly as if he were looped.



NEW TERROR FOR GIs IN VIETNAM—The Marine corporal was sprawled on his stomach, his rifle resting in the crook of his left thumb and forefinger. As he looked around to the right, he never saw the tiger coming up at him from his left. The first thing he knew was that his left arm was gripped between the tiger's jaws, and he was being dragged toward a creek, across the ambush position he was holding down near the Demilitarized Zone. “I was too scared to yell,” the Marine recalled, “and my buddies didn't want to shoot because they were afraid they'd hit me. I was hitting him with my right fist as hard as I could. I grabbed his neck once. The skin was real loose. If I had tried to jerk away, he would have taken my arm off, I bet. He got me across the creek. He probably didn't know what to do with me. I thought he was going to get on top of me and go for my neck.” Suddenly, one of the Marine's buddies jumped up. That movement probably did it, for the tiger suddenly let go and disappeared. It took eight stitches to sew up the fang marks in the corporal's arm, a reminder the GI will carry with him all his life—a reminder of the most freakish “enemy” attack of the war in Vietnam.



NO-TEL MOTEL RAID—There's a 22-year-old college student who's one-third on his way to being a millionaire. In his spare time he's gotten into the rare coin business, real estate



deals, etc. It was one of those “etce-teras” that started a commotion in his college town of Salem, Oregon. The young wheeler-dealer took over a motel operation—naming it The No-Tel Motel—and ran a series of provocative ads in the college paper. He promised “peace and quiet” in rooms decorated a “passionate red.” He even offered special discounts to college kids and bid for fraternity socials. Suddenly the cops began to hear all sorts of rumors about what went on at the No-Tel Motel, and it wasn't long before they decided to stake it out. Sure enough, at 3 o'clock one morning, a couple checked in and the cops made their move. Minus a search warrant, they charged into the room—cameras flashing. The couple in bed were absolutely terrified—before they turned boiling mad. It seems they were a respectable married couple who stopped off on a trip through the Northwest. The cops beat a red-faced retreat, the young entrepreneur's parents asked him to get out of the No-Tel Motel business and concentrate on his other operations, and the collegiate tycoon sat back and re-counted his \$300,000 bank balance.



THE 132-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN—A woman in Greece who admits to being 132 years old gave her secret of longevity to the press: “I have never had any affairs with men.”



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ovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

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We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

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When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

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superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you**.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . . before someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big...in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven methods**. You have our **backing** and "**know how**."

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods**.

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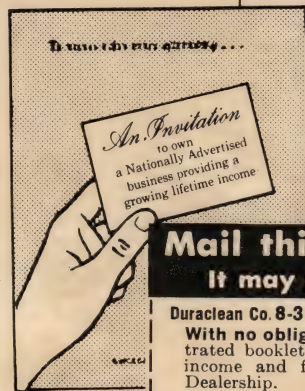
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SEX TRADERS

Continued from page 41

device they will wield deliberately, even cold-bloodedly."

A case in point is 28-year-old Lana L., a volunteer subject who participated in a recent tri-state sex study involving unmarried women between the ages of 21 through 30. A career woman working for a large New York City advertising agency, Lana, about three years ago, found herself competing with a junior male executive for an up-and-coming growth spot.

"I knew I was just as qualified for the promotion as my competitor," Lana related, "but he had been with the firm longer and I knew this might be decisive. At the same time, I wanted this promotion desperately. I guess I was prepared to do anything to get it."

Lana knew the decision rested with one of the corporation's vice-presidents who supervised her section. She also knew that the influential executive was a skirt-chaser who'd shown an interest in her on several occasions.

"Let's say I knew what he was after," said Lana, "but up until then I had simply ignored it. But now things were different, and I guess he knew it too. He made hints, suggestive comments, about 'special consideration' providing I met certain 'requirements.'"

"One afternoon I was discussing an account with him in his office when he asked me if I'd stay late to go over it with him more fully. I knew what would happen to the promotion if I said no, so I said yes. When I got up to go, he stood up too. I guess he didn't want to leave anything unclear. When I turned, he slipped his arm around my waist and moved in close against me. I really wanted that job. When he told me he'd be expecting me right after six, I told him I'd be there—and I was."

Lana admits that sexual relations with the man represented nothing more than a "swap" in which she figured to come off best.

"I suppose that's why I didn't find it the least bit embarrassing," she confided. "I remember I was very calm stripping down, even while stepping out of my garter belt and panties. In fact," she added, "the physical part was nothing more than a kind of happening—we used his large office sofa. All the while I was thinking about the promotion. Even before it was over, I knew I had it clinched."

LANA got the promotion, and by her own admission, continues to use sex to help her up the corporate ladder. She will bed down with a balky client if it means getting his name on a contract. At the same time, Lana does not equate her role with that of a prostitute.

"A prostitute," she argues, "is in the business of sex. I make use of sex in business. It's an important difference."

When it comes to future plans, Lana plays it cool. "In a man's world," she says, "a woman should press every advantage available to her. Sex is taking me where I want to go. I'd be a fool not to use it."

Lana by no means stands alone. In today's business community, sex, more than diamonds, is a girl's best friend, and enterprising career women make no bones about it.

"It's a fact of life in the business world," says a seasoned female personnel director of a large Chicago concern. "I've seen qualified girls passed over when promotions were in the offing, while others, far less capable, were kicked upstairs. Of course, it was common knowledge that the so-called 'comers' were sleeping around with the right VIPs, but what do you tell the 'losers'? Some, of course, catch on, begin playing the game. When they do the doors formerly closed suddenly open wide. They've discovered that sex is the best kind of trading stamp in a man's world; that it carries a lot more weight and socko than a free lunch or some folding stuff passed under the table. And once they become hip to what sex can do for them, they'll use it every chance they can. Do I blame them? Not really," she concluded honestly. "I didn't get to be personnel director because of my administrative skills alone."

Sometimes the sex-trade will reverse itself when a woman will put herself on the line to advance her husband's career. This is not an uncommon practice, and sometimes may even be done with the husband's knowledge and approval. The usual technique is to give a party and then invite the right business associates, including, of course, the man who can most help the husband's career.

Example: the comptroller of a large New York insurance firm told this writer of an experience he's unlikely to forget. Invited to a suburban house party given by one of his department's accountants it turned out to be a kind of swingy affair when the accountant's wife, an amply endowed redhead, asked the comptroller outside for a breath of air and a smoke. A bit later, using the old ploy of being chilled, she maneuvered the comptroller into one of the parked cars. Within a few minutes she'd made her move.

"She led off by talking about her husband," he said, "about how much he thought of the company and his job, and how interested she was in furthering his career. Next thing I knew her hand was on my leg, doing things to it another man's wife shouldn't do. At this point she was putting it right on the line, admitting she'd do anything to help her husband along. She was a damn fine looking woman, and I know I could've had her right then and there, but my old-fashioned ethics wouldn't allow me to capitalize on the situation. In fact I was pretty shocked, but when I kind of kidded about how her husband would react, she said not to worry, that he had told her to be nice to me."

"She may well have had a bit of tramp in her," he concluded, "because when I put her off, told her I'd think about it, she leaned across and gave me much more than a casual kiss. It was just a little something to help me make up my mind, she explained. A little something to think

about. I did think about it, quite a bit, but I didn't pursue it. At the same time I know that other men in my position have been offered the same kind of deal, and they've reacted differently than I."

Meanwhile, within the marital level, an increasing number of conniving wives are playing the "sex-for-something" trading game with their mates, and doing it with a vengeance. This practice has been scored by many authorities, including the controversial philosopher-scientist Bertrand Russell, who, in his essay "Our Sexual Ethics," wrote:

"At present, wives, just as much as prostitutes, live by the sale of their sexual charms. . . The result is a sordid entanglement of money with sex, and a woman's motive, not infrequently, has a mercenary element."

This statement is backed by marriage counselors and psychologists across the nation. Repeatedly, men from every walk of life are indicting their wives in trading sex for such things as a car, a new wardrobe or whatever other objective they may have in mind.

"MAYBE she'll let me get near her once every couple of months," is the way one Chicago husband stated his problem to a family center psychologist. "And when that happens," he continued, "I have to promise her the sun and the stars in return for the privilege. I guess that makes me a henpecked slob, but what can I do but knuckle under. If I refused, I wouldn't even get these few crumbs."

Another husband, from White Plains, New York, told his marriage counselor that his wife's mercenary attitude toward sex had frequently pushed him into the beds of various call girls.

"If it has to end up as some kind of trading game," he complained, "I'd just as soon do business with a 'pro.' I don't like the idea too much, but it's a lot more honest than my wife's pussyfooting around. The pro takes your money, but at least she's playing it straight. You pay. She delivers. You may feel guilty about it when you leave, but it's a lot better than a day-in, day-out kind of hang-up."

In the opinion of Harlan Cowan, a west coast family center director, the bartering attitude of many wives is frequently admitted to. "They're not against talking about it," Cowan says. "In fact," he adds, "some of them take pride in the way they play the game."

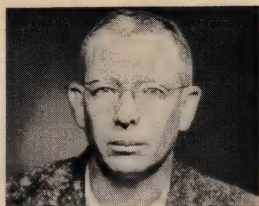
"My mother tipped me off about this right after I was married," an attractive housewife told Cowan. "At first, the idea of holding out in bed to get something didn't sound quite right, but my mother wasn't wrong. Too many husbands want to freeload on their wives, so withholding the sex privilege is one answer and it can work like a charm. I'm ready to play the game, but if I want something and my husband says 'not right now' or 'wait till next month,' then I stop playing. It's the fastest way of getting the message across."

A more complicated type of love-trading, however, is the kind indulged in by those women who use sex as a means of shoring up their own ego. In this case, the trade is not for something material, but for something psychological. Actually, these women are troubled by deep-seated problems that kick back into their sexual lives. Sexologist Thoren Steadman describes it as "Sexual implosion" because of the abrupt and unpredictable mannerisms adopted by this type.

To illustrate, he quotes the case of

(Continued on page 54)

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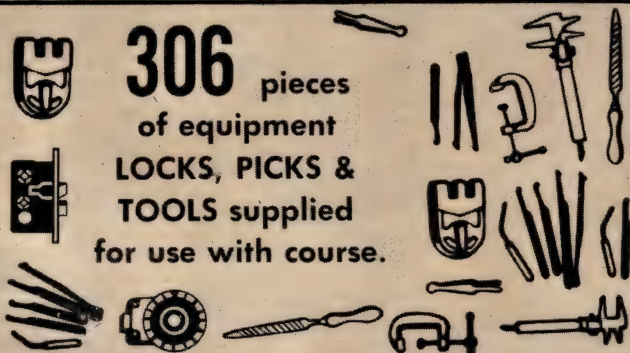
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Sandra N., an exceptionally pretty blonde with an above-average I.Q. By her own admission, Sandra confesses an inability to engage in sex unless she's first capable of inflicting some kind of suffering on the man. "I want this feeling of control over him," she related, "and the more it's intensified, the more it flatters my ego."

Going back to her senior year in high school, Sandra discussed one of her first experiences related to this need. It involved a classmate, a boy about her own age. She described him as good-looking and crazy about her, and one day she invited him into the house after school, knowing her mother was out.

"I really led him on," Sandra said, "trading open-mouthed kisses with him, no holds barred. Then, all at once, I told him he could take off my clothes if he wanted to. I guess that really rocked him, but he believed it when I stretched out on the sofa and told him to go ahead. I even helped him along, enjoying his rising excitement as the stuff began to come off. I even let him get my bra off, but when he went for my panties, began peeling them down, I suddenly bolted up and told him to get the hell out. I know he was shocked, but he was too far gone to just cut out. Anyway, he made another move for my panties and I told him to stop or I'd start screaming. That stopped him, and he kind of fumbled his way out."

The game didn't stop with this. Within a week, Sandra had smoothed things over with the boy, explaining she'd acted the way she did because she thought her mother would be back any minute and catch them in the act. Reassuring him with this story, Sandra continued her unrelenting game of tease, keeping things just short of fulfillment.

"I'd let him touch me, let it go pretty far, but I'd always find a reason for backing off. At one point he simply begged me, promised me anything if I'd let him. Admittedly, this was the best feeling of all, knowing how desperate he was. It really gave me a sense of power, and I revelled in it. But I never really crossed the line with him. This feeling for me was enough. Of course, at one point he simply gave up, but I didn't mind. In a way, I had taken what was important to me, and I couldn't care less about how I'd shaken him up."

During the ensuing years, Sandra has

engaged in sexual relations with men, but her terms remain as demanding as ever. The man must submit completely, or there's no pay-off.

"That's my price," Sandra says simply. "And if I don't get it, then there's no chance of a deal."

Sometimes, according to Steadman, this carrot-and-stick game will be varied. An example is Claudia P., an attractive brunette in her late 20s. Claudia's game, a form of sexual brinkmanship that tempts disaster, takes cool courage and an iron gut. The game consists of two stages. The first takes place in a bar or sleazy nightspot, with Claudia allowing herself to be picked up by some stag. Going off with him to a shadowy booth, she'll share drinks with him, make him think the very best is about to happen. She'll play the leg game under the table, allow his hands almost unrestricted freedom. At the right time, when he's breathing heavy, promising her anything and ready to climb the walls, she whispers soulful instructions.

"I can't be seen leaving here with you," she says suggestively. "But give me about twenty minutes and I promise you a night you'll never forget."

She scribbles out an address and gives him an apartment number. A few minutes later she slips out of the booth and is on her way.

THE address, of course, is a phony. Half an hour later, while the patsy is chasing up and down the dark street, looking for the impossible, Claudia is lapping it up behind the wheel of her parked car. For extra kicks she may even honk her horn as she pulls away and passes him in a quick burst of speed.

Like Sandra, Claudia will at times engage in sexual relations with a man, but she insists on the same kind of harsh, unrelenting terms. First, the male has to be punished, then he must submit. This is what the "trader" demands, and unless these conditions are met, she won't yield in the slightest.

"In each of these cases," writes sexologist Steadman, "these women are suffering from a deep sense of inferiority that may have originated during their formative years. Also present is the classic rejection syndrome that cries out for male punishment. When she succeeds in this technique, her own ego undergoes a subliminal uplift and becomes the triggering factor in exciting her own libido. At the same time, however, she is vic-

timized by her own idiosyncrasies. To this kind of woman, true sexual expression is seldom if ever attained in that meaningful sex remains an act of giving rather than taking."

In his best-selling book, *Games People Play*, Dr. Eric Berne describes the "stocking game," a party favorite for countless women. The technique is simple. At the right moment the woman let's out a staged gasp while raising the hemline of her skirt six inches or more above her knee. "Another run in my stockings," she says in mock despair as every man in the room focuses in on her silken-sheathed calf and bared thigh. The object of the game, explains Dr. Berne, "is to stimulate arousal among the male guests and envy amongst the women." If the female player has a well-turned leg, the play works like a charm.

The woman's trading technique in this particular maneuver is fairly obvious. By exposing even a limited amount of bared flesh, the woman not only draws male attention to herself, but, more important, scores a definite put-down on the other women present.

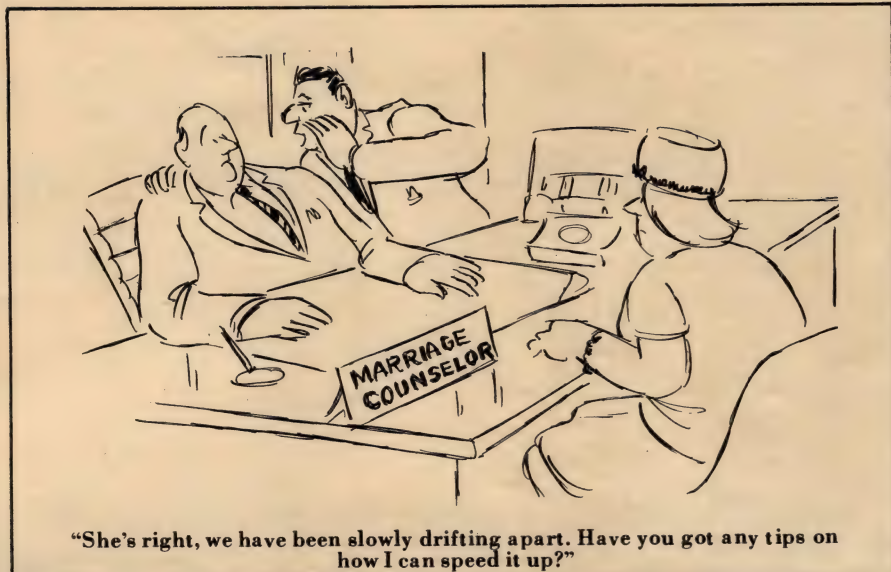
Understandably, with some conniving women, the stocking game may be played for much higher stakes, depending upon what the scheming female has in mind. To illustrate, there's the recent case of an attractive Michigan divorcee whose behavior at a social gathering almost led to a riot. Cold-shouldered by some of her married girl friends following her somewhat sensational divorce, the resentful divorcee was out to put her critics down and didn't spare the horses. Turning up unexpectedly at the party in a brief hip-hugging miniskirt, the divorcee's battle strategy had been clearly planned in advance. As the martini-guzzling husbands ogled, the divorcee led them on. At one point as the boozing built up, the divorcee did a disappearing act, but so did one of the imbibing husbands.

As it was pieced together afterward, the divorcee had invited the husband into the basement rumpus room for her own special version of fun-and-games. A second husband followed the first, and it wasn't long before others were drifting off toward the basement to take their turn with the obliging divorcee.

At one point, of course, a few of the wives became sufficiently suspicious to initiate an on-the-spot check. When they trooped into the game room moments later, they discovered the divorcee—naked to her heels on the pool table—alone with one of the husbands in a compromising position. Letting out shrieks, the wives snatched up cue sticks and sailed in. During the melee, some of the husbands were clobbered by the flailing cues. When the howls and shrieking reached crescendo level, a neighbor phoned for the cops.

Although the divorcee's caper was somewhat far-out, her motivation remains descriptive of the times. Upon the story's release to the press, a local psychologist labeled it "sexual blackmail" and a "perverted abuse of the most sacred of all human experiences."

To the experts who study the ever-changing pattern of human morality, the use or abuse of sex represents a kind of touchstone, a measuring guide for human behavior in general. As presently demonstrated in our permissive society, the proliferating use of sex as a kind of bartering commodity by an increasing number of women, and for a variety of purposes, may well be the wave of the future. Like it or not, the shape of things to come is already upon us. ♦♦♦





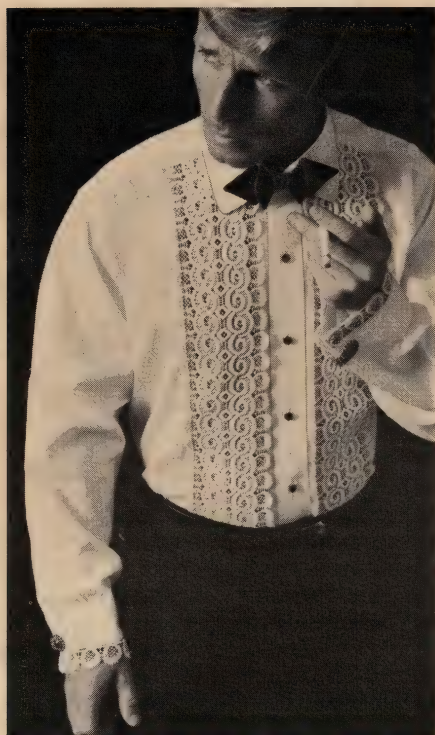
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FEMALE COMPOUND

Continued from page 34

ation from head to foot. Finally, she pointed to the sky and spoke, her voice harsh and accusing.

"I, Chacta, see no moon. You have dared come here two nights before the rise of the Toshi moon. You have thus defied the taboo of our village."

Knox shook his head in protest. He tried to explain that he had no intention of visiting the Ubina village.

"I have been paddling down the river for many days searching for another white man. He has no cayuca but travels on land. He may be badly hurt from a great fall from the sky. Perhaps you have seen him?"

Chacta, apparently the leader, pointed sternly at Knox's cayuca, partly drawn up on shore.

"We see but one cayuca, one white man. Soon we shall see neither."

She gave an order. The fourth Ubina strode to the cayuca and pushed it out into the river where the slow current caught it.

"Wait!"

The spear point jabbed sharply into Knox's throat as he tried to step forward. Angry, helpless, he watched his cayuca drift downstream. There was more to come. The Ubina cut down his hammock, prodded him to the nearest tree and wrapped the hammock netting around the trunk and his body so tightly he couldn't move. Ignoring him then, they held a conference. From what he was able to overhear, he knew they were discussing him and that his life hung in the balance.

Chacta was for killing him then and there. Two of the others, Oca and Jacqui, were undecided. The fourth, Apri, argued for his life. Lithe and supple as a young jaguar, she indicated by suggestive movements of her body and hand gestures exactly why she wanted the white man spared. Pointing to Knox, she pantomimed the ecstasy of sexual intercourse.

The other three were amused by her performance. Chacta grinned, looked up at the sky, held up two fingers and nodded. Knox had no difficulty interpreting what was in store for him. Instead of being killed, he was to be kept prisoner for two nights. When the new moon appeared, Apri would claim him for her mate.

HE spent a long uncomfortable night tied to the tree, dozing fitfully while the Ubinas slept on the ground nearby. There wasn't the slightest chance of escape even if he could free himself from the hammock binding him; one of the four women was always on guard.

Besides keeping watch on him, they kept an eye on the river. He learned why about midmorning. Jacqui, who was stationed on the bank of the stream, called out in warning:

"Bonyas! Two of them!"

She and the others vanished quickly and silently into the jungle behind them.

Before long a cayuca came into sight paddled by two young Bonya warriors; amidstships, with their bows and arrows, was the carcass of a wild pig. The pair were carrying on a running conversation

and were evidently in a festive mood as they beached the cayuca and came ashore—without their weapons.

Catching sight of the trussed up Knox, they halted, puzzled. Then they started toward him, holding the palms of their hands outward to indicate they intended no harm.

"*Maikoa tiahuani!*"

Before Knox could answer the friendly greeting, the Ubinas emerged from ambush. Leveling their spears, they separated into pairs as they ran. Two of them dashed for the river bank to cut off escape. Then all four closed in on the Bonyas from front and rear.

The two Bonyas stood still, arms extended in the sign of peace. Helplessly watching the drama develop, it seemed to Knox that the two men did not realize the women intended to kill them. They made no attempt to run, made no outcry.

Chacta was the first to reach them. She shrieked in fury and drove her spear into one man's throat with tremendous force. He was dead before he hit the ground.

The second Bonya died more slowly, more horribly. Apri thrust her spear into his belly. He screamed as he toppled backward. Apri bore down on the spear with all her weight, pinning him to the ground, and laughed as the Bonya writhed in agony. Knox looked away and retched.

The Ubinas tossed the men's bodies into the cayuca and set it adrift. Late in the afternoon, Apri brought Knox a gourd of pajon, a stew of toucan meat and plantains, and untied his hands so he could eat. It was the first food he'd had in over 24 hours, but he had difficulty keeping it down. What made it even more difficult was the way Apri kept watching him, appraising him. When he finished eating she wiggled her hips suggestively and pointed to the sky.

"Tomorrow night the Toshi begins. The taboo will then be removed for a month and you will be taken to our village."

That night was even longer—and more uncomfortable—for Knox than the night before. Every muscle ached and his feet felt leaden from standing. Unable to erase the picture of the murdered Bonyas from his mind, he kept wondering if Paul Moore, the American photographer he was searching for, had also run into the Ubinas and been killed.

Although his search for the missing Moore had begun in August, 1967, its actual beginnings went back four years. In 1963, the Vilcabamba Expedition made up of four adventurous Americans—Peter A. Lake, Jack C. Joerns, Peter R. Gimbel and G. Brooks Baekeland—discovered an unexplored 9,000-square-mile region of Peru which they described as "rising like an island from a vast sea of jungle and jutting into the Amazon basin."

They parachuted to this high plateau and made a superficial exploration, reporting jagged peaks and steep-walled valleys which were "magnificent, varied, awe-inspiring in their loneliness."

Since then little further effort had been made to explore the region until Paul

Moore arrived in Cuzco in the spring of 1967. It was here that Knox met him.

Jerry Knox had been in Peru for over two years, working as a project engineer for a copper mining company. He and Moore became friends. Moore, who was evidently independently wealthy and not dependent upon free-lance photography for an income, suggested that Knox join him in an exploration of the area discovered by the Vilcabamba Expedition.

For added persuasion he reminded Knox of how, back in 1911, Hiram Bingham had discovered Machu Picchu—a hidden Shangri-La for the Incas after invasion by Spanish conquistadores in 1533—straddling an 8000-foot mountain in awesome splendor. Moore theorized that somewhere in the region uncovered by the Vilcabamba Expedition there might be another Machu Picchu awaiting discovery.

"The Aymaras who occupied the region, like the Incas, were an advanced people," he pointed out. "It's possible that some of their sub-tribes, which disappeared after the Spanish invasion, also took refuge in a secret Shangri-La."

THE project intrigued Knox, but, as he told Moore, he still had a year to go on his three-year job contract.

"Too long for me to wait around in Cuzco," Moore decided. "Tell you what. I'll make some preliminary aerial surveys. After that, we'll see."

He chartered a light plane, a fixed-wing Helio Courier with slotted wings and oversize flaps which required little take-off distance and landed at slow speed. Its owner-pilot, Alfredo Schneider, 36, was a thoroughly experienced flyer.

Moore made a number of survey and photographic flights over the length of the Cordillera Vilcabamba region between Cuzco and Atalaya, the airport city near the juncture of the Ucayali and the Tambo River. One day last August, Moore and Schneider failed to report back to Cuzco after one of these flights. The fact that they were overdue at first caused no great concern. Knox, for one, took it for granted that they had found a jungle clearing big enough for a landing strip and had set down to do some exploring on foot.

But eight days went by without any word. Then a Peruvian Air Force plane sighted the missing Helio Courier down in the jungle near the Tambo, some 90 miles south of Atalaya. One of its wings had been sheered off on landing and the forward part of the fuselage was demolished. Unable to set down anywhere in the area the Peruvian Air Force pilot had circled the wreck several times. He had seen no sign of survivors.

Knox obtained a leave of absence and flew north to make a search of his own. In Atalaya, he hired a river Indian, an Oploca named Moraya, for a guide and started down the Tambo.

Several days later they found the plane wreckage. What was left of Alfredo Schneider, the pilot, was sitting at the controls, pinned there by wreckage. An army of voracious yuibe ants had found the body. Except for some hair still attached to his skull, Alfredo Schneider was a skeleton in torn coveralls.

There was no sign of Moore in the plane or the surrounding vicinity. This seemed encouraging to Knox. He decided to extend the search farther down the river.

Four days later they came to a Bonya village, and Knox learned that Paul Moore was alive. According to the chief, he had walked into the village with a broken

(Continued on page 58)

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a better way
to make
a living!"**



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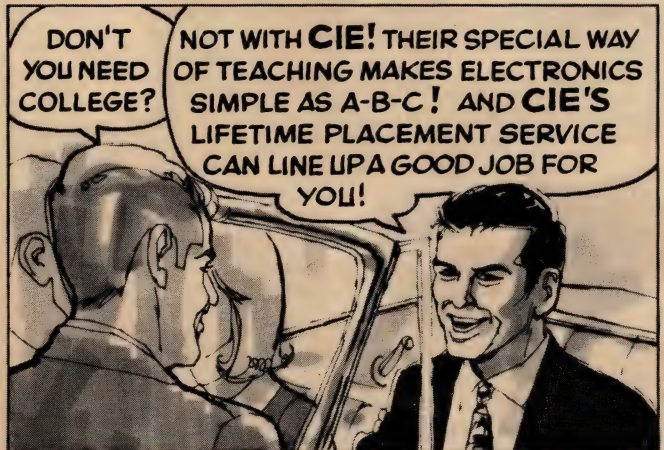
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THAT'S THE LAW

END OF A TUNE — Although you don't make your living as a musician, you derive much pleasure from playing both the organ and piano as an amateur. When one of your fingers is crushed in an accident, can you sue for the permanent damage done to your source of pleasure?

No, said a Delaware court, because it would be too difficult to measure either the pleasure lost or the damage done to it.



CRACKED UP — The Federal Government contracts a large engineering company to enlarge a river channel to lessen flood damage. You own a hotel nearby and the blasts of dynamite crack your plaster and plumbing to an expensive degree. Can you sue the contractors for negligence?

Yes, said a Connecticut court. Dynamite is "intrinsically dangerous" and the user of such is liable for damages resulting from its use, even though he may have exercised proper care.



A DEAR JOHN — Since you're fully aware that you owe a pile of money to a man in another town, you're not surprised to receive a cryptic postcard telling you he's coming to see you, where when and how to reach him, and signed, "Love, Mary." Your wife, however, jumps to the obvious conclusion and leaves you. Can you bring suit against your creditor?

Yes, ruled a Georgia court. Such an invasion of one's right to privacy is considered libel and compensation should be awarded for the damages resulting therefrom.



"STAND" TRAP — Your little daughter and another child

decide to play house on top of the local newsstand. Being top-heavy and not safely secured, the stand topples over and injures your daughter. Can you sue for damages?

Yes, declared an Illinois court. Since the stand looked like a miniature house, the owner should have known that it would be a standing invitation for children to play on it. His failure to secure the newsstand made it a kind of trap and general nuisance.



RAILROADED — On your way to an important business appointment you not only hit a tangle of traffic but find that a train has once again lazily sprawled itself on the crossing in front of you. Legally, the railroad can remain parked across a highway for a maximum of ten minutes. Can you sue the railroad for detaining you for twenty minutes and thus causing you to miss your business appointment?

A Michigan court declared the railroad at fault in this case, although the time limitations differ from state to state.



ONE STEP DOWN — On one of those days, you go through a swinging door in an office building lobby and trip down a five-inch step located a few inches on the other side of the threshold. Can you sue for your injury on the grounds that the placement of a stair in such a place was a violation of "good architectural practice"?

Yes, said a Wisconsin court, because the rule pertaining to the close proximity of steps to doors is based on the commonly known fact that "doors are opened with hands and attention is drawn away from feet."

(Continued from page 56)

arm and several lesser injuries. The witch doctor set the arm, treated some cuts and lacerations. He had slept in one of their leguas for two nights and had been fed.

"Then," said the chief, "he asked for a cayuca, and a Bonya to paddle it. He promised five bags of salt and three machetes in return but he could not find a Bonya who would paddle for him."

"Why not?" asked Knox.

The chief remained silent. Moraya answered for him.

"Like we Oplocas, the Bonyas are a peaceful people, patron. Two days paddle from this village, the country of the Ubina begins. It is taboo to all men except during the month of the Toshi, when they are invited there to mate. At all other times they are slain by the women warriors, who are always on watch."

Moraya's explanation was also his way of quitting his job. He stubbornly refused to accompany Knox further. The promise of additional payment couldn't persuade him to change his mind.

"Not before the rise of the new moon, patron. Then it will be different."

"It might also be too late," Knox said grimly.

He bought a cayuca from the Bonyas and paddled on alone. He made slow progress. It wasn't that the shallow, twisting river was difficult for him to navigate, but he could see that the shore line presented obstacles to anyone traveling on foot, like Moore. There were stretches where the river bank yielded to reedy swamp which made circling inland necessary. Areas where tangled jungle scrub came down to the river edge and presented a hiker with the choice of chopping his way through or wading hip-deep in the muddy-bottomed river.

It was a wild, primitive region seldom invaded by man. There was evidence on all sides that this Ubina country had been visited by few, if any, hunting parties for many months before. Nowhere else had Knox seen wild pig, tapir, deer and jaguar in such numbers, or so many colorful species of bird life.

Knox made frequent halts ashore, hunting for Moore, without finding any sign that the photographer had come that way. He had been at it for four discouraging days when, on the evening of the fourth day, he was taken prisoner by the Ubinas.

The second evening after his capture, Apri freed him from his bonds. She approached him smiling, a golden-hued orchid in her hair. Pointing at the sliver of new moon in the sky, she laughed gaily, took him by the hand and led him to the river bank where, despite his protests, she began undressing him. She unbuttoned his shirt. When she unbuckled his belt, he pulled away.

She giggled and explained that she only wanted him to dunk in the river to relieve the aching in his body.

"I understand," He nodded. "But I'm still able to undress myself."

He stripped off his shirt and chinos but did not remove his shorts. By this time his audience had grown; the other three Ubina were watching. They no longer carried their spears and, like Apri, they had orchids in their hair. They appeared to be in a festive mood.

"Aie! Do not be so impatient!" Chacta said to Apri, smiling. "You have a whole month to enjoy the light-haired one."

The water cooled and soothed his body. Apri splashed playfully in the river at

(Continued on page 60)



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

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Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

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"No, no, stupid! It's ding before dong except after bong!"

(Continued from page 58)

first and then kneaded his shoulders, back and arms with strong, slim fingers. Later she offered him a gourd of masato. He drank only a little despite her coaxing. He was familiar with the potency of the fermented, sour-tasting beverage brewed by many Peruvian tribes, and wary of its effect on his empty stomach.

When Chacta announced that it was time to go to the village, he hesitated, undecided. Now that the month of the Toshi had begun, he was no longer a prisoner; his life was no longer in danger. On the other hand, his cayuca had by this time drifted far down the Tambo, and without even a machete, travel overland would be almost impossible. The logical thing to do, he decided, was to accompany the women to their village and hope, somehow, to obtain either another cayuca, or a machete to make a truncan: a primitive "drift-raft" of balsa logs.

The village was about two miles from the river, approached by a narrow, winding trail through the jungle. Although Knox was the only male with the Ubinas when they started walking inland, it wasn't long before the party was joined by other men. A young Bonya emerged from the tangle of jungle edging the trail, a dead sapajou—ring-tailed monkey—slung across his shoulder. Soon after two stocky Quillo warriors appeared, carrying a tapir suspended from a bamboo pole. They were followed by a third Quillo toting several toucans.

At intervals, then, other males joined them: Bonyas, Quillos, Chiras from the river tribes, and three Pachacamacs from the more distant Andean slopes. As the party approached the clearing in the jungle, it included fifteen males each of whom carried a gift—mostly of game meat—as a contribution to the festivities marking the first night of the Toshi.

Several other warriors were already in the village and had partaken liberally of masato, judging by their behavior. More were to arrive during the night.

The Ubina Amazons stood somewhat apart, appraising the candidate for mating. It was the night they had been waiting for with increasing anticipation, the night when the taboo of celibacy was

removed. For the next 28 days they were free to have sexual intercourse with any male they chose—as many mates as they desired.

As Knox was to learn, there was more than sexual gratification involved in the celebration of the lunar month of Toshi. September was observed as the month of fertility by the Ubinas. It was a custom more than four centuries old. It dated back to the Spanish conquest of Peru, when the soldiers of Diego de Almagro, one of Pizarro's chief lieutenants, had brutally slaughtered the men and raped the women of the defenseless Ubinas, a sub-tribe of the Aymaras.

The women who survived fled to the remoteness of the Tambo, where they established a small village. Here, of necessity, they became self-reliant. They fished, hunted and the youngest and strongest of them were trained as warriors.

THE hatred of the Ubina women for the Spaniards who had raped them and slaughtered their men soon extended to other males. They discovered that the tribes in the region where they had taken refuge had a much more primitive culture than their own and treated women as slaves. So the Ubina made their village taboo to all males and killed any who trespassed on their territory.

Since they could not perpetuate their tribe without men, however, they decided to lift the ban during the month of Toshi. At this time each woman of child-bearing age tried to become pregnant; it was a matter of indifference to her who fathered the child.

Under the circumstances, the Ubinas did not recognize any such institution as "the family." Male offspring were given away to other tribes or slain in infancy. Female offspring were raised by all the women collectively. Because of this indiscriminate mixture of parentage, the Ubinas inherited the blood of several tribes. Some among them were very light-skinned, evidence of Spanish ancestry.

As they entered the village, Knox and the other males with him were guided to the central square which was illuminated by a row of fires. Here a feast had been prepared for them. Maidens served them heaping platters of roasted wild pig, monkey and other meat, baked plantains and

huambisa, a concoction made of mangoes and honey and fruit gathered from the jungle. The Ubinas also plied their male visitors with masato, the sour, fermented smell of which soon pervaded the clearing.

A golden-skinned, smiling girl approached Knox, undulating her torso seductively with each step. She placed what was meant to be a delicacy in front of him: a plucked toucan with head and long, curved beak attached. One look at the grotesque object and his stomach rebelled. He passed it on to a grinning Chira squatting beside him, who tore it apart and ate with loud, appreciative lip-smacking noises.

Gorging warriors patted their bellies. The feasting tapered off, but they continued drinking and stared with lustful anticipation at the equally expectant females, sitting in groups on the far side of the line of blazing fires.

Now high-pitched, wailing sounds came from the thatched-roofed *thunnapa*, the council house beyond the far end of the fires. Soon five females emerged blowing on *sicuris*, flutelike instruments made of human thigh bones. Behind them came two more women shaking rattles of human finger bones.

Last in the procession was a nude woman warrior with a magnificently proportioned body. Her name was Palpa and she was chosen for her fearlessness and strength. In one hand she carried a spear; in the other, what appeared at first to be a human head. As she approached the center of the circle, Knox saw that the grisly object she held was a large gourd over which had been stretched the face-skin of a man, skinned from the head of some luckless victim of the Ubina. Eyes had been painted into the empty sockets and the gourd "skull" had been topped with hair.

Palpa halted, placed the "head" in the exact center of the circle, then moved back to the women's side of the fire. Raising her spear, she again approached the center of the circle, this time stalking slowly, ominously toward the "head." Suddenly she screamed and drove her spear downward into an imaginary body upon the ground. Then she knelt and went through the gruesome motions of cutting off the "head" which she impaled upon her spear and waved triumphantly aloft.

"Aie! Palpa!"

The shriek of the watching females rose above the wailing of the *sicuris*. For the moment even the most drunken of the males was silent. The grim tableau was a reminder of what happened to men who violated the Ubina taboo, a warning to any who might be inclined to linger in the village after the last day of Toshi.

The procession returned to the *thunnapa* and was replaced by four female drummers. Their drums—*yhocas*—varied in size. Made of short lengths of hollowed wood with heads of wild pig skin, they resembled crude bongo drums.

The first slow drum beats brought the women to their feet. They formed a line and paraded around the circle. Soon the rhythm accelerated and any semblance of ritual dancing vanished. Moving to the men's side of the fires, the women gyrated their hips, pantomimed sexual acts to inflame the passions of the male audience.

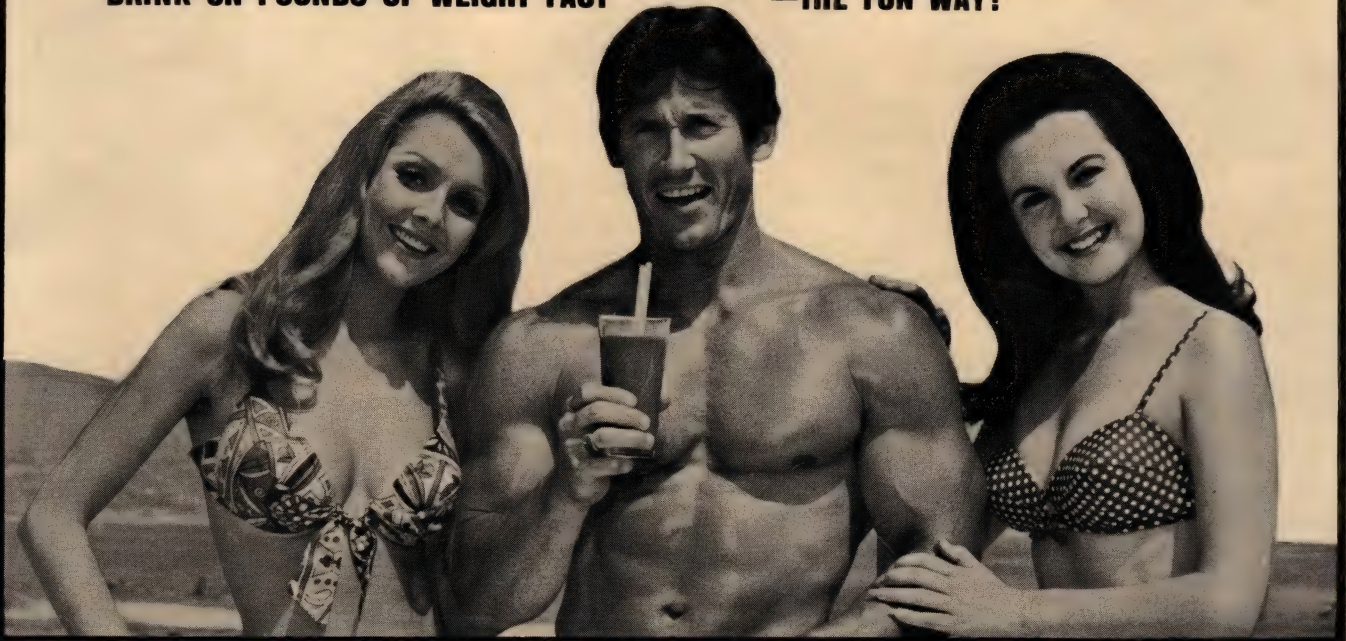
The drumming quickened. The women's posturing left nothing to the imagination. Some ended their dancing by pouncing on a man of their choice and leading him

(Continued on page 62)

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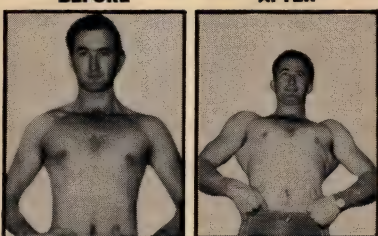
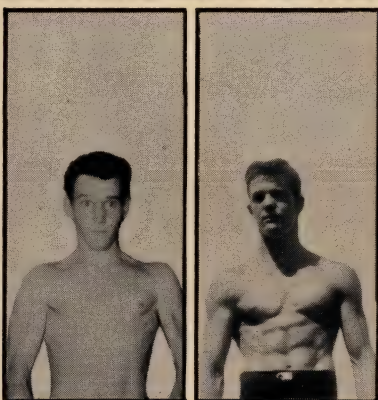
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off toward one of the huts. Others, chiefly the virgins who had not participated in the Toshi the year before, continued their frenzied dancing until the men seized them and carried them off.

A girl danced in front of Knox. The same one, he saw, who had served him the toucan "delicacy" earlier in the evening. Her firm young breasts cupped in her hands, she offered her body to him with the same inviting smile she had given him when offering him the toucan.

"Come with me, Light-Hair," she said, and reached forward to grab him by the arm—

Apri pounced on the girl's back with the fury of an aroused jaguar. Where she came from, Knox didn't see, but it was obvious she had been somewhere close at hand keeping an eye on him. It was also obvious that she regarded him as her property.

The other girl was strong and agile. Twisting loose as they went down together, she kicked out at Apri and momentarily freed herself. She had no thought of giving up Knox, however, and again the women locked in combat.

They fought with a deadly intensity that appalled Knox. Rolling about on the ground they tried to gouge out eyes, to bite the jugular, to maim and kill in the manner of wild animals. There was no shrieking. They fought in grim silence except for their heavy breathing.

Knox tried in vain to separate them. Not until two other women came to help him was he able to pull them apart. One of them was Chacta; it was she who rendered judgment.

"Apri saved Light-Hair's life at the river when we would have killed him," she said. "It is her right to mate with him."

Apri took Knox's hand and led him from the clearing to her hut. Overcome by weariness, he made no objection, no

resistance. If it wasn't Apri, he reflected numbly, it would be one of the others. The men were in the village for only one purpose—and for this purpose, in accordance with the custom of the Ubina, he was available to all.

He followed her up the short bamboo ladder to the porchlike platform of the hut. Inside, he did not try to stop her from undressing him as he had on the shore of the Tambo. He stretched out on a sleeping mat of plaited palm fronds when she signed him to, and she knelt down beside him. Her strong fingers massaged his body, seeking to dispel the tiredness.

Gradually the movements of her hands changed and she tried to stimulate him. Lying down beside him she pressed her body to his and tried, in vain, to arouse him.

"YOU would not have been so disappointed if you had chosen one of the others," he said.

She ran her fingers slowly through his hair, and said, "Never in the memory of the Ubinas has one so light-haired been in the village. Besides," she added, "this is but the first night of the Toshi."

Knox barely heard her; he was almost asleep.

He did not wake until well after midday, to find that Apri had prepared a meal of fruit and roasted plantains for him. His appetite had returned and he ate hungrily. As he ate, he questioned Apri about Paul Moore.

"This white man with a broken arm vanished after leaving the Bonya village," he explained. "I found no trace of him along the river before meeting you and the others. Is it possible that he was slain by the Ubina, because he wandered into your village before the Toshi?"

"No, Light-Hair," she answered. "There were others who were slain before the beginning of the Toshi, for violating the taboo. But not one who, like yourself, was white of skin."

Knox believed her. Thinking it out, he decided another explanation for Moore's disappearance. Forced to detour inland around one of the swamps or other obstacles along the shore, he had gotten lost in the jungle.

Apri made a suggestion which he decided was well worth following up. The tribesmen visiting the Ubina had converged on the village from many directions through the jungle. Perhaps one of them had encountered or heard news of the missing Moore.

Questioning the male guests of the Ubinas turned out to be a longer, more difficult job than Knox had anticipated. Several of the males were either drunk or in a state of physical exhaustion when he tried to interrogate them.

In the hut of Palpa, the warrior female who had been the central figure of the tableau the night before, he found two Quillos, worn out by the ardor of the Ubina's love-making.

"Aie! Light-Hair!" Palpa smiled as he entered her hut. "You are welcome."

She advanced toward him, her arms extended. The movements of her beautiful body said more eloquently than words how eager she was to receive him.

"I wish only to speak to these Quillos," Knox said, backing away. "I would question them about another white man I am seeking."

"They will not awaken." She gave them a contemptuous glance. "They are not men—they are children. Aie! Viracocha, the Spirit of Fertility, has sent you to me."

She stood between him and the entrance, blocking his escape. Ignoring his attempt to explain, she grasped him in her arms. He managed, with difficulty, to free himself from her passionate embrace and fled from the hut, her screams of frustration echoing in his ears.

His questioning turned up nothing. None of the men in the village had any information about Moore. Knox now considered trying to backtrack to the Bonya where Moore was last seen, but Apri dissuaded him.

Stretched out on the sleeping mat beside him, she explained that other tribesmen would continue coming to the village throughout the Toshi.

"It has long been the custom of the Alcomayas not to appear until the quarter moon. Perhaps they will bring you news of this other white man you seek."

"Then I shall wait a while longer," Knox decided.

"I am glad." Her arms circling his neck, she pressed her supple body eagerly to his.

And for the time he forgot about his search for Paul Moore.

During the next several days, Knox learned more about the Ubinas and their customs. They had no chief. Such problems as arose were discussed at meetings held in the council house and settled by majority vote. Once decided, a decree was binding on all and death was the penalty for violation. The punishment was rarely dealt out, however, because decrees and taboos were strictly observed.

The Ubinas, like other sub-tribes of the Aymara, had several gods. The most important was Pachamama, or Earth Mother, whose servant—and lover—was Viracocha, Spirit of Fertility. They believed it was the mating of Pachamama and Viracocha that populated the earth.

They had no explanation for the creation of the world and did not believe in any kind of a hereafter. Their Devil, Chunkirini, was obviously of 16th Century origin. He was personified by the straw effigy

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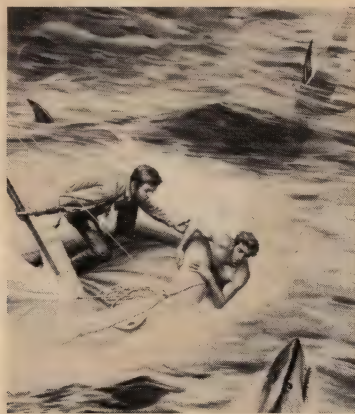
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of a Spanish conquistadore tied to the center pole of the council house. There was a crude wooden helmet on his head, a wooden breastplate attached to his chest and a wooden sword in his belt.

At the foot of the pole were grisly relics of males who had violated the village taboo: faces skinned from heads and stretched on gourds, rattles of finger bones, flutes of thigh bones, a ghastly pile of dried genital organs. These offerings marked the Ubina's hatred of Chunkirini; of the Spaniards he symbolized who had raped the Ubina women and forced them to flee their original home.

The able-bodied Ubina females were all warriors, adept with the deadly spears they used to safeguard their village from intruding males and to hunt jaguars and other wild animals.

Older women were responsible for the nursing of infants and the rearing of the female children. Babies of both sexes were carefully raised together for several months. At the age of one year male infants were deposited on a jungle trail several miles from the village and abandoned, either to be found and adopted by another tribe, or to starve to death or devoured by predatory animals. With their offspring taken from them when they were born and nursed indiscriminately by older women of the tribe, the Ubina had no mother love.

Girls under the age of nine were raised in a dormitorylike hut, the *llaucha*. On their ninth birthday they were transferred to another hut, the *uru*. Here they received instruction in the two widely varying survival "basics" of the tribe: use of the spear for protection and hunting and sexual dexterity and fulfillment for propagation.

On reaching *khoai*, or coming of age,

a girl was taught the techniques of sexual stimulation. At 16, it was mandatory for her to participate in the Toshi and strive to achieve her first pregnancy. This continued annually as long as she remained fertile. This compulsory practice was responsible for the survival of the tribe for over four centuries.

Knox had been in the village over a week when he finally got news of Moore. A Pachacamac, newly arrived in the village, reported that two days back on the trail from the west he had encountered three men. Two were Alcomayas; the third was balasto—white-skinned like Knox.

"THE balasto was sick," the Pachacamac said. "His arm had been broken and was bound between arrow shafts. The Alcomayas found him—lost in the jungle, too weak to walk further. They bring him here with them on a pole seat."

"Why didn't you wait to help them?"

The Pachacamac grinned broadly, showing two rows of strong white teeth. "I have been long without a woman, balasto. The Alcomayas do not seem to be in such a hurry."

The next afternoon, Knox met Moore on the trail a mile or so west of the village. Stricken with fever after leaving the Bonyas, he had wandered delirious through the bush. His survival was a near-miracle. The friendly Alcomayashad found him after the fever had already subsided. He was terribly weak, however. They were carrying him to the Ubina village in a seat slung between two of them from a bamboo pole.

Knox had the Alcomayas bring Moore to Apri's hut, and the girl helped Knox take care of him.

Moore, greatly weakened by his attack of fever, was slow to recover his strength, and Knox was having trouble getting hold of a cayuca. With the passing of each day, Apri showed more and more concern. Each night before coming to Knox's sleeping mat, she glanced up at the moon.

"Soon the Toshi will have come to an end, Light-Hair," she said solemnly. "When it does, every man must have left the village."

He nodded. It seemed fantastic that she could be so eager to make love to him and yet warn him that she, like any other Ubina, would kill him if he lingered beyond the Toshi. He mentioned this to Moore.

"There are some species of female known to kill and devour the male after mating," he said. "The Ubina fall somewhere in that category. But don't worry, I'll get us out of here in time even if we have to crawl."

In the end, Knox cut balsa logs and liana vines and, with Apri's help, built a crude but sturdy raft. Three days before the end of Toshi, he put Moore aboard the raft, said farewell to Apri and poled out into the Tambo.

Days later they reached the Bonya village where they were able to obtain a large cayuca and paddlers willing to take them to Atalaya. Here they parted. Jerry Knox flew back to Cuzco and his job; Paul Moore returned to the United States late last October.

Still convalescing from his almost fatal bout with jungle fever, Moore hopes some day to make another try at finding the Aymara Shangri-La. When he does, Knox would like to go with him—making the wildest possible detour around the land of the Ubina.



"DANGER 79"

Continued from page 18

posed to stay snug and safe at headquarters, far from enemy attacks and artillery shells and mortars. They definitely were not expected to risk their necks day and night for privates, non-coms, and officers of much lower rank. They weren't expected to do so, and General Hollingsworth had been told so many times—by the Pentagon. If he heard the advice, he ignored it.

"This is Danger Seventy-Nine one mile south. What is the situation?"

The colonel couldn't see the general's command helicopter, but he knew it was nearby from the ear-splitting radio volume.

"Pinned down. Can't move."

"I'll make a pass over your position to get an exact coordinate. Give me a smoke flare to mark your location."

Whitted shuddered. The ground fire was heavy—much too heavy for a helicopter to cross through the battle area brightly lighted by enemy flares.

"Don't fly over the area. Enemy fire is—"

"Light that smoke flare!"

There was nothing the colonel could do to stop Danger 79, so he marked his position with the smoke and waited. Seconds later he heard the roaring, un-even "chug-chug" of a whirlybird.

With tracers and machine-gun fire marking his path front and rear, Hollingsworth flew directly overhead. The GIs in the foxholes held their breath, expecting the helicopter to explode and go down in flames any second. But it crossed the battle area, banked around the perimeter of the command post, hesitated for a few seconds in the midst of intense ground fire, then moved off into the darkness.

"I saw the flare. I'm calling in artillery and planes. Get down in the foxholes and stay down," Hollingsworth radioed.

Having obtained an exact fix on the colonel's position, Hollingsworth was able to pinpoint U.S. artillery on the attacking Vietcong without endangering the Americans. Within minutes, shells were exploding all around the perimeter of the command post cutting off any retreat for the enemy guerrillas. Meanwhile, fighting from their dug-in positions Whitted and his men held off the confused VC.

"I'll show the fighter-bombers the target," Hollingsworth radioed. "Keep down."

NCE again the throb of the slow-moving, vulnerable whirlybird was heard above the gunfire as the general directed the F-105s to the enemy troops. Dropping marker flares, Hollingsworth radioed the pilots. "Let's get something down right there."

"Within seconds after the general's helicopter cleared the target the fighter-bombers roared in and dropped 500-pound bombs and napalm. The VC—unable to move back because of the U.S. artillery, unable to move forward because of Whitted and his men—milled about in confusion as the F-105s made successive passes. When dawn came and

the battle ended, there were 400 dead enemy soldiers scattered around the command post. In addition, the Americans investigated the surrounding jungle where the VC had massed for the attack and found a central cache of arms and food. It was one of the richest hauls of the year: 2,000,000 pounds of rice, 25 machine guns, 85 rocket launchers, 475 Claymore-type mines, and even 116 bicycles.

Colonel Whitted looked at the captured supplies and shook his head. "Not only did the general save our necks, it looks like he stopped a VC invasion too—single-handed!"

Whitted may have exaggerated a bit, but there's little doubt in any 1st Division soldier's mind that General Hollingsworth would go all out to save a life. He has proven it so many times he can't wear all his medals at once: there isn't enough room on his chest. Recently awarded another Silver Star, he said, "I don't need this, I already have one." In fact that made his *fourth*, and the Silver Star is a mighty tough medal to earn.

James Francis Hollingsworth ("Don't call me Francis!") was born in Sanger, Texas, March 24, 1918. That same year "the war to end all wars," WW I, ended, but that didn't discourage young Hollingsworth from seeking a military career. After graduation from Texas A&M College, in 1940, he joined the 2d Armored Division at Fort Benning as a second lieutenant. The history books might say that war was a thing of the past, but Hollingsworth didn't believe it. Not with Hitler on the march.

When WW II began Hollingsworth was shipped to North Africa to fight the Germans. From then until the wind up in Berlin, four years later, Hollingsworth fought in seven major campaigns, successively commanding a platoon, a company, a battalion and a regimental-size armored task force. When the war ended, in 1945, he was a lieutenant colonel.

With the solemn promise—once again—of most nations that war was a thing of the past, Hollingsworth began a series of peacetime assignments: Commander of the School Troop Regiment at Fort Riley, Kansas; commanding officer of the Special Troops in Germany; a hitch at the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth; duty in Washington in the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense, and commander of the U.S. Army detachment in Pakistan.

In March, 1966, after several months of pressuring everybody he knew in the Pentagon, Hollingsworth was finally ordered to Vietnam, as Assistant Division Commander of the 1st Infantry Division. The now brigadier general was ready for action. It wasn't long in coming.

One reason the action came fast and furious was that the Commanding Officer of the "Big Red One" Division, Major General William E. DePuy, was himself a real scrapper. He greeted the newly-arrived Hollingsworth this way:

"General, I want only the best officers

for my division. I don't want any softies, or behind-the-lines listeners, on my staff. If you can't hack it out here, just pack your bags and go back home."

Hollingsworth, aware he was "suspect" because he wasn't a West Pointer, grinned. "I'll let you know if I can't handle the job, but don't bother looking for a replacement. You won't need one."

DePuy stared at him in silence. Finally, he said, "Okay. We'll find out, Hollingsworth."

WALKING to a table where a map was spread out, DePuy pointed to a black line leading west from Saigon. "That is Route One. This other highway leading straight north is Route Thirteen. In between is the Iron Triangle. Are you familiar with the area?"

"I've been briefed on it," Hollingsworth replied. "I've never seen it."

DePuy nodded. "We had a hell of a battle there not long ago. The Fourth Cavalry met the two hundred seventy-first Vietcong Regiment head-on and scattered them."

"I heard about it."

"Did you hear what 'Hanoi Hannah' said?"

Hollingsworth shook his head. "No."

"She broadcast that the Fourth Cavalry would never again be able to use Route Thirteen. That if they tried, they would be wiped out." DePuy hesitated then facing Hollingsworth squarely said, "I want you to take the Fourth Cavalry up Route Thirteen."

Hollingsworth smiled. "Sure thing. When do we leave?"

The general knew that he was being tested, but the added pressure didn't bother him in the least. Calling Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Fife, C.O. of the 1st Squad and his staff to his command post, Hollingsworth explained his plan.

"We'll send B and C Troops of the 1st Squadron up the highway on a reconnaissance mission. We'll take separate routes to a rendezvous point on the highway," he said, "then move up the road and see what happens."

"What will be the rendezvous point?" Fife asked.

"Grid line seventy-nine. Same as my radio call," the general said. He pointed it out on the map, adding, "You won't have to worry about locating it. You'll know it when you get there."

The 4th Cavalry veterans looked at Hollingsworth as if he were crazy, but no one said anything. Just how he expected them to recognize grid line 79 on a highway was beyond them. A grid line was a mark on a map—nothing else. What type of officer was this new general anyhow?

Hours later, Fife's soldiers eased out of the jungle near where they estimated grid line 79 to be and marched onto the highway. They had gone only a few yards when a sergeant at the point of the reconnaissance group started to laugh. His men, knowing that VC were probably in the area, tried to quiet him, but he couldn't stop laughing. Gasping, he pointed at the road ahead of him.

"There's grid line seventy-nine," he spluttered.

Smack in the middle of the bloody Route 13, which Hanoi Hannah boasted the 4th Cavalry would never be able to use again, was a large "79" painted with white paint. Over it was the 4th Cavalry symbol of crossed sabers. Hollingsworth had made sure the VC knew who was using Route 13, and that the 4th Cavalry intended to use the highway at its convenience.

After the incident, neither DePuy, nor

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any of the men of "Big Red One" were worried about the guts of the new general. That day he led the 4th Cavalry up the highway to Ben Cat and back, sending the few VC who tried for an ambush to jungle graves.

Before Hollingsworth's arrival, it had been the practice of 1st Infantry men to defend themselves against VC snipers plaguing Route 13, driving the enemy off the highway and back into the jungle, then continue on their way. The new general, however, decided that he would not stop at defense. He wanted a good offense too.

Early in November, 1966, he led a unit of the 1st Infantry on a sweep a few hundred meters off the highway, looking for the enemy instead of waiting for him to start shooting and so announce himself. Catching the guerrillas off guard, Hollingsworth and his men located and destroyed two of the largest enemy camps in South Vietnam. After that, the VC along Route 13 kept constantly on the move, afraid to settle down at a base camp knowing the Big Red One and Danger 79 might come down on them.

HOLLINGSWORTH and his command helicopter soon became known all over the Iron Triangle. The whirlybird was equipped with a console of radios that gave him voice communication with division and brigade headquarters, the battalion commander on the ground, the support artillery, the fighter-bombers, the helicopters—everyone involved.

The men of the division expected the general to direct the battles they were involved in, but they didn't expect him to become so personally involved. One of the first indications that Hollingsworth intended to risk his own neck as well

as plan battle tactics came when a platoon of the 2nd Battalion, 16th Infantry became involved in a firefight.

The forward unit ran into some dug-in VC north of Ben Cat; one man was badly wounded. Before moving out of the area, sergeant Billy Howard of Columbus, Georgia, decided to try and get the injured man air-evacuated. He radioed for a helicopter. Hollingsworth was flying over the area at the time and received the call.

"Roger, Sergeant. We'll get the wounded man out of there."

Howard, realizing he was talking to the general, settled down to wait for the evacuation helicopter he expected Hollingsworth to summon. Instead, he was amazed to see the general's own chopper drop down through the heavy enemy fire and land in the designated area. Rushing the wounded man to the helicopter, Howard saw Hollingsworth waiting in the doorway.

"I didn't mean for you to pick him up!" he yelled above the noise of the whirling blades.

Hollingsworth helped load the wounded man aboard then said, "I belong to the First Infantry Division, too, you know. This is my fight as much as yours."

Such things were common with the general. During Operation Bismark, he was brought coffee at an outpost by Specialist 4 Charles A. Perez of Riverside, California, a member of the 1st Battalion, twenty-sixth Infantry. Noting that Perez's only uniform was soaked and torn, the general promised him a new, dry set of fatigues. Perez thought the general was kidding, but later, at the Phuoc Vinh Base Camp, Hollingsworth hunted him up and handed him the promised fatigues.

So it's understandable that when Hollingsworth's helicopter was shot down on a mission over the Iron Triangle, nearly every 1st Infantry GI in the area rushed to the scene to protect him from the surrounding VC. He and his crew were promptly picked up by the division's other assistant commander, Brigadier General John Dean.

SOME of the other officers thought that this narrow escape would make Danger 79 more cautious but, if anything, he took more risks than ever. Promptly equipping another helicopter as a flying command post, Hollingsworth went right back into the thick of battle.

The motto of the Big Red One, "No Mission Too Difficult, No Sacrifice Too Great, Duty First," was also Hollingsworth's personal philosophy. This was proved all over again during the battle at Bau Bang on March 20, 1967. Hollingsworth was awarded his third Distinguished Service Cross for his fighting there. This battle also showed that he was ready to risk his own neck for any unit—not just his own men. Many of the GIs involved in that furious Iron Triangle battle were from the 4th Infantry Division.

With President Lyndon B. Johnson on the island of Guam holding a strategy conference with Asian leaders, Ho Chi Minh planned a massive invasion of the Iron Triangle to embarrass the United States. He needed a propaganda victory badly and decided this was his chance. The Vietcong's elite 272nd Main Force Regiment was chosen to lead the assault, an attack which was aimed at regaining complete control of the Iron Triangle

(Continued on page 69)

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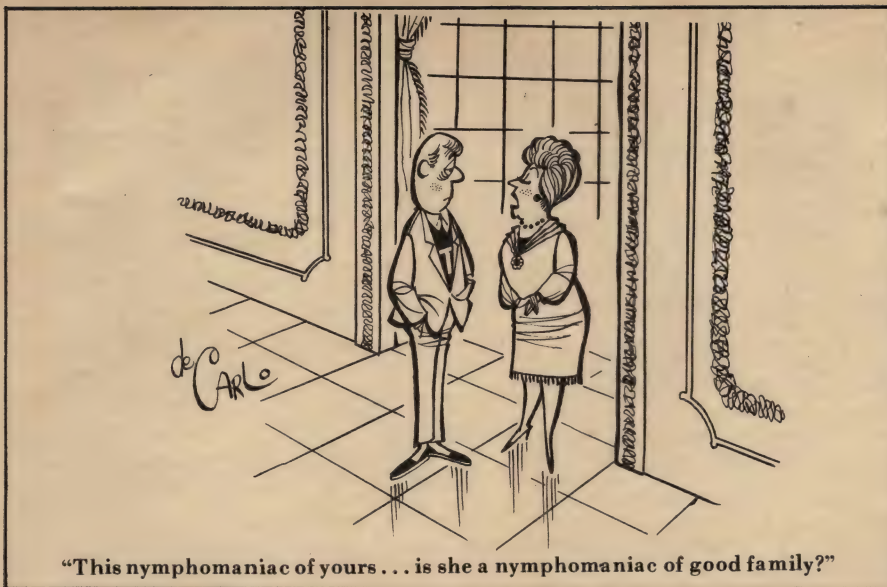
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(Continued from page 65)

and at Saigon. Unfortunately for Ho Chi Minh, he chose the area where Danger 79 was waiting for action.

The initial mortar barrage on the American artillery outpost came as a surprise a few hours after midnight on March 20. The VC followed this attack with machine gun fire. Once the machine gun opened up, Lieutenant Colonel Jack Vessey knew that the enemy intended to try and overrun the post. The colonel decided to radio for help immediately. The call was received by Hollingsworth, among others.

"This is Danger Seventy-Nine, Colonel. How many enemy troops are in the area?"

"No estimate."
"Roger. I'm coming over."

Taking off in his command helicopter after a briefing on the situation, Hollingsworth flew to the besieged unit. The ground fire was intense, a nearly solid curtain of shells covering the sky over the post. The general searched for a path through the shells, an area where the gunfire was more scattered, but there was none. Finally, he picked up the mike and spoke to his pilot over the intercom.

"Make a low-level pass over the post. I have to check on the location of the VC."

There was silence on the intercom for several seconds while the pilot stared at the death-blanket of shells ahead.

"Yes, sir."
Hollingsworth was well aware of the risk he was taking, but there was no other way he could get an overall picture of the scene so he could call in the fighters to help. He had to locate the enemy, had to try and determine VC strength and from which direction the enemy attack would come. Twice he made a pass over the dark camp, but it was impossible to spot the enemy positions. Finally, he made a desperate decision.

"Flareships, this is Danger Seventy-Nine. We need some light. Give us an illumination flare immediately."

It was dangerous enough flying over the camp in darkness, but to cross the battle area in the bright light of a flare was suicide. When the flareship dropped its parachute flare a few minutes later the entire area was as bright as day. Hollingsworth didn't hesitate.

"All right, let's make another pass over the post so I can locate the VC," he told his helicopter crew. "Can't knock hell out of them if we can't find them."

This time—as several bullets from the

ground punctured the fuselage of the helicopter—the general spotted the enemy on the west side of the post, massed for an attack.

"Get the fighters here," he ordered. "Get them here fast! Those guys are ready to hit the outpost."

The fighter-bombers, with their explosives and napalm, arrived just as the VC pulled out of the jungle and started toward the camp. The strafing and bombing runs slowed down the attack but didn't stop it. As the aircraft used up their ammunition, Hollingsworth realized that firepower alone wasn't going to halt the enemy advance. He then gave two orders which were credited with saving the GIs.

"Lower your artillery pieces and fire point-blank," he radioed. A few minutes later, seeing the enemy still moving toward the post, he called, "Pull your armored vehicles into a wagon train circle and fight from inside the perimeter."

HE hoped that this maneuver would permit the ground troops to hold out until more aircraft arrived.

It did! Fighting from inside the wagon train circle, like the pioneers did the Indians in the Wild West, the GIs hung on until more planes came and drove the VC back into the jungle. By dawn, over 300 VC dead lay outside the circle; the survivors were racing for the safety of Cambodia.

On Friday, May 12, 1967, Brigadier James F. Hollingsworth was honored in a ceremony on the parade ground in front of division headquarters at Di Am, South Vietnam. Major General John H. Hay, Jr., the new Big Red One Commanding General, presented Hollingsworth with his third Distinguished Service Cross and his third Distinguished Flying Cross. Later that same day, Lieutenant General Jean F. Engler presented Hollingsworth with the Distinguished Service Medal.

A veteran of two tours in Vietnam, watching the award ceremony at the parade ground, grinned as the medals were pinned on the general. "No wonder the Pentagon has reassigned him to duty back in the States. He's bankrupting them buying medals for him!"

General Hollingsworth returned to the United States as Deputy Commanding General of the Test and Evaluation Command, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland. The Big Red One misses him. The VC don't. They hope they never hear of Danger 79 again.

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CATTLE RUSTLERS

Continued from page 26

The man with the rifle quickly vanished into the darkness beyond the fence break. From experience, Anderson knew he had not gone very far. He was the lookout—and potential killer, ready to gun down any unwary lawman or fence rider who happened along.

For a short while it was quiet, except for the falling rain. Then two of the rustlers emerged from the darkness with a steer, prodding it into the beam of the headlights. A large butcher knife gleamed dully in the hand of one of the men. He was getting ready to cut the steer's throat when Anderson called out from his hiding place:

"You with the rifle! Walk out in front of the lights. Drop your rifle where I can see it."

The two rustlers in front of the pickup froze. The lookout appeared, walking into the headlight glow. He came slowly, carefully avoiding any movement which might be interpreted as hostile by the Ranger. He extended his arms and the .30-06 dropped to the road.

Anderson approached the trio seconds later, a tall, lean-bodied man, his .45 automatic still holstered. This was by no means sheer bravado. Anderson had a reputation in that part of Texas for being fast on the draw and at the same time never threatening with his gun. As he told this writer matter-of-factly: "When it (the .45) does come out, it's coming out shootin'."

For a minute Anderson studied the rustlers he had caught red-handed, then he nodded toward the steer. "All right, fellers, load up the evidence and we'll head back to Beaumont."

By dawn the trio was behind bars to await trial for rustling. All three subsequently drew long terms in prison.

From the wild Texas brasada country bordering Mexico to the rolling green grazing land of northern Idaho and Montana, rustling is booming today more than in the old days of the wild and woolly West.

LAST year alone some \$28 millions worth of livestock vanished by rustling, hustling, fraud and chicanery despite the efforts of Texas Rangers, cattlemen's associations, sheriffs and other lawmen, insurance company investigators and FBI agents (where interstate transportation of stolen cattle is involved) to stop the loss.

Ranchers who own large herds are the particular target of the modern rustler. A cowman who grazes several hundred head on thousands of acres may round them up for shipping or to take inventory for income tax purposes only once or twice a year. Months may go by before he is aware that cattle thieves are stealing his stock. Often it is some vigilant lawman or insurance company investigator who informs him of his loss.

The Hartford Insurance Group, for example, largest combined livestock insurer in the country, employs 123 cattlemen as investigator-inspectors. These men have long experience with the techniques of modern rustling.

"Even with sophisticated modern methods of catching the thief, the high price of meat continues to lure the unscrupulous into rustling," explains Thomas D. Hopps, a spokesman for the Group. "Not long ago, one rustler tried to set himself up as a rancher with stolen herds. He was a ranch hand who lifted twenty head of his employer's stock, and transferred them to his own farm. In cahoots with others, he tried to enlarge his operations. There was a falling out among the rustlers—in the true horse opera style—which resulted in the death by gunshot wounds of one of the gang and the apprehension of the others."

Says Hopps, "The files of The Hartford Insurance Group abound with tales—all true—of ingenious devices and deception employed by cattle rustlers today."

Take the case of industrious Texas rustler James Middle who in just one year pulled off no less than 27 cattle thefts. He cased prospective ranches during the day from his sedan and returned with a truck anywhere from 11:30 P.M. to 4:00 A.M. to do his rustling.

On one occasion he took the gate off a pasture fence, drove several calves into an adjacent pen and came back that night and put the calves into his truck via the ranch loading chute. Another time Middle and an accomplice, towing a trailer with a couple of working cow ponies, drove to an outlying section of a ranch. They unloaded the horses and staged an impromptu roundup, roping several heifers, and drove off with them.

Sometimes, working alone, Middle drove to a ranch, cut the wire fence, mounted a horse which he brought along in a trailer and roped a steer which he tied to his truck. After stealing two more steers, he would load his horse and the cattle and drive through the night to Fort Worth, where he'd sell the steers the next morning to a cattle buyer who asked no questions.

It took a year for the law to catch up with James Middle. Convicted of 23 cattle thefts in five different Texas counties, he is currently in prison and won't do any more rustling for a good long time.

But lawmen and insurance investigators are by no means always so successful. Too often an alleged rustler is caught, brought to trial and then let off on a legal technicality. The case of Walter Jones, an ex-con who had served time for arson and violation of the narcotics law, is an example.

After selling 129 head of cattle under circumstances which aroused the suspicions of insurance investigators, Jones sold 79 more for \$6,900 at a cattle buyers' auction, then quickly dropped out of sight. Before long a rancher, Al W. Harlow, put in an insurance claim for the 79 steers, alleging that they had been stolen.

The insurance investigators discovered that Jones and Harlow had been friends, which made things look even more suspicious. Since the 79 rustled steers had

been transported interstate the FBI entered the case.

The G-men traced Jones to Rio de Janeiro, and were temporarily stymied, because Brazil had no extradition treaty with the United States. What made it all the more irritating was that Jones openly bragged about his cattle rustling activities and became something of a "cowboy hero" to the Rio de Janeiro underworld. As a matter of fact, he bragged so loud and long that he became an embarrassment to the Brazilian Government and they found a plausible reason to deport him as an "undesirable."

Jones was returned to the United States aboard an Argentine liner. FBI agents were waiting to take him into custody when the ship reached New York.

IT looked like an open and shut case, but Jones claimed at his trial that rancher Harlow had conspired with him to collect double. First the cattle were rustled from Harlow's ranch and sold, then he put in an insurance claim to cover the theft.

Harlow angrily denied the accusation, and the case ended in a mistrial. At a second trial, in which Harlow was the complaining witness, the case was thrown out of court.

Back in pioneer West days, ranchers sent their cattle to marketing centers in trail drives which often meant hundreds of miles of slow travel to railroad shipping points. As the Midwest and railroads developed, enormous meat-packing plants were set up in Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City and elsewhere.

Today, not all livestock is shipped directly to a packing plant. A number of range cattle from ranch country are purchased by farmers who feed and fatten them for market. The most important feeding areas are in the corn belt states.

Over 50 percent of this cattle shipping—from ranch to corn belt farm to packing house—is made by trucks: "straight," semi-trailers and "possum bellies" (also called "pots" or "drop centers" because the center is lower between the wheels allowing 50 percent more room for livestock on an extra deck).

Hartford Insurance Group inspectors help prevent livestock transit losses by checking equipment for overloading and seeing to it that the truck bed is strong enough to allow good footing for the cattle. In hot weather, inspectors make sure shipments are made in the cool of the night or early morning. They encourage truckers to drive for the safety of the animals, with adequate ventilation and smooth braking.

Despite this surveillance, however, with 13 million head of cattle in transit annually, "vehicular rustling" is carried on. The favorite caper, as explained by Thomas Hopps:

"Many instances have been reported in which the tail-gate is illegally opened to allow several head of cattle to drop off as the truck is moving slowly up a steep hill."

In some cases of vehicular rustling, drivers act in collusion with the thieves. In others, a rustler creeps up behind a slowly moving cattle truck on a hill and opens the tail-gate. Other members of the gang wait in concealment with a truck. After the cattle truck has disappeared from sight over the hill, they round up the rustled steers, load them into their own truck and head out.

Though ranch-country sheriffs patrol roads in radio-equipped cars and even helicopters, vehicular rustling is increasing.

"This style of cow theft is often difficult to prove in court," explains Idaho law-

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man Tom Dickerman. "Say you catch a couple of rustlers on the highway with maybe half a dozen head of steer dropped off a semi-trailer. When you grab these fellers and take 'em into court, they claim they were driving along the highway, 'happened' to find a number of strays blocking the road and rounded 'em up, first so a passing car won't hit them and second, to 'help out' the rancher they belong to. Under such circumstances you don't have conclusive evidence. Especially in areas where ranches aren't fenced and cattle wander out on the highway."

In Texas, for instance, some ranges are fenced and some are not, depending on local law. In late spring and in summer when the gnats and flies are bad, cattle come out of the bush and woods and make for the nearest open road. In cold weather the sun shining down on a road during the day makes it warmer than the adjacent range, attracting the cattle.

Where the range is fenced in and a rustler cuts the wire, cattle are almost certain to find the break and go through it. This "homing instinct" often works to the advantage of rustlers. Explains Ranger Anderson, "It's no trick at all for a cow thief to come up on a steer at night with his headlights on and put a twenty-two against its head or knock it over quietly with a maul."

How this works in practice is illustrated by "The Case of the Busy Oil Pumper."

One day the sheriff of Hardin County phoned Anderson that a man had reported a pool of blood on the highway near his ranch. The sheriff did not know what kind of blood it was, and the Ranger drove over to investigate:

"The ranch was on a road between a main highway and an oil well at the dead end. I found the pool of blood and thought it was from a steer. There was also a tire print outlined in blood in the road. The mark was so broad I thought it had been made by truck and the print told me what I wanted to know. Someone had killed a steer in front of the headlights . . . The carcass had been loaded on the vehicle which had been driven forward through the blood. This was plain to see.

"I questioned the rancher who had phoned the sheriff. He told me that he had heard what might have been the crack of a .22 after midnight. There weren't any other houses on the road, so I drove on down to the dead end to question the oil pumper. He told me that Bert Stevens, the feller he had relieved, worked the four to midnight shift. I drove out to his (Stevens') home to question him."

Anderson took the suspect completely by surprise. There was a big, old, but serviceable Packard in Stevens' yard with blood on the tires. This was the car the Ranger had mistaken for a pickup truck. The body of the Packard had been rebuilt with steel sideboards and a tailboard. It was large enough to carry three 400-pound steers. Stevens had erected a scaffold and rigging behind his house for butchering. He was dressing the rustled steer when Anderson walked in on him.

Remarked Anderson later, "That feller had to go through three open range counties to reach his job. He worked as an oil pumper as a cover up. He hadn't been wasting a moment, rustling a steer or two every night after finishing his shift."

One source of clues which sometimes leads to the apprehension of a modern rustler is the "hide house." Here cattle hides are purchased, salted and shipped to market where they are bought for commercial uses.

Range country lawman make frequent inspections of hide houses, looking especially for altered brands. No matter how skillfully a rustler applies the branding iron, the alteration always shows up on the *inside* of the hide after a steer is butchered and skinned.

"A RUSTLER may make himself three or four hundred dollars a week stealing steer for beef," says Okalahoma sheriff Lloyd Arnold. "He may make himself a tidy stake. Somehow, though, he just can't resist the temptation to sell the hide for an extra seven or eight bucks. When he does and we discover that the brand has been altered, we start to back-track."

Arnold cites a case in point. It began last year when 26 head of cattle disappeared from a ranch in the Cimarron River country of northeastern New Mexico. Local lawmen working on the case failed to find the rustlers.

Not long afterward, Jere Laidlaw, a rancher in adjacent western Oklahoma, bought 26 head of cattle from a dealer named Ray Gadsden for \$7,600. Laidlaw ran the steers in with the rest of his herd and thought no more about it.

One day while making his customary inspection of a hide house, Sheriff Arnold yanked a hide out of a pile. The original brand had been obliterated, and Jere Laidlaw's brand had been substituted. The inner side of the hide showed the Laidlaw brand and another unknown brand.

Arnold examined other hides baled for shipment. He found 19 similarly "double-branded" and 22 with Laidlaw's brand alone. He got the rancher on the phone. "Jere," he said, "last time I visited your ranch your stock was grazing back-range. You been doing some butchering back there in the last month or so?"

Laidlaw said that he hadn't.

"In that case," Arnold told him, "I think that when you start counting noses you'll find at least forty-one steers are missing permanent. Right now you better drive to town and meet me in the hide house. I've got something to show you."

QUESTIONING the manager of the hide house, Arnold learned that the hides had been purchased from a stocky man of about 40, who gave his name as Raymond Gadsden. The checks had been made out in that name. One of the checks—for \$24 for three hides—had been cashed in an Enid, Oklahoma, haberdashery.

Laidlaw arrived on the scene, identified his brand on the hides and produced a bill of sale for the 26 steers he had purchased from Ray Gadsden.

"Appears to be the same character who sold the forty-one hides of the steers rustled from your ranch," Arnold told the angry rancher. "I'll go on back with you and we'll take a look around."

In a far pasture flanking a seldom used road, they found a break in the wire fence. All five strands had been snipped with cutters. On the shoulder of the road near the fence, the sheriff found other evidence of rustling: an empty 12-gauge shotgun shell that had fired birdshot, two .22 cartridge shells, the mark of a cowboy boot, two tire prints. He made plaster of Paris casts of these. With just these few clues, Arnold reconstructed the series of thefts for Laidlaw:

"The way I see it, Jere, this Gadsden first prospected the range alone toting a twelve-gauge. If you or one of your boys spotted him, he was just out hunting. He'd be guilty of nothing more than trespass and naturally you wouldn't prosecute."

"He triggered off a shot or two to find out whether he'd attract any notice. When he didn't, he figured this was a good spot to do some rustling. He cut the fence and then began coming back at night with a twenty-two rifle to kill steers and with maybe an accomplice or two to help him."

"He's either kind of careless or lazy because he's riding a blowout patch in a front tire instead of one in the rear. I think he's a stranger in these parts because the brand on the steers he sold you isn't from around here. His accomplice, or couple of them, are probably local characters he picked up, because he always visited the hide house alone. I guess the others were afraid they might be indentified by the manager."

Arnold spent over a week following the trail of hide check endorsements. He built up a complete description of Gadsden supplementing that given him by Laidlaw and the hide house manager.

The rustler's headquarters appeared to be in Enid. In one store he had bought a gray hat. In another, a pair of Levis. In still another, a blue wool shirt. In each case he had made purchase and received some cash back.

Gradually, methodically, Arnold zeroed in on his man. On the ninth day he caught up with Ray Gadsden, registered as "Leroy Gardener" in a motel not far from Enid.

Sheriff Arnold had carefully built up his rustling case. With the incriminating evidence of the steer hides and canceled checks, plus positive identification by

Laidlaw and the hide operator he had Gadsden cold.

At first the rustler was inclined to be stubborn. Then Arnold mentioned the possibility of Federal prosecution on the charge of interstate transportation of stolen cattle from New Mexico to Oklahoma. That did it. Gadsden confessed to rustling the 41 steers from the Laidlaw ranch and identified two itinerant cowpunchers as his accomplices. He was sentenced to serve six years; his accomplices, three.

Range country lawmen like Anderson and Arnold still ride horses when hunting rustlers but usually the mounts are not their own. Says Arnold:

"Sometimes I get a tip that a cattle thief will be working that night, so I drive out to the nearest ranch where I take a horse to ride over the back ranges. There's always a horse and saddle ready for me at any ranch, and up to this point, taking after a rustler is like taking after almost any other kind of thief."

"Then when I ride out to a back range, to a mesa or into the brush where cow thieves like to operate, it becomes a time-consuming job and a lot of patience is required. Sometimes I'll hide out and wait for a couple of days and nights. It's dawgone lonely."

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Ranger Anderson says that the gun-sliding rustler is strictly for television consumption; he doesn't recall a case in modern times where one has actually traded bullets with a lawman.

"Coyotes," he says. "If a cow thief does shoot you can bet it will be at your back from a hiding place somewhere in the brush."

Some of the toughest rustling cases confronting lawmen in Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California today are "borderline": cases where the intent is obvious to the experienced peace officer but guilt is unproven. An example from California sheriff Lee Kerr:

"Like you find that a hundred or so cows have strayed through a break in a fence to another ranch shortly before they're due to calve and not showing up again on their owner's ranch until weeks later. You know damned well that the wire was cut and the cows driven to the other ranch to drop their calves. Then after the calves are dropped and weaned the cows are driven back to the home ranch."

"You know it, but prove it! Question the rancher who gets all those extra calves and his story is that either he didn't know, or he forgot to notify the other cattleman that calving cows bear-

ing his brand had been grazing with another herd."

"Of course, a cow and its calf can find each other in a herd of any size. This is negated, though, when both calf and cow have had turpentine rubbed on their flanks."

Lawmen like Sheriff Kerr try to check "indirect" rustling like this by attending all big roundups, usually stationing themselves at a dip where a brand can be plainly seen. They're also particularly suspicious when they smell turpentine.

Sometimes at roundups they hold "rump court" and make spot judgment regarding doubtful ownership of cattle. These decisions usually are accepted by the ranchers involved, as they are at shipping pens, stock auctions and slaughterhouses which are regularly checked.

Cattle trucks are spot-checked in transit, especially in areas plagued by rustlers, sometimes with unexpected results.

On a November day, for example, Deputy Sheriff Pat Johnson, patrolling a Missouri road, stopped a loaded, St. Louis-bound "straight" for a routine check.

He observed that the truck was overloaded. Examining the driver's transit sheet, he found that two Black Angus and seven white face Herefords were not listed on it. All nine animals were near the tail-gate. Johnson suspected they had been put on at a second stop after the listed cattle had been loaded at the regular loading chute.

The driver admitted this when questioned. He said that he was home, having dinner the night before, when he got a telephone call from a stranger who gave his name as Dan Green.

"Told me he was a farmhand on the Stewart place. It isn't a ranch but a farm about forty miles this side of where I load. This Green wanted me to take the nine head along with the others to the St. Louis stockyards and sell 'em. Claimed he had no truck to get 'em there and offered me three hundred for doing it. I figured it would be an easy way to pick up some extra money."

Johnson asked the driver if he was to take the rest of the money to the owner of the farm. He shook his head. "Nope. Green told me he'd stop by my house and pick it up."

"Didn't that make you suspect something funny was going on?"

The driver shrugged his shoulders. "I ain't the sort that asks a lot of questions."

Johnson drove back to the Stewart farm, and found a lot more than he had bargained for. Howard Stewart, 43, lay dead on the kitchen floor, a .38 caliber revolver which had not been fired gripped in his hand. There was a bullet hole between his eyes. The fatal wound, according to the coroner's report, had been inflicted by a 30-30 rifle early the night before.

STEWART'S wife, Agnes, 35, an attractive brunette, was in the upstairs bedroom, sprawled naked on a double bed partly covered by a quilt.

"There was an empty bottle on the bed," Johnson reported. "Another—both had contained cognac—under the bed. She sure was sleeping soundly. A lot of drinking had been going on the night before and her husband hadn't been in on it. According to the autopsy there wasn't any alcohol content in his blood."

"Dan Green, the hired man, wasn't anywhere around. The bureau drawers in his room were empty and open. Looked like he had lit out in an awful hurry."

Deputy Sheriff Johnson and other law officers staked out the house of the cattle

truck driver, hoping that the hired man would show up to collect his money. But Green did not appear and an all-points alarm was sent out to apprehend him.

He was caught three days later, fleeing to Arizona in a decrepit sedan. Interrogated by peace officers, he broke down finally and confessed to the shooting of Howard Stewart, as well as to rustling the nine head of cattle.

"His wife wasn't in on the shooting," Green told them. "She tied one on and passed out maybe a quarter of an hour before Stewart came home. I done plenty of drinking myself, so I went down to the kitchen and made some coffee.

STEWART must have suspected something was going on between me and his wife. He came in quietly and went up to his bedroom. When he saw his wife sleeping naked on the bed and the empty liquor bottles he got his thirty-eight and came down to the kitchen looking for me.

"He said, mad as hell: 'Go pick up that rifle in the corner if you want to die.'

"I told him I didn't want to die and a shoot-out made no sense. He said: 'If you don't pick up the rifle I'm going to kill you anyhow.'

"So I grabbed the gun from the corner and shot him first. I guess he didn't think I was going to do it. After that I knew no one would believe that I fired in self-defense so I took off. I was too scared to stop at the driver's house to pick up the cattle money."

A jury convicted Green of homicide and cattle rustling. The truck driver was sentenced to a year in prison.

In recent years rustlers have been expanding their activities. Although the major portion of stealing still takes place in cattle-raising regions of the country—both on the range and in transit—thefts from stockyards are increasing. Some of them are audacious almost to the point of incredibility.

Not long ago, for example, one irate rancher insured by the Hartford Insurance Group complained that sixteenhead of his cattle were stolen from the pens after he had made safe delivery at the stockyards.

Investigators were promptly assigned to the case. They discovered that a nervy teenager had single-handedly spirited the cattle out of the stockyards in a truck, then returned with them the following day and sold them to an unsuspecting packing house buyer for \$4,000. Says Hobbs:

"With the money for the stolen cattle, he bought a car and he also bought his girl friend a wedding ring, an engagement ring and a stereo.

Shortly after the theft, he was killed in an automobile accident. His parents paid some of the claim from proceeds of the insurance on the car. The girl friend was willing to turn in the wedding ring and the stereo but refused to give up the engagement ring."

Today cattle rustling is booming more than ever but few of the bad guys wear black hats or ride horses. Mostly they use trucks, some equipped with two-way radios.

"Laws aren't much of a deterrent to a determined cow thief," comments Sheriff Kerr. "In the old days there was no better deterrent than a rope. Ranchers took the law into their own hands. If they caught a rustler he was a lucky feller to land in jail instead of having his neck stretched under the nearest cottonwood."

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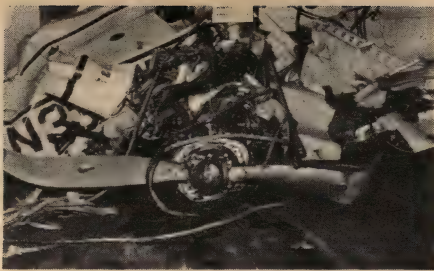
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AIR CRASHES

Continued from page 23

went into action. The jet and other aircraft stacked above it were warned away. Some had to "hold the pattern" and circle as far away as Pittsburgh. All planes scheduled to leave La Guardia remained grounded for almost an hour.

Losing altitude, the Cessna pilot scanned the streets below, desperately seeking a spot to put down. After narrowly missing a housing project on East 149th Street, the plane began to spin sideways. Moments later, it plunged into a rocky outcrop in St. Mary's Park, exploded and burst into flame. All six aboard were killed.

Less than three weeks before this tragedy last September, a single-engine private plane—also with six aboard—narrowly missed colliding with an airline from Paris carrying 92 passengers which was approaching Kennedy in a heavy rainstorm. The private plane churned blindly through the crowded air lanes and crashed into a radio transmitting tower off City Island. The planes' six occupants were killed; the FM radio programs of stations WNBC and WCBS were silenced.

Two weeks before this fatal crash, the pilot of an Eastern Airlines shuttle plane from Washington, D.C., was approaching La Guardia Airport when he suddenly observed a small private plane flying head-on toward him. It was touch and go. The Eastern pilot swerved and dived toward Manhattan. The private plane flew on, its pilot apparently unconcerned—or unaware—that he had narrowly escaped causing a major air catastrophe. The menace of private planes and irresponsible amateur pilots is increasing daily at virtually every major airport in the country.

In 1966 alone almost 16,000 new "general aviation type" private planes—for business, air taxi, personal sport and transportation, agriculture and flight training—were added to the 105,000 private planes already in service. Approximately 30 percent of these were bought by business organizations and corporations. According to the most recent statistics, only four private planes are being retired annually for every fourteen which are activated.

WITH the boom in private flying, there are now well over half a million private pilots throughout the country. Small plane production forecasts made by the Federal Aviation Administration in 1965 have been found to be much too conservative. It is now estimated that in the current year the fifteen major U.S. manufacturers of private planes will increase their production level of 20,000 aircraft by at least 25 percent.

With the facilities of commercial airports already strained by regularly scheduled airliners and with bigger airliners due to become operative in the near future, the tremendous increase in private planes is causing more and more congestion and greater hazard. Time after time airline operators have pleaded with the Federal Government to do something about this ominous situation: to divert

private plane traffic away from major airports. Time after time they have been turned down.

The Federal Government wants to see more action on the problem—particularly financial—on a local level. Last November, M. Cecil Mackey, Assistant Secretary for Policy Development of the Department of Transportation, told the aviation industry and concerned local governments and municipalities that they "could no longer get millions of Federal dollars for airways and airports with little more than an energetic wave of the 'air safety' flag."

He said that scarce Federal resources must be rationed, that air safety could not be exempt from that rationing, and that users of the air transportation system must prepare to pay for a greater share of it.

Meanwhile, the problem's booming.

In 1965—the latest available statistics which have long since been surpassed—the FAA Air Traffic Activity Report recorded 37,900,000 take-offs and landings at 292 major airports in the United States. (Note: There are now 10,015 airports of all categories in operation throughout the country.)

When concerned airline operators try to get greater airline and airport safety on a local level, they are shouted down by powerful groups of private flyers who scream, "Discrimination!" and point to Section 104 of the Federal Aviation Act which gives: "... any citizen a public right of freedom of transport through the navigable air space of the United States."

For example, last November the Port of New York Authority, the bi-state agency for the New York City area's Kennedy-La Guardia-Newark airport complex, moved toward relieving congestion and the attendant dangers by increasing minimum runway fees during the busiest hours to discourage private, business and air taxi planes from landing. (This, incidentally, did not apply to helicopters, because they operate in patterns which neither contribute to air traffic congestion nor adversely affect airport capacity.)

Austin J. Tobin, executive director of the Authority, declared that "General aviation traffic must be influenced to transfer their operations, whenever possible, away from the main airports' runways and air patterns in peak periods."

He pointed out that in peak hours private planes made up 51 percent of the total air traffic at La Guardia, 30 percent at Kennedy and 52 percent at Newark.

■ That a large part of this traffic was air taxis, constituting one of every four plane movements during peak hours.

■ That many of these small planes carried only one to four passengers.

■ That they cluttered up both air-space and runway capacity as much or more than airliners carrying a hundred or more passengers, who were inconvenienced by innumerable delays.

■ That there were adequate facilities for private planes at Teterboro and other airports around the perimeter of New York City.

The reaction of private pilot groups was swift and vociferous. President J. B. Hartman, Jr., spokesman for the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, declared that a hike in runway fees would be "discriminatory, illegal and not in the public interest. We strongly protest this blatant attempt to eliminate general-aviation operations from public-use airports, because public-use airports are for the use of all the public."

In other words, nuts to the tens of thousands of airline passengers daily whose purchase of tickets and whose taxes contribute to the construction and maintenance of public airports.

Nuts to passengers on transcontinental and overseas airliners whose departures are delayed while Mr. Briefcase and his curly blond secretary embark in a tax-deductible company plane to attend what may or may not be a business conference less than an hour away.

TO hell with the passengers and crews on airliners whose lives may be jeopardized by a private plane taxing three or four golfers to a country club, or the owner-pilot of a small single-engine job bound somewhere for the weekend with a few jolly pals fortified by martinis.

Now the most alarming thing about this picture is that it is by no means exaggerated. *It is happening all the time!*

It has happened at O'Hare International, in Chicago, where as many as four runways are used simultaneously during peak hours. Where, at times, there is as little leeway as 21 seconds between airliners. Where the FAA control tower is manned around the clock by an administrative staff of five and 51 air traffic controllers. You can imagine how the landing or take-off of a private pilot who "knows his rights" under Section 104 can foul up operations and create a hazard here. It has happened at Los Angeles International, Washington International, Kennedy and other of the country's busiest, most congested airports.

When it does happen we hear and read about the crashes. We are seldom informed about the near misses. One of the most knowledgeable authorities about this grim situation is Representative Benjamin S. Rosenthal of New York who advocates a ban on all flights by small planes in the vicinity of large cities. Making public 82 reports of near misses in the New York area in a two and half year period, Rosenthal declared he believed there may actually have been as many as ten times that number.

The FAA definition of a near miss is "any close approach of two planes in which one or both pilots has to, or thinks he has to, take evasive action to avoid a collision." The FAA also explains that it has found mandatory reporting of near misses unenforceable, that such reports are highly subjective, and that reconstructing an accurate account of a near miss situation is extremely difficult.

Analyzing the 82 reports obtained from FAA files, representative Rosenthal points out that private planes were involved in 64 of the near misses.

Another Government study, he says, indicated that 90 percent of current "almost" air disasters go unreported.

Some air traffic experts estimate that during the past year near-collisions between private planes and airliners either on or in the vicinity of runways at public airports, or on busy air lanes throughout the country exceeded 60 per month. This adds up to more than 720 near air disasters involving thousands of passengers during 1967—catastrophes which were avoided only by sheer luck.

"Ninety percent of the public has been largely ignored in favor of . . . small planes piloted by amateurs who insist upon their 'right' to fly anywhere," asserts Rep. Rosenthal. "The time has come for explicit priority for scheduled airliners and their passengers. These passengers and the people on the ground who could become victims of midair collisions are the many and the private fliers are the few."

Private plane crashes now average about five hundred a year and take over one thousand lives. According to a scientific study made by Dr. Stanley R. Mohler of the FAA's Office of Aviation Medicine "there is a wide discrepancy between the accident rate (number of accidents per take-off or per flight hour) and the actual risk of flying. The accident rate is about twenty times greater than the risk of flying. . ."

The three major causes of such crashes, the eminent medical aviation scientist reports, are:

(1) Horseplay (Unrestrained Exuberance)—"Unwarranted Low Level Flying."

(2) Foolishness—"Impaired Efficiency and Judgment of the Pilot, Caused by the Consumption of Alcoholic Beverages."

(3) Lack of Respect for Nature—"Non-instrument Pilot Attempted Continued Visual Flight in Adverse Weather Conditions."

Cautions Dr. Mohler:

"Each pilot should be aware of the inseparable nature of mind and body. Physical illness, pronounced fatigue, toxic ingesta and absorbables, and hypoxia temporarily derange body function and . . . affect mental function. The main determinant in the accomplishment of a successful flight is the capacity of the pilot to 'command' the airplane subsequent to the exercise of judgment and the arrival at a decision. The mind accomplishes these events, relying upon experience and knowledge. When the body is suffering from one or more of the above factors, the mind is adversely affected and its command capability deteriorates . . ."

"The state of mind can influence the body which in the final sequence of flight control effects the actual manipulation of the aircraft. Acquired lower-order reflexes have saved more than one aviator and his craft under sudden adverse circumstances. The mental 'override' of emotional disturbances (panic, depression, euphoria, self-destructiveness) can nullify the efficacy of such reflexes. Such disturbances can create and allow the establishment of a flight condition from which the 'fastest reflexes in the world' can be of no avail—for example, a low-level 'buzz job' carried to the point of no recovery."

THERE were hundreds of near collisions involving "slaphappy" private plane pilots last year. A few typical examples:

A jet airliner approaching Boston's Logan International Airport was forced to take evasive action when a small single-engine plane "wandered" into its approach lane. According to the jet's pilot: "First it sheered off, then headed directly toward us for no apparent reason. I had to climb in a hurry."

Shortly after taking off from Greater Cincinnati Airport for La Guardia, an airline pilot observed a small aircraft from city-owned Lumken Airport (used mostly by business and private planes) coming toward him on a collision course. He had to take evasive action to escape a mid-air crash.

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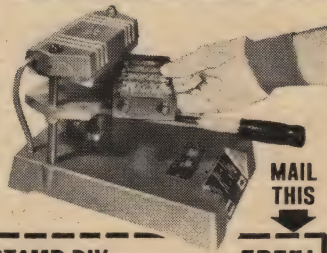
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Phoenix' Skyharbor narrowly missed hitting a small private jet which emerged from a cloudbank directly into its flight path in the vicinity of Litchfield Park, a few miles northwest.

A jet passenger plane from Chicago was about to put down at Los Angeles International Airport when the pilot spotted a small aircraft circling ahead. Reported the pilot: "I couldn't figure the guy out. He wasn't getting ready to set down and it didn't seem as if he was going anywhere. He was either sight-seeing, drunk or both."

Another airline pilot approaching Greater Buffalo International Airport under similar circumstances reported that they were forced to take evasive action to avoid colliding with private aircraft in the sky area around Danbury, Connecticut. This is the "turning pylon" in one of the most heavily congested commercial air regions in the East. It is one in which veteran airline pilots exercise extreme—and not always successful—caution. (On Dec 4, 1965, for example, a TWA Boeing 707 and an Eastern Airlines shuttle collided in this vicinity.)

An airliner bound for Washington, D.C., from Stapleton International Airport, Denver, was deliberately buzzed by a private plane shortly after take-off. Reported the pilot: "The insane idiot made our hair stand on end. He dived twice, narrowly missing our tail both times." Almost every commercial airline pilot can narrate at least one such harrowing experience.

The question to be asked, especially by the millions of airline passengers whose lives are jeopardized by such shenanigans, is: What the hell is the FAA doing about all this? Because, specifically it's the FAA's job. When the agency was created by the Federal Aviation Act of 1958 to succeed the Civil Aviation Administration, it was given responsibility for:

"Developing the major policies necessary to guide the long-range growth of civil aviation; modernizing the air traffic control system; providing for the most effective and efficient use of the airspace over the United States. . ."

It is explicitly charged with the construction, operation and maintenance of the National Airspace System and the facilities which are part of that system. It allocates and regulates the use of airspace. It ensures adequate separation between aircraft operating in controlled airspace. Through research and development programs, it provides new systems and equipment for improving utilization of the nation's airspace.

Sounds beautiful and reassuring on paper, doesn't it?

The grim truth is that the FAA is woefully undermanned and lacks the funds for urgently needed personnel and equipment and to provide the air safety we are entitled to. For months it has been fighting the White House for more money. The shocking fact is that our safety—yours, mine and our fellow airline passengers—has become a political football. Last September, in a special dispatch to the New York Times, correspondent Evert Clark reported:

"THE agency's greatest need is for more air traffic controllers, but it also wants more money for control towers and electronic equipment . . . Only if top Administration officials become convinced that air safety might develop into a troublesome political issue are they likely to approve the proposed supplemental request for funds for the fiscal year 1968 . . . If a denial of the request were to be followed by a major accident involving air traffic control, the safety issue could be catapulted into a political controversy. . ."

During 1967, in addition to numerous near collisions only a fraction of which were reported, the following tragedies were recorded:

A TWA DC-9 and a Beechcraft collided near Urbana, Ohio, on March 9. There were 26 fatalities.

A Yankee Airlines' twin-engine de Havilland Dove and a small private plane collided at a runway intersection at La Guardia on May 1. Three persons died, seven were injured.

A Piedmont Airlines three-jet Boeing 727 and a private twin-engined Cessna collided in midair on July 19, near Hender-

sonville, North Carolina. Eighty-two dead.

Four persons were killed near Blocker, Oklahoma, when two private planes collided.

How many such tragedies must there be? How many people must be killed before the FAA gets the manpower and equipment it needs for "the development and safety of American aviation" which has been its responsibility for over nine years?

During these nine years although both air traffic and air speed have been steadily increasing, the number of air traffic controllers—now 14,000—who man the nation's air traffic centers and control towers have been unable to keep pace.

"Even if we got the \$811 million we asked for, we could add only 648 controllers and 121 maintenance men which is approximately one-third of the number that we urgently need," says an FAA spokesman.

How, then, does the agency make up the deficiency and strive for greater air safety under these adverse circumstances? Well, explains Deputy Administrator David D. Thomas, every controller has been asked to work harder and longer.

"The way air traffic is growing now, if each air traffic controller did exactly the same amount of work he is doing this year it would take 1,500 more positions just to keep up. . .," says Thomas. "We are actually expecting him to do eight to ten percent more work next year with the equipment we are furnishing him and the improvement we are making in the traffic control system."

Thomas points out that the productivity of the air traffic control system—the number of take-offs, landings and overflights it can handle—has been increased by 178 percent during the past four years without adding an appreciable number of new controllers. This has been made possible partly by improvement in electronic equipment but, more importantly, because the individual controller now deals with many more planes on a radar scope at one time than he ever did before.

Now while it may sound commendable for the dedicated air traffic controller to do from eight to ten percent more work than he did formerly, he is, after all, a human being—not a machine. Hundreds of lives at a time often depend upon the accuracy of his judgment and the swiftness of his decision.

Consider that there are 525,600 minutes in a year. At Chicago's O'Hare Airport, there are 588,527 air traffic movements a year requiring the air controller's decision—which means at least one a minute. At Van Nuys, California, there are 543,324. At Long Beach, California, 499,724.

Air traffic controllers must be alert every second they are on duty. They are under constant tension under normal operating conditions. That tension is accelerated when they perform eight to ten percent more work.

When a situation suddenly develops—such as the precipitate arrival or overflight of a private plane which has failed to carry out instructions, as in the tragedy at Hendersonville—a catastrophe may well occur. The wonder is that it doesn't happen more often. Only a few months ago General William F. McKee, FAA chief, warned:

"I am concerned about the number of personnel, particularly in our air traffic control system."

Increasing FAA personnel, tower and radar installations (at least twelve new control towers and six new radar in-



"Good grief, Charlie, don't give up and just drown yourself like that . . . let me eat you!"

stallions are vitally needed in various sections of the country) would provide only a partial answer to greater safety for millions of air passengers.

Senator Jacob K. Javits of New York is one of a growing number of air-safety-conscious legislators who have introduced a bill to help cope with the problem and has called for a ban on non-commercial small planes from using large jet-ports.

One solution often suggested is the construction of more big jetports. This not only requires huge money appropriations but invariably faces opposition from local citizens, who don't want "all that noise" and feel the airport should be built "somewhere else."

More and more airline executives are becoming convinced that there is a better, easier answer: the construction of "satellite" airports for use by private planes. Says George Spater, vice chairman of American Airlines:

"The solution of providing small, well-located airports for private aircraft rather than building huge new commercial jet airports is so simple that it seems to escape the attention of many of the so-called experts working on this subject. Yet, where it has been done, it has worked very well."

The most dramatic example of where it has "worked very well" is in Dade County, the Greater Miami area of Florida, where the Dade County Authority provides three satellite airports for the use of private planes: Opa-Locka, ten miles northwest of Miami, Tamiami, twenty miles southwest, and Homestead, thirty miles south.

During the past year, the fifth its been in operation, Opa-Locka was the busiest airport in the United States. It handled 604,708 traffic movements—exceeding Chicago's O'Hare by 16,181. With five runways and no landing or take-off fees, Opa-Locka and its two sister satellite airports diverted private planes from mixing with airliners at Miami International, the nation's seventh busiest airport with 441,156 traffic movements annually.

"The major objective of the satellite airports," William T. Norton, chief of airport operations, explains, "has been to accommodate private executive aircraft where they do not have to mingle with the larger airline jets. This has worked but so successfully that only 5,000 to 6,000 private planes a year go into Miami International. A lot of these only do so because they run back and forth to the Bahama Islands. They stop to clear Customs before proceeding on to Opa-Locka, because the latter does not have Customs."

WHAT has been accomplished in Dade County, Florida, is an urgent necessity in many other areas of the nation.

Last year general aviation—non-airline—pilots flew more than 2.6 billion miles. Most of this was private business flying which totaled up to 1.2 billion miles. After this came flying for pleasure and personal transportation: 513 million miles.

Despite the tremendous increase in private flying, shockingly little has been done to channel non-commercial planes away from busy jetports—especially in heavily populated areas.

Today, Texas leads the country with 881 landing facilities, followed by California with 669, Alaska 607, Illinois 446, Pennsylvania 443, and Ohio 384. Areas like New York City and Boston and the region around Washington, D.C., where the boom in private flying is becoming an increasing hazard to millions of airline passengers, trail far behind. ♦♦♦

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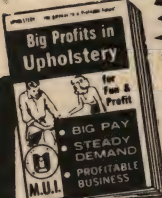
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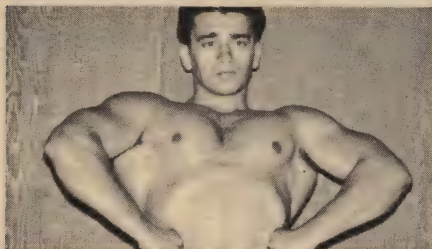
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nation. *This is a civil defense emergency.*"

Hack drivers, informed as well by their own radio dispatchers of this surprising police order, were uneasy and puzzled. But, to a man, they obeyed. Some passengers tried to argue when asked to leave cabs in the middle of their rides. But police convinced them it was for their own good—and no joke.

The drivers gossiped and apprehension grew. One cabbie said flatly, "It's an atomic attack! I tell ya, the cops know something. We'll all be dead in an hour."

Another driver snorted, "You're nuts! There's a race riot brewing. The cops want us off the streets if there's real trouble."

Then came another police bulletin:

"A small, locked brief case with the initials C.H.G. has been left in a taxi by a passenger, Dr. Carl Howard Gerber. It is vital that this brief case be found and kept safe until military experts can retrieve it. *Under no circumstances* unlock the case or allow it to be dropped or roughly handled. Dr. Gerber is attached to the biological warfare program at Fort Detrick, Maryland. The brief case contains three vials of bacillus which, if released, could mean illness and death of thousands of people in our city. Repeat: find that brief case now."

Rumors spread. Some people panicked and packed bags for a quick evacuation. The switchboards at police headquarters, the fire department, hospitals, clinics, and newspaper offices became hopelessly overloaded as anxious residents sought reassurance or more details.

At 7:15 P.M., a veteran 54-year-old cab driver found the lethal brief case wedged between the spare tire and the jack in the luggage compartment of his taxi. The cab was roped off by police. Within ten minutes, technicians from the Presidio arrived and gingerly took away the germ-filled brief case.

But for one tense hour San Francisco had been given a scary glimpse at the new face of war which Uncle Sam is keeping under tight security wraps.

There have been other "incidents," other frightening peeks at what's going on in "C and B"—Pentagon shorthand for "chemical and biological warfare." For example:

WASHINGTON—In June, 1967, Dr. Masume Marako, a highly-respected biologist, was arrested by FBI agents as he was about to board a plane for Japan. The G men impounded six trunks labeled "household goods" Dr. Marako was taking back to Tokyo with him. In the trunks were 64 boxes of classified reports. For two years, the Japanese biologist—who had security clearance—had worked with his American colleagues on a hush-hush series of experiments with germs lofted by satellite 167 miles above the Earth.

The official and restricted files he had taken were the only written reports in existence describing the lethal powers and breeding proclivities of germs transported by orbiting space vehicles. No copies had been made of these documents.

GERM WARFARE

Continued from page 36

His colleagues were shocked when Dr. Marako was arrested with the files in his possession.

At this writing, Dr. Marako is free on \$15,000 bail, unable to leave the United States until his bizarre snatch of the germ files is explained. I talked with an American colleague of the Tokyo scientist who said, guardedly:

"I don't know why or for whom he took our germ records. But the scientifically-advanced nations are understandably concerned about the ability of satellites to transport and release disease bacillus, plant lice, crop-attacking fungus, nerve gas, and compounds similar to LSD which could immobilize whole cities or paralyze an entire army division's will to fight.

"It is quite possible that germs and incapacitating gases—dropped in canisters or scattered by aerosol mists—may prove to be a cheaper and more effective 'final weapon' than the hydrogen bomb. Remember, the bomb destroys everything—men, buildings, machines, crops. But biological warfare can be made highly selective, attacking only human beings, animals, food or water supplies. With civilians and troops stunned, dazed, unconscious or dead from gases or deliberately-incubated epidemics, the nation which first preemptively uses biological weaponry can capture entire cities intact."

LONDON—On a rainy night in March last year, Dr. Maxwell Feld, a 40-year-old agronomist from Canada's McGill University, reported to police that a leather pouch containing three small vials had been stolen from his room in the Charing Cross Hotel.

His agitation was so marked, and his reluctance to discuss the contents of the vials so evident, that he was questioned intently at Bow Street Police Station. Six hours later, a London newsman identified the Canadian as one of the world's leading authorities on wheat rust, a blighting disease which can cause famine in a nation wholly dependent on its wheat crop for survival. It was then that Dr. Feld guardedly admitted to police:

"The vials contain exceedingly potent new spores which can spread wheat rust with great speed. I am to attend a scientific conference in Glasgow to discuss agricultural warfare. Nothing else in my room was stolen. Just the spores. Obviously, somebody knew what to look for."

TWO days later, a Dutch national, Wilhelmina Jagger, a 32-year-old chambermaid at the hotel, was detained by Scotland Yard. Identified as a radical leftist who had lived and worked in Britain for six years, she had been observed and photographed on numerous occasions in the company of Soviet military attaches in London.

The woman was quietly deported to Holland and Dr. Feld got his spores back. But the incident, which was hushed up by the Home Office, is another disturbing indication of the scope of biological espionage on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Recently, on the West German border, Heinz Koch, a 45-year-old farmer, was

stunned one morning to find his ten acres of rye withered and blackened.

Half-a-mile from Koch's small farm is one of East Germany's well-guarded "agricultural innovation" stations. Inconcrete blockhouses set amidst lush acres, Red scientists labor to perfect smokes, gases, and new species of plant lice and fungus that can destroy an enemy's farm crops in a few hours.

Though the official findings were never announced, U.S. embassy officials in Bonn learned that a sudden crosswind had blown a wet mist containing rye-destroying organisms across the border. Farmer Koch's crops had been in the path of the experimental mist spewed by Red aerosol machines. Instead of killing the rye on the Communist side of the frontier, this test offensive had wiped out Koch's modest ten acres in West Germany.

TEL AVIV, June, 1967. In the Sinai Desert, Israeli troops pursue fleeing Egyptians to the Mitla Pass, thread their way through miles of abandoned and burned-out Arab trucks and tanks.

Three huge six-wheeled vehicles receive special attention from the Israelis. Mounted on the carriers are squat stainless steel cylinders inscribed in Arabic and German. Major Paul Bergson inspects the cylinders, reads the inscriptions, and hastily dons a gas mask. . . Gingerly, he opens the petcock of a huge gleaming drum and inserts a calibrated instrument.

He studies the dial . . . relocks the cylinder, saying curtly: "Tabun. Hitler's nerve gas. These bastards were ready to spray it on us. When I was held in a Nazi concentration camp, I saw prisoners taken away to undergo tests with Tabun. It brings a damned painful death. About five minutes to an hour of strangling. There's no antidote. That maniac Hitler didn't dare use it, because he was afraid of retaliation. But Nasser was ready to spray gas on us."

A week later, a 13-year-old Yemeni survivor of Egyptian gas attacks in that country told British war correspondent Judith Listowel:

"I could not breathe and tears poured from my eyes and I coughed and spat up blood. The pain was so terrible that I knocked my head on the floor . . . Those who did not struggle too much and breathed very little could live. The people who were old and the babies died."

The gas Nasser uses on his fellow Arabs in Yemen is technically non-lethal. That is, it kills few people but disables many, sometimes permanently. But the gas he was prepared to unleash against the Israelis was Hitler's own fatal Tabun, brought to Egypt and perfected by Nazi technicians.

In all the debate about Vietnam and the dismay over Red China's atomic saber-rattling, almost no attention has been paid to the "quiet war" being mounted in secret laboratories from coast to coast in the U.S. and many other countries.

You'd have to search our 780-page national budget very carefully to uncover expenditures for chemical and biological weapon research. But look hard enough and you'll find it—in the fine print. The war nobody talks about will cost us taxpayers \$300,000,000 this year. If that sounds like a lot of money, it's peanuts according to certain Pentagon chieftains who are covertly pulling congressional strings to get triple that amount in appropriations for additional research and testing. Says Brigadier General J.H. Rothschild (Ret.), former head of our C and B operations:

"Toxic weapons, particularly the biological kind, are desirable logistically be-

cause their costs are lower than either the high explosives or the nuclear weapons needed to accomplish results of the same magnitude."

If that sounds hard-nosed, it is gentle compared with statements voiced in the inner sanctums of the Pentagon. Remarks like:

"We should be spending at least a billion dollars a year on our C and B program. Hell, the Soviets already have trained over 30,000,000 people to survive this kind of warfare. They even provide their livestock with gas masks. Red soldiers carry atropine in syringes as an antidote to nerve gas.

"While we're worried silly over adverse public opinion, Russia and China have made C and B warfare a fact of life for their people. In Shanghai, eighteen factories turn out protective suits, capes, hoods, leggings, gloves, masks and boots for civilians. They're ready to withstand anything from typhus to mustard gas. But we're afraid to tell Americans what we're up against—and why we have to push ahead with our own C and B program!"

RECENTLY, according to U.S. intelligence sources, division commanders in the Soviet Union were handed a confidential 535-page report of an obscure trial after WW II at which twelve Japanese Army officers were accused of preparing and using germ weapons.

The transcript revealed that a research station of 2,000 Japanese technicians in Harbin, Manchuria, had engaged in large-scale production of bubonic plague, typhus, anthrax and cholera. As an experiment, bubonic bacillus was transmitted to thousands of specially-bred fleas which were dropped by aircraft on a Chinese village in 1942. All but 26 of 300 inhabitants became violently ill or died in the epidemic that resulted.

The trial report is prefaced by a Kremlin statement: "Biological warfare actually works, as this record shows. The Japanese made technical and political mistakes, but their small-scale plague was a success. Familiarize your officers with all details of this report, so they may know what to expect in the coming global battle with the imperialists."

Here are some chemical warfare goodies being researched in the Soviet Union:

- Invisible paint applied by fifth columnists to movie seats, subway benches, toilet and bus seats. Highly radioactive and dangerous it would induce leukemia, genetically deform our unborn children and reduce our will to fight.

- Narcotic addiction covertly fostered on a mass scale by injection of drugs into water reservoirs, candy, gum, liquor and food.

- Infection of mice, birds, bees and other insects to upset the balance of nature, destroy crops, spread rabies and other diseases.

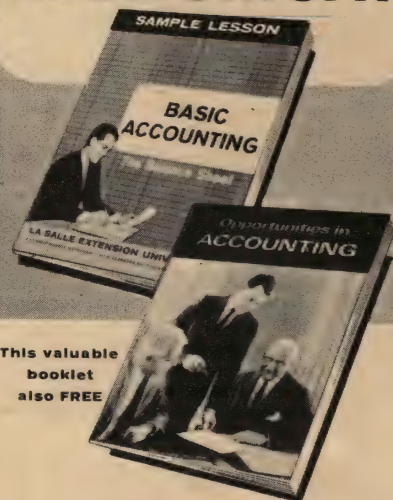
- Incendiary phosphorus letters and books which are impregnated with germs; smoke from the flaring paper releases infectious microbes.

The Soviets' latest triumph is a mysterious growth hormone which can cause an enemy's field crops to shoot up to staggering heights and then to die literally of exhaustion. Russia's Marshal Zhukov as far back as 1956 minced no words about the Kremlin's intentions:

"A future war, should it be unleashed, would be characterized by general use of mass destruction techniques including chemical and bacteriological weapons."

Soviet artillery shells, incendiary bombs and rockets are multi-purpose. A large percentage already have been modified

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More men know less about female orgasm than any other area of sex. A complete checklist will explode the following myths: "only one orgasm"; vaginal orgasm; "ideal" positions; simultaneous orgasms; importance of the size of the penis; female passivity; the "good lover"; the all-importance of orgasm; female ejaculation. Test your knowledge of the woman you love against the facts in this frank checklist . . .

to carry chemical and biological agents. General Rothschild estimates that one-sixth of the munitions inventories of Red armies facing Western Europe are loaded with germ and chemical warheads. When these become weak or impotent from disuse or age, they are replaced with live viruses and new gas-producing chemicals.

For as little as \$3, a Moscow citizen can buy in the GUM Department Store a gas mask which beats anything available in the U.S.A. It has a double outlet valve which makes it effective against most biological agents, chemicals and gases.

At a remote center in the Urals, the Soviets are producing in massive quantities dangerous viruses to use as agricultural weapons. It is now possible for Moscow-launched ICBMs to sow epidemics of rinderpest, foot-and-mouth disease, swine fever, hog cholera, fowl plague, anthrax, glanders, brucellosis, and Rift Valley fever.

As a Department of Agriculture specialist recently told me, "The Soviets are far, far ahead of us. Already they could devastate the grains and animal life on all farms in Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and Nebraska. Because America has excellent animal disease prevention programs, our livestock is peculiarly susceptible to those same diseases, for the simple reason that they have never been exposed to these scourges."

If most Americans are in deepest ignorance about our chemical and biological warfare preparations much of the blame can be laid at the closed doors and mentalities in the Pentagon. For more than a decade, magazines, news services and science writers have cajoled, sweated, pressured and begged for information from reluctant press officers who supposedly "process" C and B news. So hush-hush are these doings that to get an interview a reporter must agree to many clearances, and editing and censorship at several levels.

The following story illustrates the ten sions at Fort Detrick, near Frederick, Maryland, the 3100-acre hub of research for C and B weaponry—which many Nervous Nellies in Washington regard as too scary for public revelation or discussion:

At Detrick, a young Ph.D., newly-hired, inadvertently left the word "bacteriology" scrawled on a blackboard inside his office. Within the hour, he was visited by four FBI agents who demanded to know why he had scribbled the "forbidden" word.

Detrick is a bustling, brightly-lighted place resembling a university research center. Actually, it is a factory, mass-

producing death in many shapes: fungus, lice, bats, rats, mice, mold, germs, gas, fluids, smoke and powders.

Over 500 scientists—each wearing his own rated security badge with his photograph—hurry through the halls and duck into triple-locked offices, light-proof chambers and underground cells. They experiment with every concept—from fouling an enemy capital's water reservoirs to slipping poison gas capsules into air-conditioning ducts to kill off enemy generals while they confer, eat or sleep.

A current top-priority task is how to exploit the most deadly toxic agent ever discovered. This is a powerful substance which brings the disease known as "Q Fever." One ounce of the stuff would be sufficient to infect 28 billion people, according to General Rothschild, who should know. As he observes:

"This gives you some idea of the power that may be placed in a saboteur's hands."

In another building are fifty scientists working on many varieties of "loony gases." These can transform tough Marines into gibbering simpletons, muscular commandos into limp-wristed cowards.

The age level of the men and women technicians at Detrick is only in the 25-35 year range. But they tinker with such mind-boggling weapons as these:

■ A tiny flask containing a botulism so virulent that 500 grams of it—slightly more than a pound—could wipe out the world's population.

■ *Tularemia bacilli* growing rapidly in broth cultures. This germ causes rabbit fever—fast-spreading, painful and often fatal to humans. It could do more damage to enemy morale than dropping conventional ten-ton blockbusters on his cities.

In other tightly-guarded rooms additional epidemics can be concocted. Brucellosis, anthrax, encephalitis can be made-to-order at Detrick, bottled and canned, or diffused into aerosol mists to be used on hostile troops and civilians.

Three gases known as "riot control agents" were developed at Detrick. They are CS (irritant gas), CN (vomiting gas), and DM (nausea gas). Now used in Vietnam these compounds are described as "having a short-range effect—from five minutes up to several hours—with no worse symptoms than burning of the eyes, irritation of the respiratory passages and nausea."

BUT two dissenting Harvard medical experts, Dr. Victor W. Sidel and Robert M. Goldwyn, warned colleagues in the *New England Journal of Medicine*:

"These gases are incapacitating and usually non-lethal, although they can kill under certain circumstances, such as extremely high concentration of the agent or a highly susceptible victim, such as the very young, the very old and the very sick."

Police chiefs in some major cities, dismayed by riots and civil disorder, have begged the Pentagon for supplies of the new gases to disperse mobs. But the top brass isn't doling them out to be used against American citizens. They realize the blunt truth that even "mild" gases can kill and maim at times.

As proof of this, a Reuters dispatch of January 13, 1966, reported that "non-lethal" gases sprayed into tunnels sheltering Vietcong guerrillas killed one Australian soldier and sent six others to the hospital. The dead soldier, a 24-year-old corporal, died of asphyxiation even though he was wearing a gas mask. The Australians were taking part in a U.S. offensive; the gases had been made in the U.S.A.

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Every laboratory at Detrick is equipped with a system of airlocks and ultraviolet rays to thwart stray microbes and prevent the accidental infection of workers. All personnel must take four hot showers daily using strong germicidal soap. Clothing is worn once and discarded. Food and water in the cafeteria go through a battery of tests before being served in throw-away plastic utensils.

The Pentagon grudgingly concedes that the rate of serious lab accidents and illness is high at Fort Detrick. Between 1959 and 1963, there were 1,218 such episodes, including at least 283 cases of disease caused by highly toxic bacteria. Three men died—two from anthrax and one from equine encephalitis.

Officials aren't talking about on-the-job accidents at other chemical and biological Warfare installations. But one government report indicates that there have been over 800 accidents involving gases in the Rocky Mountain Arsenal, just ten miles from downtown Denver.

In that city, I talked with politicians, teachers, doctors, public health officials and military men. All were uneasy about the potential hazards which can seep from the highly restricted arsenal into the metropolis.

Citizens living near the arsenal are apprehensive about the current method of piping waste products, chemicals and mysterious powders into sealed wells 2,000 feet deep. Already several dozen mysterious cases of bronchial inflammation have cropped up in families living nearby.

Some 900 miles west of Maryland's Fort Detrick is another hush-hush laboratory maintained by the Pentagon on a standby basis 24 hours a day. This windowless citadel of germs is located in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. If the command is ever flashed from Washington, the production of virulent germs for epidemics can begin within eight hours. As one Pine Bluff technician told a congressional committee:

"Germs have a short shelf life. You can't stockpile them very long. Like vaccines, they lose potency fast. But here in Pine Bluff we can initiate a crash program to breed microbes in massive quantities for offensive use as soon as we get the word. That's an order I never hope to receive."

Our country has other little-known centers of research to wage the war nobody talks about. Example: Once a week a MATS jet takes off from Washington carrying gleaming airtight cannisters, bottles in cork-lined protectors, germ culture broths in plastic flasks and drums of gases so new they have no name—just identifying numbers.

Four hours later, the jet touches down on a 10,000-foot runway near Dugway, Utah. Here armored cars receive the cargo and rush the stuff to the desert for testing while germs are potent and gases are still volatile.

This is a Joint Chiefs of Staff facility in an area the size of Rhode Island, employing 1300 workers who have top security clearance. Nobody talks about his job. Dogs patrol the grounds, planes and helicopters circle the region and no visitor gets near the test site unless cleared by Washington and the FBI.

Several months ago, a group of alarmed scientists called themselves the "Committee for Academic Integrity" bombarded the White House, the Pentagon and congressmen with telegrams and visits protesting the staggering volume of secret germ and gas research performed under contract by more than fifty universities. One professor said:

"We're afraid that money-hungry colleges, depending on Pentagon grants totalling millions of dollars, are slavishly doing the bidding of the military by working on incredible ways of killing, maiming, burning, blinding, deafening and paralyzing people."

"This new weaponry will make us as inhuman as the Red Chinese or the Nazis. Twice in six months our committee urged President Johnson to categorically declare our nation's intention to shun the use of chemical and biological weapons. But not a word came from the White House. I'm afraid we're in this thing up to our necks. But nobody in Washington has the guts to tell the public how far we will go militarily with germs and gas."

THOUGH President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in 1942, affirmed America's intention to refrain from C and B warfare, the State Department curtly says that this policy does not hold today, because the Senate did not ratify the Roosevelt declaration.

A look at Army Field Manual 3-10 is revealing.

"The decision to employ lethal or incapacitating chemical or biological agents is a matter of national policy. When the decision is made, U.S. Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps commanders will receive through command channels the authority to use these agents and specific guidance in their use."

Though 98 percent of their students and faculty are unaware of it, scores of top schools are doing top-secret germ and gas research for wartime use. University presidents, deans and chancellors have denied their institutions are perfecting germ and gas weaponry. But here is a partial list (provided reluctantly by the Pentagon) of colleges and universities which receive upwards of \$100,000,000 annually for their underwraps work:

The Universities of Arizona, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Tennessee, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Utah, California and Minnesota; Tufts University; Brown; Harvard; Johns Hopkins; MIT; Duke; Cornell; Yale; Georgia Tech and the University of Chicago.

At Fordham University, U.S.-paid scholars fluent in Russian and Chinese pore over every newspaper, magazine, technical journal and scrap of information from our potential enemies. Any reference, however obscure, to biological or chemical weapons is evaluated by top scientists and military leaders.

More than \$150,000,000 a year goes to certain major corporations for ultra-secret work with C and B weaponry. They don't like to admit it, but these recipients of federal grants include General Mills, General Dynamics, General Electric, Westinghouse, Litton Industries and Monsanto Chemical.

In a tough world where "anything goes" seems to be the motto of Communist rivals, it would be stupid—even suicidal—for Uncle Sam to turn squeamish and stop his research and stockpiling of the "secret war" weapons.

If the Pentagon is to be criticized, most thoughtful observers agree, it is for keeping the American people in the dark about the chemical and biological perils confronting them. In all likelihood, \$300,000,000 a year is tragically inadequate to do a proper job in this field.

The public is sure to support the Pentagon and the C & B if it gets some facts. To date, we have been treated like children who cannot be told the facts of life—and war.



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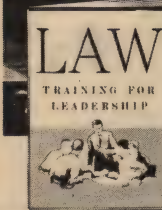
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even be able to walk comfortably in the get-up.

She would say things like, "My friend Aly says I've got the makings of a wonderful skier." Aly who? You're supposed to know and be impressed. Aly Khan. Though well fed and healthy, she would be a leader in the ranks of the physically inept. In other words: grief. But the Marylou Gordons are a living. So one copes.

At about 9:30 a silver XKE Jaguar skidded into the parking lot at the Snowshed, Killington ski area's new base lodge. The driver was a woman and seemed to have a lot of coordination difficulty. With great caution she backed slowly into a spot ten feet wide; then she stepped hard on the gas and plowed into a bank of ice. Carefully she undid her skis from the rack, then dropped them. She tried to carry skis and poles on one shoulder but wound up pressing everything to her chest like a bundle of firewood.

To Wolf, a swift Austrian instructor stamping his feet beside me on the hard snow, I said, "That's my new pupil."

"You are so cynical," Wolf said, zeeing his "s" sounds. He has been in the U.S. four years, and has made no effort to lose his accent. It makes him sound very Austrian. This is a good way for an instructor to sound.

"You wait," I said. I stepped out to meet her, saying, "You're Mrs. Gordon."

"Yes," she said. "How did you know?" "Something about your style of doing things," I said. Wolf socked his forehead and skied off to meet a class.

In an effort to shift her bundle of sticks to one arm and shake my hand, she dropped them. Grimmer. They were Head 360s.

"You won't need them anyway," I said, helping her pick everything up. "You won't be ready for jumping for a few days yet."

She said, "Fine. The damned things really have me spooked anyway." She looked at me. She knew I disapproved of something.

I chose a pair of blue short skis for her, which matched her tight-fitting blue ski suit. She was 31; I've already said that, but her body was as good or better than that of any teenage snowbunny or New York model flying by us and throwing up rooster tails of snow. I won't say any more than that about her looks, except that she was truly a beauty if you like blonde Nordic types. And she walked well, a toes-forward gait such as Indians or dancers employ. I don't really know how to describe the physical beauty of women without sounding foolish, and I don't like to try. Her walk, though, made me think perhaps she could learn to ski after all.

What a bad guess that proved to be. The very first part of the first lesson is simply putting on two one-and-a-half foot-long shorty skis and standing there to get the feel of boards between the snow and your feet. Just standing there. That's all.

Mrs. Gordon fell down.

A MISTRESS IS NOT FOREVER

Continued from page 29

The second thing you do is an easy exercise. Keeping both the skis together, you twist them right and left, jumping slightly as you do. This is important. The twisting not only further familiarizes you with the feeling of skis, it is the essence of the parallel skiing on full-length skis to come.

Mrs. Gordon jumped and twisted. She literally spun herself off the ground and landed shoulder first on hard-packed snow at the base of the novice slope. She stood, growling angrily, and said, "I think I twisted too much."

She fell a lot that morning. Each time she did she grew just a little angrier and tried a little harder. This, of course, only made her worse. She stiffened when she should have been unhinging her body.

She seemed incapable of learning. Such clumsiness seemed impossible. I once instructed a 67-year-old, 250-pound man whose only strenuous activity for years past had been playing Santa Claus in Macy's department store each Christmas. Even he was better than Mrs. Gordon.

By now, the close of her first lesson, she was nearly in a rage over her failures. She was so warm from exertion that steam rose from her forehead. I had never seen anyone work so hard to accomplish so little.

As the English are fond of saying, I was forced to make an agonizing reappraisal. I had quite obviously misjudged her.

This Mrs. Gordon was not like the others. Helpless, yes. But soft and demanding, no. There was something spirited about her clumsiness. She wanted nothing by way of special treatment. She expected a great deal of herself and drove herself to get it. This sort of desperate determination always appeals to me. I decided, after all, that I did like her.

She knelt to unhitch her bindings, said, "Well, instructor, what do you think?"

"You're pretty bad. I've never seen anyone have quite as hard a time as you're having. There's no point in kidding you. You know it too."

With an angry hand movement, like an uppercut to the chin, she threw open her cable hook.

"Should I come back?"

"You've paid for the lessons."

"That's not what I mean," she said angrily, watching three girls in identical fur jackets carving easy turns. "I mean, is there a chance I can be half as good as they are? If there isn't I won't waste my time or yours."

I THOUGHT of her grace of walk, an indication she might also possess grace for skiing. "Come back," I said. "You can't tell from the first day. You really can't. Right now you're very uptight, like if you don't pass the exam, they throw you out of school."

She didn't really hear me. She was remembering something. "My husband says there's no chance I'll ever learn."

That angered me, which shows how far over to her side I'd shifted since the

morning. It was a thoughtless thing for anyone to say to a beginner. "How can he make that judgment?" I snapped out. "He isn't even here to see whether you'll ever learn."

"He can make it easily," she said, her face twisting. "My husband says that about everything I do."

Now, I'm no psychiatrist, but I don't have to go all the way to Vienna to understand that remark. It explained many things about her. If a man puts his wife down about being clumsy enough, she's just apt to become clumsy.

I bought her a beer and a hamburger, something instructors don't usually do and are not encouraged to do for female students. She ate silently. She was depressed, close to tears, in quiet rage over her ineptitude.

Finally she said, "See you tomorrow at nine." That was all. She walked off clutching her new Head 360s and Scott poles to her chest once again. Marylou Gordon believed she was a woman who couldn't do anything right, and, in so believing, was one.

I wondered about her husband, Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon. Did he reduce her to this state? Or was she this way when she married him? Whatever, he was at the bottom of things. She had given me the first clue to that.

There were many more such clues to come. . .

She showed no improvement the second day. She was once again tight and uncertain with her body. She once again fell often and hard. And she once again dropped a clue which explained why. Just before noon, sitting in the snow, after God knows what number flop, she literally growled in protest. "Is snow skiing anything like water-skiing?"

"A little," I said. "Why?"

"My husband said I wouldn't learn to water ski and I couldn't."

I wanted to say to hell with Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon. Instead I said, "Stand up and try it again."

Predictably, during the next few days, when her frustration gave way to rage again, more of Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon's putdowns were divulged.

He was sure she wouldn't be able to learn skeet shooting.

She had studied painting for fifteen years and felt she was finally good enough to start showing at one point, but her husband said he was sure she'd never sell, so she didn't even try.

Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon seemed sure his wife could do only one thing: nothing. And from what I could gather, he was on a campaign to make her sure of it too.

I bought her a hamburger and beer each day; this sharing food before she went to her motel had become ritual without either of us saying anything about it.

She seemed to need these periods to unwind her nerves. I didn't mind giving them to her.

I told Marylou Gordon something about myself during these food breaks. She seemed genuinely interested and wanted to know more.

I am 31. I have skied since I was eight, well enough to instruct since I've been 14. I have been to Syracuse University to study engineering, and I have been to Vietnam with the Army Corps of Engineers. Now I want only to ski for a couple of years before I make serious decisions regarding my future. I go where the skiing is: United States and Canada from November to April, Argentina and Chile from June to September. I earn my living by instructing

people. I am what is known as a ski bum.

Snow threatened all day Wednesday; a blizzard began while we were eating.

Skiers wearing snow piled on their heads like hats were fleeing from the storm, squinting into the blasting wind and looking unhappy as they stood their skis on the public racks. The tow was running uphill with empty chairs. The upper reaches of the slopes were hidden in whirling snow, only occasional skiers appearing through it.

"This is going to be great tomorrow," I said finally.

"It's going to be hell driving to the lodge tonight," she said, and added, as part of the same thought, "He said I probably couldn't ever learn to drive and I almost didn't."

I'd had enough of what he said. I'd really had enough. For the first time, I showed impatience openly.

"So why the hell are you even trying, if you're willing to believe you're so goddam hopeless?"

She sighed, "Because my husband told me to. He skis, almost as well as you, I think. I want to ski with him. He won't take me till I learn."

I thought about that a moment then said, "Your husband sounds like a bastard."

She didn't protest, nor agree. She stood, zipping up her jacket and said, "See you tomorrow?"

"Sure," I said, then asked myself, but why am I bothering?

And suddenly I knew. I knew exactly why I was bothering. I was competing with her husband, trying to teach her just this one thing right despite him.

And I knew something else too. I knew just how I was going to bring it about. All it would take was luck and a little deceit. . .

On Thursday morning I put her on five-foot-long skis. She protested, "I'm not ready for these yet."

I answered, "I know you're not, but I'm playing a hunch."

I told her we were going up on the chair lift to the Goat Path, atop Killington Peak, elevation 4,241 feet. This is the highest peak in the Killington area. We were going to work our way slowly down the novice slope, such as the West Glade and the Mouse Run. Take all day doing it if we had to.

"I'd rather not," she said.

"I think the only way you'll learn is to graduate you to something that makes you learn. You'll stay on the shorties on the baby slopes as long as I'll let you. Besides, I'm bored."

She said, "Okay, if you think so," but she didn't like it.

I spent Thursday teaching her traverses and snowplow turns, a veritable crash program in all the basics she would need to know to survive what I wanted to do to her.

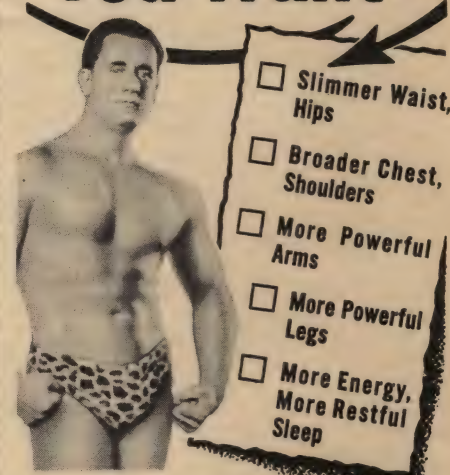
Friday we went back up again to the high slope.

I purposely timed our lift to occur just before noon. I wanted to be at the West Glade during lunch time. Many of the tows shut down then. Most people stop skiing to eat. We would be pretty much alone. Solitude was important to my plan. This was her time.

It was a burning bright day. Sun glare from the snow was warm and blinding as floodlights. It was almost shirt-sleeve weather, but dangerous. Snow glare impairs vision. This was okay. It made what I was about to do more believable.

I was showing her what I call "building a solid platform" beneath the feet, from which to spring into a parallel

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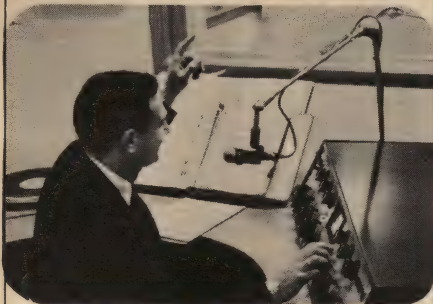
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"Right over there I heard an 'oh-oh-oh!' on a rising crescendo, climaxed by sudden short yelps of ecstasy!"

christie. That is, having both skis equally weighted and equally edged at the instant of spring. I was squinting. Eyes were watering.

"You plant your left pole in preparation for a little hop which displaces your skis to the right without a lot of shoving yourself around... watch," I was calling to her while going into the turn.

"Watch yourself," she shouted. "That mogul..."

Too late. I hit the mound almost head on. My tips plowed in. The skis levered me upward. I sailed across the mogul and came down hard on my side at about thirty miles an hour. Oof! A tooth-rattling landing. I was gasping in pain, staring up at the sky, crucified in the snow on my own skis.

She came down the slope, probably faster than she'd ever moved on skis yet, to render assistance. Of course, stopping was something else. She fell on top of me doing so.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"You didn't see the mogul," she said.

"I know I didn't," I groaned, squinting at her. "The sun was in my eyes... Now get off me and go down and get the ski patrol. I think I've done something to my leg."

She began kneading and straightening the leg to make me comfortable. "Go get the ski patrol," she repeated.

"Yes. Stop beating up my leg and take off," I groaned and arched my back.

"I'd better stop somebody and have them go for the patrol."

She looked about. There was one figure down-slope from us just turning out of sight around a bend. Another was *vadeling* the far side. Both were too intent on what they were doing to pay attention to one more fallen skier.

She looked down. You can't see bottom from that spot. It's hidden by rises and angles in the slope. "It's about four miles," she said flatly, as though trying to remind me of something I might have forgotten. "And I can't ski worth a damn, remember?"

Now, I can take the West Glade drunk and on one ski; it is a gentle grade, only ten degrees on some of the traverses. To Marylou Gordon, it must have looked like the walls of the Grand Canyon.

I was sitting. I collapsed dramatically back into the snow.

"Are you going to let concern for your own fears stop you from getting help for an injured man?"

"No. Do you really think I can do it?"

"Dunno, Marylou, but you're the only one around. Please go," I said, letting my head fall in the snow again. "I think I'm in shock. I'm getting cold." I groaned, squinting at her. She seemed slow to react. I groaned again.

"Shock," she said, turning pale. "I guess I go whether I know how to ski or not."

She went. Just like that. She stood, pushed off using her poles all wrong, and went. I watched her. She fell, like a cannonball, churning up a geyser of snow, got up, fell again, got up and moved forward once more. She was *schussing* straight down the middle, legs apart, arms straight out at her sides, flailing air with ski poles, bent forward off balance at the waist.

She was doing everything wrong. She was hopelessly out of balance and should have crashed a dozen times. But she was skiing. And that was all that counted.

I stood, laughing aloud and clapping. I had faked her, really faked her into skiing, despite fears, despite husband. All she needed was an emergency and she rose to meet it, just as I expected she would. Of course, I paid a price for the fakery. Don't ever let anyone tell you snow is a feather bed when hit at thirty miles and hour.

There is little point in detailing the rest of the day. When I finally caught up with her, she was in the ski school office, pounding the desk and demanding they send up toboggans and snow tractors and helicopters because I was dying.

At first she was angry with me for deceiving her. Then she understood. "You did it to make me ski the mountain by myself. You knew I'd try it no matter how frightened I was."

"Yes, I said. 'And you should have seen yourself go!'"

And right before my eyes, understanding came over her face. She suddenly began to laugh. "I think I'm really ready to learn to ski... Anybody who says I can't can go to hell. After lunch, race you down from the top, instructor..."

Then, and during the following week, Marylou Gordon learned quickly. She was a study in one improvement after another. She bore out my hunch about her. The grace only hinted at in her walk was plentiful and genuine. By Wednesday she was using her own professional grade 360 Heads and was ready for intensive parallel skiing instruction.

The better she became, the more confident she became. The more confident she became, the less she referred to her husband. She only mentioned him once that week. "Charles is coming for the weekend," she said. "I'm sure he'll be pleased with what you've done with me."

He arrived Friday night. I didn't see Marylou Gordon again until the following Monday morning. When I did, I knew something had gone very wrong.

SHE was terrible. She fell on simple turns. Her body was tight again. She made wrong moves, such as planting the left pole when she should have planted the right. She was generally demoralized and disinterested. She said nothing about what had happened over the weekend.

Obviously, something *had* happened over the weekend. But whatever it was, she was not ready to talk about it yet, if ever. It was a silent, tense day, not good for either of us. I damned Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon.

At the end of the day, more from past habit than any other reason, I said, "Hamburger and coffee before you head back to your lodge, Marylou?"

"No. Tonight I'd rather have a drink instead. A lot of drinks maybe. And not here with skiers, either. Take me to Rutland and buy me a drink somewhere nice. I want to talk."

Okay.
I drove her XKE to Buck's Bar near the rail station in Rutland. Buck's is a solid stone fort with a big hearth. It has no jukebox, no go-go girls, no cocktail hour, no sweet little hors d'oeuvres at 5:00 P.M. daily, and as a result, no skier trade. Buck likes it that way. So do I. I've gone there for years.

For one who wanted to talk, Marylou Gordon was silent. She sat quietly all the way along Route 100 to Rutland. She said nothing as we parked and waded through two-foot drifts.

So it went inside Buck's. We sat against the wall on well-worn benches. More silence. I ordered drinks; beer for me, a martini for Marylou. I waited. It was not a comfortable wait.

Finally, after twenty minutes, she came alive. She said, "I wish he'd go blind."

"You skied with him over the weekend and he wasn't pleased."

"Yes. We skied. He said I did far better than he thought I ever would. He also doubted that I'd ever improve. But believe me, from Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon, that faint damnation is high praise. It wasn't that, though."

"What, then?"
"He couldn't really pick on the skiing so he found something else."

"That's what I'm asking you. What?"

Long silence. Then she said, "My husband says I'm no good in bed, either."

Oh. I had nothing to say to that. Another long silence. Then the dam broke.

"I asked him how long he'd felt that way. He said, since we were married. He should never have married a twenty-five-year-old virgin . . . Yes, that's right, I was a virgin, and Charles is the only man I've ever slept with . . . Any twenty-five-year-old girl who's still virgin must have something wrong with her, he said, and he should have known it. He says I'm frigid . . . do you know how it hurts to be told you're frigid? I asked him why he didn't say something sooner. He said he didn't want to hurt my feelings. Do you hear that? He didn't want to hurt my feelings!"

"He wants to put you in the cackle factory, whether he knows it or not, and he will one day if you buy that nonsense he puts out."

"I wish he'd go blind."

I believed her story. She is not a hysterical woman who mixes things up. I believed she was telling it as it was. At that moment, I, too, wished Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon would go blind.

"So I imagine you can guess why I wanted you to take me somewhere. God, but don't I lay my cards on the table when I feel like I'm falling apart? I want to ask you something. I . . ." She couldn't say it just yet. She slapped her cheek in mock horror and turned her head to the wall, hair falling over her face, acting, yet not acting.

"I'm not good at starting something like this," she said, and gulped her martini.

She plunged on with what she was trying to say, just as she did on skis. . . with great effort.

"You've seen how I learned to ski. That's only one thing, I know. But you don't think I could be useless about everything?"

I shook my head. Of course I didn't.
"And you don't think there has to be something wrong with a woman if she's twenty-five and still a virgin."

"No," I said, about 99 percent certain I knew where she was trying to go. "And you really don't believe there has to be, either."

"But," she said, her face breaking up again, "If your husband tells you you haven't ever really . . . really satisfied him in five years, doesn't that mean maybe there is something wrong with you? I mean, shouldn't I have made it at least once in five years?"

"MAYBE he's lying. Maybe he can't be satisfied. From what you say about him, no woman he married could win—at anything—not even once."

"But if you're told all these things all the time, and if you've never known another man who could tell you differently, you believe it. How do I know he's not right?"

She gulped the last half of her drink, then looking directly at me, said, "Do you think I should be reasonably able to satisfy a reasonable man in bed?"

"Listen, Mrs. Gordon. . ."

"Marylou."

"Listen. You know what you're about to say, and I know you're going to say you want me to make a proving grounds out of it. Well, maybe you shouldn't say it."

"Why shouldn't I say it? Why should I care any more? What would happen if we did?"

"To me, nothing," I said. "To you, maybe a lot you wouldn't like . . . No, no, no, I don't mean anything sexual. Stop making that face. I mean, you're the one who held on to her virginity till she was twenty-five. There isn't anything wrong with that. It's just that if you held out that long, infidelity and promiscuity just aren't your style." I sipped my beer, my throat was dry. "One infidelity wouldn't amount to promiscuity for most women," I said finally, "but for you, it might. I think you might just eat yourself alive with guilt over it."

She thought about that, then said, "I'm not calm. In fact, I'm a furnace. I'm angry and confused. But I don't think I'd feel guilty. Once, I might have. I don't think I would now. I don't think I'd feel guilty about cheating on any man I wish would go blind."

She put her fingers to my mouth, not hard, just enough to stop my talking.

"Listen to me. There's no commitment involved for you. For you, it's another lesson—of a different sort. Look at it that way. You showed me how to go all the way with skiing and God, you made me feel I was somebody again. Now I want you to show me one more thing, whether I can go all the way in bed. I want you to show me I'm not frigid. If I'm not frigid, then I'm not any of the other things he says I am either. It comes down to that for me. Now, suppose I ask the question again?"

This was very hard for her, obviously. She dreaded a refusal.

Oh, hell. What the hell. I wanted her, sure I did. For lots of reasons. That body, for one. The wife wanting to cuckold a hated husband for another. Don't tell me that image isn't appealing. A certain sense of malice on my part toward Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon for another. I wanted to be the one to cuckold him.

"I'll take you to my place," I said finally.

"Good. Where is your place?"

"Right upstairs," I said, laughing.

"Buck rents me the apartment every winter."

She giggled. "You bastard. Did you know this was going to happen all along? Is that why you took me here?"



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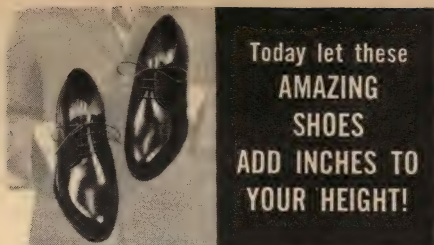
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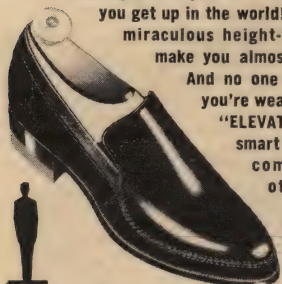
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"No," I said, which was true. She didn't know whether to believe that or not, but at that point it didn't make any difference. . .

She was frightened, yet daring, and in a hurry. She sat on my old New England goosedown bed as though she felt it might electrocute her any second. "I want you to seduce me a little," she said, "with the lights on, so I can see your face. He never seduces and never ever leaves the lights on."

Then she started undoing the buttons of her heavy wool shirt from the neck down. "Is this what I'm supposed to do. Does this help? I really don't know much about this kind of thing."

"That's pretty quick," I said, grinning. "Doesn't leave much room for fancy seduction."

"I said I only wanted to be seduced a little. I'm in a hurry to find everything out." Then she was able to laugh at herself again. She fell back on the bed pulling me with her, burying my face deep into the wool folds of her shirt.

The goosedown mattress billowed up around us. Our ski boots delayed us the most; hers had laces. She was as lovely out of clothes as she promised to be in them. She blurted out questions. "How do you want me to hold you?" "Am I kissing you right?"

Finally she said, "You're going to have to show me how to do everything," and began clawing my back and biting my shoulder.

And, starting a slow trip home, I showed her she was not frigid at all. . .

Later she sat in a valley of goosedown, smoking and sipping beer I'd brought from the refrigerator.

"Well," she said, "what's the verdict, judge?"

I had to laugh. It was a gratuitous question. She was transformed. Depression was gone. The confidence she'd shown on the slope after learning she could ski was with her in the bedroom again. There was no way of telling how long she'd have it, for her confidence seemed to be a fragile thing. But, for the moment, it was there.

"How do you know when you've made it?" she asked. "For you and for the other person? I mean, how are you supposed to feel?"

"You were fine," I said, pulling her head to my chest. It was no lie. She was fine. She didn't have to be told.

Very pleased with herself, she said, "I did satisfy you."

"Sure you did. You know it."

"Then prove it," she challenged, pushing her face against my chest, giggling, giving me a look that was part coquette, part pixie. "Let's do it all over again."

Insatiable libertine. The last thing she said, tumbling us both into the mattress billows again, was, "And you're wrong, wrong, wrong. . . I don't feel the least bit guilty at all. . ."

Was this true? Would she regret tomorrow what she was doing tonight?

I had to wait for an answer.

Marylou Gordon didn't come for her lesson that day. When I went to her lodge to learn why, the desk captain said she'd checked out. She was driving home to New York. There was a note for me. It said, "I have business with my husband that just won't wait. Do understand. Thank you for the lessons. . . in everything. If you think you miss me remember, you don't really. You're interested in me, but not involved. Whatever happened, it was still only a student-instructor relationship. Make sure you get your bonus. You're worth every penny."

That was all She was right. I didn't

really miss her, not for more than a day. Still, what was it all about? What was the important business with her husband?

Two weeks later I had my answers.

It was a Monday morning. I was at the Goat Path with a group of students, when Marylou Gordon, behind me, said, "Hi." There she stood, in dungarees, man's wool shirt and parka, hair tied back in pony tail. A man stood behind her, powerful figure, 50 or so, but obviously unperturbed by cold and harsh weather. He wore only a sweater and classic black stretch pants. He was fit for his age; a tough customer. I didn't know whether to be happy for her or throw up. He was obviously Charles Fitzmaurice Gordon.

Wrong.

"THIS is George Bendetto," she said. "I met George at a party last week and he has this simply glorious ski house near Rutland, and he invited me up and . . . well . . . here I am again. I'll bet you're surprised." I suppose my expression showed I was. "George, this is my instructor, the one I told you about. He's the one who taught me everything I know . . . about skiing."

George grunted. He couldn't have cared less about hired help.

She said, "Well, we're heading down. Oh, by the way. You might like to know. My husband and I broke up two weeks ago. We're no longer together." She was tough and correct about everything, but not uneasy. She was telling me she was doing something in which I had no part for now, but was not closing the door forever. She was confident I would not be put down by that, and I wasn't.

I chuckled. "Have a good life, Mrs. Gordon," I said. "See you around the slopes sometime."

She kissed my cheek, a wet sloppy kiss. "Thanks again for everything," she said, "and you really will see me sometime." She meant that.

Then she pushed off in a pretty good racing start. Her boyfriend of the moment followed.

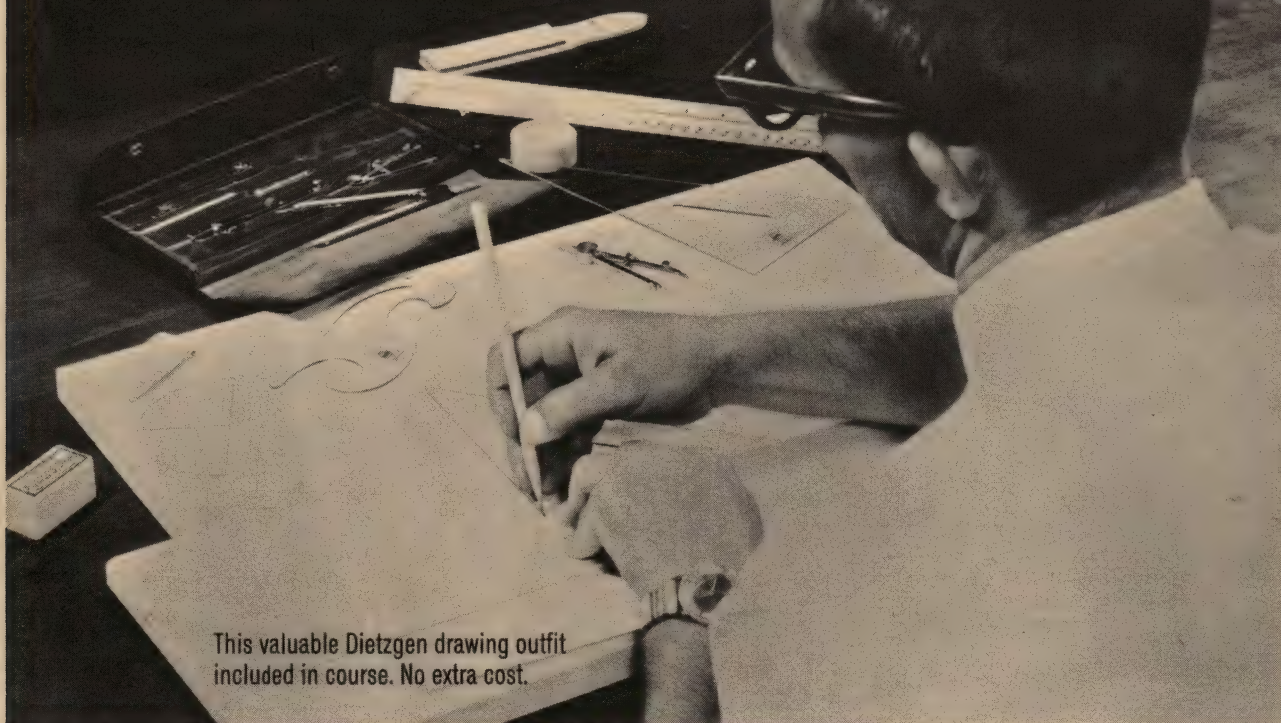
I watched how they skied together, and then I began to laugh with genuine pleasure. Marylou Gordon was pulling ahead of the man and out-skipping him. Her form was rough but aggressive. She moved into the lead and stayed there.

Marylou Gordon was a better judge of her capability than I had been. She had not lost any of her newly gained confidence. And she obviously didn't feel useless or guilty any more about anything at all.

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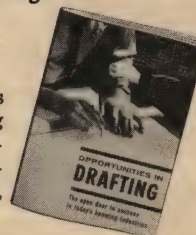
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SCREAM ALL THE WAY DOWN

continued from page 21

that split-second impression of wholeness, you could see through the dust cloud that he was coming apart. From where I was standing, on a ninth floor girder, I could see.

We were frozen by shock. Nobody was moving, just looking. Then Jelly's hard hat hit, ringing, and as if it were a signal, everybody scrambled.

We covered him with newspapers that quickly became dyed red, stood around idly and tried to think of something nice and solemn to say about him. All I could remember was him whooping in a bar and making passes at some chippie who encouraged it and had a hard eye on his salary-packed wallet. I suppose that's a pretty good epitaph. He was—had been—a big, jovial, laughing guy. All of us liked him.

THE State Police came and picked on "pusher" Shell Mikkelson, our boss man, but hell! He'd been in his shack working on the layouts and schedules. Right on the heels of the cops, Air Force police arrived, because the building was being constructed with Air Force funds. Both sets of snoops nosed around a lot and wanted to know who had been near the eighth floor edge.

That was a hard question to answer. The eighth floor was only a temporary structure—a safety deck to save our necks—and the raising gangs laying it minded what they did. Mike Gallagher, the boom man, couldn't see from his cab on the ground. Cyrus White Deer—"Buck" to us—had been tag lining a beam. Johnny Eagle and I had been raising iron. In the tangle of hoses and beams and scrap lumber, it was tough to say exactly where anybody had been.

Naturally the law tested the safety deck for themselves and found it was a fairly rickety affair where the flanks moved underfoot. Mikkelson was put on the carpet for that and said, sure, of course the planks had movement in them; they weren't nailed, just laid across the iron, were going to be taken up anyway which was why they danced. But these were full cut spruce planks, could hold our weight if one of us fell off an upright. And as long as they protected the boys below from being clobbered by a hammer or a spud wrench or a high strength bolt, they served their purpose.

Then they discovered I was the job steward for the iron workers. Twice I had to explain that, when we're going we don't look down much. Just mind our business, which is walking and muscling twelve-foot columns and beams.

The uniformed guys asked me, "What's your full name?"

"Pete Conover."

"Did you see Paul Jellicoe near the edge?"

"No."

"Did his job usually take him near the edge?"

"Sure. He was the signal man. He had telephone communication with the hoist. He also saw that our air lines to the torque wrenches didn't snarl."

"Was he drunk?" A snotty State cop

looked at me like he'd caught me in a lie.

I got red-necked about it. "Are you drunk when you chase speeders?"

"What kind of a crack is that?" he blasted back.

I stood up and faced him eyeball to eyeball. "What kind of a crack is yours? I've heard of slobbs surviving a seventy-mile per hour crash, but no one walks away from an eight-story drop."

"You calling me a slob?"

"If the shoe fits, buddy."

An Air Force M.P. tried to cool the air. "The footing was pretty uncertain."

"No worse than usual," I snapped.

"Was he used to heights?"

Oh boy! This was getting ridiculous. "Yeah," I said, "he was used to heights. Anybody that isn't doesn't last long up there."

A thoughtful major squinted around. "There's a hell of a tangle up there."

"What do you expect on a construction job? When we need equipment, we don't write to a mail order house."

The snotty State cop butted in again. "Anybody see him start falling?"

"I don't know. Ask around."

"I'm asking you."

I caught the eye of Joe Bright of the carpenters and Al Massi of the concrete men. They nodded. We dropped tools and all of us started walking for our cars.

"Where the hell you going?" the cop barked.

"We don't work after an accident," I informed him.

"Oh no!" an Air Force captain moaned. "Come on, pal, don't kick the schedule to pieces."

"He's a bright boy," I thumbed at the State trooper. "He knows everything. Put him to work."

"What is this? What is this," the major blinked.

"They're bugged," Mikkelson backed us up. "That loudmouthed trooper bugged them."

"But they can't just stop work!"

"They can after an accident. You going to force them to go back up? Want a strike on your hands?"

We were climbing hill and dale over the bulldozed earth, heading for the flattened prairie grass where we parked our cars. The major went over to a trooper sergeant who, with an Army doc, was looking under the blood-soaked newspapers. A few words, the sergeant got up, went to loudmouth, stuck a finger in his chest.

"You. Back to headquarters and wait for me. Break out your winter gear, because your ass is going to be stuck on the high mountain pass till the snow freezes you in. Count wild goats for amusement. That's all you'll have for company."

I got into Johnny Eagle's Buick. He kicked the engine to life as the major came trotting toward us.

"It's okay." He stuck his head in the window. "That obnoxious bastard is going to Siberia. All of us in the Air Force deeply regret the accident—"

"Let's go." I elbowed Johnny.

He mashed gears. We bounced to the black top road; he spun onto it and

tromped the accelerator. "Accident!" he snorted through his hooked nose.

"Accident!" I echoed. "Jelly ain't even cold and already they're calling it an accident."

"What do you want to do?" Johnny asked.

"We do nothing—I do plenty."

He grinned that sardonic grin of his. "What's the matter? We're not blood brothers no more?"

Johnny is a Mohawk Indian from that colony in Brooklyn that produces some of the best high iron men in the world. A lot of headshrinkers write about Mohawks being born without a fear of height, a genetic difference and all that crap, as if Johnny were more human or maybe it's less human than I am.

Truth is he was just as scared the first time he rode the iron as anybody else and had to get used to the altitude the same as I did. Sure, some jerk with a degree after his name who already thinks he knows the answers will go to Johnny for proof and ask him was he ever afraid up there walking on a 12-inch. Hell no! is what Johnny's gonna answer, because he wants his kid brother to be an iron worker and his sons too. So this educated meatball rushes into print and publishes the bit that Mohawks don't know fear of heights, which lie Johnny's gonna perpetuate just as long as he can, because working on the iron is one of the best paying jobs around.

Sure, he's got balance and he's strong and that's what it takes. Come to think of it, maybe it takes a little bit more. Most of us travel all over the country, chasing the jobs. We keep running into each other and separating and meeting again, and it makes for a group feeling. We're like a clique, a clan. Not too many guys cotton to this kind of work. Not too many can handle it.

SO we're kind of used to taking care of ourselves and when one of us gets pushed into the high-dive, we resent outsiders like law agents, because as a group we issue justice and don't give a damn for the lengthy processes of law where a murderer can weasel out from under. Lawyers keep stalling, and in the meantime the bunch of us—the witnesses—get scattered all over the country, due to a habit called eating.

"We're blood brothers," I nodded at the windshield. "It's just that I don't want any more blood spilled."

"How you gonna stop it? That peace pipe bit is worn out, even on TV."

"Well, if I can catch the crud responsible and slug him with a length of pipe, that oughta keep things peaceable."

"All right, I'll hold him and you slug him."

"Nope. Family men are out of this. I'm gonna make him come at me."

Johnny took his eyes off the road for a second. "We've been working together a long time, so I'll sharpen my scalping knife anyway. Who the hell is it you're looking for?"

"I don't know—yet. It ain't that big slab of beef, Carl Wick. He hasn't got the

brains of a sheep. Somebody's behind him, directing him and telling him what to do. I'll make a deal with you, Chief. If I need help, I scream and you come running."

We were coming into town. Sweet Pond isn't much of a place; it isn't much of anything. A handful of houses out in the middle of the prairie, open to the driving winds of winter and the blasting heat of summer. All the houses are scoured a uniform grey by blowing grit and whipping sleet.

Off to the side of the town was a few-acre mud hollow they called Sweet Pond. There's some murky water at the bottom, maybe knee-deep, and I guess it was named "sweet" because it wasn't pure alkali.

Beyond the main street—let's face it, the only street—is a small rise where a big mansion was built around the 1890 by a cattle baron. Both the cattle and the baron are gone, but the house remains, weather-worn, shambling, badly in need of repair and with an ancient Victorian look that makes it seem like something from a Charles Addams cartoon. Mrs. Bradley had turned it into a boarding-house, and it was bursting at the seams from over population. All the guys have trailers or campers that we haul to the jobs in case there are no accommodations, but who the hell wants to cook for themselves? Especially when you don't have to? Old Lady Bradley lays a substantial table well worth the seventy-five bucks per week.

Knocking off early the way we did kept us from sluicing down on the job site as usual but gave us enough time to sluice down in the single bathroom per floor before going down to the two big dining rooms off the massive kitchen. The iron men and carpenters and operating engineers sat at long tables in one room and the concrete boys filled the other. Mrs. Bradley and her daughter Ann, a nice-looking mouse about 18, 19, hauled out platters of steaks and bowls of spuds and greens.

By the time we got to the coffee, we were relaxed and ready to hash over the situation. Shell Mikkelson opened the ball.

"Okay." He knocked his spoon against the water pitcher. "Who else was on the eighth deck? Stand up!"

All of us stared at the guys on their feet. We knew each other. We had worked on a dozen jobs together. None of us had a grievance against Jelly. There were no women problems or anything like that; no personal grievances.

"Siddown," I said.

Al Massi and some of his boys started drifting in from the other room. I pushed the coffee Al's way. "Any of you guys up on the eighth?"

He shook his head. "We were getting ready for a pour on the sixth. That's as high as we went."

It figured. The concrete men were always below us, pouring the concrete.

Joe Bright voiced the thoughts of every one of us. "So it comes down to that phony union. Anybody ever hear of the International Amalgamation of United Construction Workers?"

Mike Gallagher pointed a thick finger. "Listen. I was around when there were no unions. During the Depression, I operated cranes anywhere, anytime I could, and was glad for a peanut salary. I got my head split forming the union in anti-union states. The only place I ain't worked is Hawaii, although there's plenty of foreign countries that know me. What I mean is, I been around and I ain't never run into no International Amalgamation of United Construction Workers—which means there ain't any. That's the gospel

according to Mike Gallagher." He slapped the table.

Johnny nodded at me. "Pete figures there's somebody behind Carl Wick. I say we grab Wick and beat him over the head with a spud wrench till he tell us who's his boss."

"No good," I said. "It's not illegal to form a union. You can even write your own constitution and charter it yourself. The trick is to get guys to join. Wick is staying inside the law. You touch him and it's an assault rap."

Somebody laughed. "Assault, my butt! Who the hell would take him head on?"

"I'm just saying he's playing it straight down the line."

"What!" Al Massi interrupted. "Fifty bucks initiation fees, twenty-five bucks a week dues. That's robbery!"

"Not if his constitution says that's what the tab is."

"Come on," Joe Bright rattled the water pitcher. "Stop beating around the bush. Somebody pushed Paul Jellicoe today."

"Yeah, a carpenter yelled. 'And that somebody was Carl Wick!'"

"Prove it," I snapped, "and we'll bury him tonight. Anybody see him around the job?"

Everybody looked at everybody else and there was some head shaking.

"**N**O," I said, "and you can damn well bet he was showing himself around town every minute of the day."

"So, who did it?" Buck demanded.

I shrugged. Mikkelson eased his belt, fingering the heavy buckle. "Boys," he kind of sighed, "I've seen it before but I never thought I'd see it again. We've got a fink working with us. A murdering rat fink."

Nobody talked for awhile. Al Massi rubbed a jaw that always looked like it needed shaving and added up the situation neatly:

"Okay. Jelly's murder was a warning. If we don't join this phony union, someone else gets pushed. Well," his face twisted, "I'm not paying no goddamn finks any of my money. If Carl Wick's got an

'ear' here, you can go tell him that."

There was a loud shout of approval, but some of the guys were quiet. I said, "We got to think of the family men."

Johnny Eagle flipped a stick knife and caught it point first. "I have three kids. Nobody's hustling me."

"Oh hell, you're spoiling for a fight, Chief. The question is, do we stand together as a solid block or do we agree that the family guys can have freedom of choice?"

"Well," a carpenter began and hesitated. "I don't want troubles. I got enough at home. I'll pay the dues and take short money, if I get a guarantee from Wick that he won't climb on my back."

Joe Bright was red clear to the hairline. "You rotten bastard! You're the type who wrecks good unions."

"Let's stay calm," I said. "This is something each man has to decide for himself. What the hell, it's each guy's individual neck. Al," I turned to Massi, "you got a big family. You want to pay Wick?"

He shook his head definitely. "That big slob! I'll give him a concrete overcoat first."

"How about the bachelors, the rough-necks? Any of you want to back out, play it Wick's way? I won't call you wrong and you'll still have your jobs."

Big Mike grinned. "Stow it, Pete. You know us better than that. None of us are gonna break. We fight to the finish."

"Okay," I said. "I'll try and keep Wick off kind of legally. If he comes near the job, he's trespassing, and I'll feed him a spud wrench in the teeth. He muscles one of you, we can all jump in. Right?"

"Right!" Mikkelson nodded approval.

"Right!" the gang chorused.

"He's my cookie," I warned them, and then bought a little protection. "But he's only a front man. I don't know the louse behind him. If and when I have to take on the big slob, I don't want to be out there all alone with my spine exposed. I want to be surrounded by friends."

Big Mike cursed and heaved up. "Oh hell, Pete! We'll see no one plants anything in your gorgeous back."

That snotty trooper asked one question too many; we dropped our tools, started walking.





I managed to grab a beam and hang on, as the whirling girder smashed into structural iron.

Brave words. That night, in the sack, listening to Johnny snoring, I wondered how it was going to turn out. Guys in groups talk big but when it comes down to the nub and your flesh and blood are on the line, that empty feeling comes pretty easy. Carl Wick made a gorilla look like an elf. Some of his playmates were almost his size.

I wasn't particularly worried over slugging it out with Wick all by himself—I'd done plenty of brawling and even if I lost, it didn't matter much. Wick wouldn't be walking away free from pain and scars, trying the next day to recruit members for his phony union. What did have me pea green was that his playmates would pin me against a wall while Carl the Crumb took his Sunday shots at me. A beating in that style can leave you permanently crippled.

Everything depended on the boys backing me up and keeping the playmates away.

Next morning was hot and still. It was going to be one of those days when you damned near cooked. We gathered at the job site, and Shell Mikkelson took the telephone headset and handed it to Buck.

"You're signal man." Then he looked at me. "Pete, I'm giving you Harry Mannion as tag line. Now raise iron, understand?"

I nodded. We had a schedule to keep, and I don't mind saying we were one hell of a raising gang. We could slap columns and beams together as fast as Mike Gallagher could feed them to us, and Mike was one of the best crane operators around, could feel with his fingers what he couldn't see with his eyes.

The compressor man got his engine going and air rushed up the four-inch bull hose to the manifold on the eighth floor safety deck. There, one-inch lines snaked out to the torque wrenches—or air guns as some guys insisted on calling them. Johnny and I set the torque for 300 psi, swarmed up two uprights by sticking our safety shoes in the lips of the verticals. When we came near the top, we wedged the shoes in—one knee higher than the

other—and sat there as comfortably as you sit in your living room, except our butts hung out over a lot of emptiness.

Buck didn't talk much, but when he said something it was to the point. He telephoned orders to Mike; the loudspeaker in the crane cab blared. Mike babied the controls, the winch whined, the cable tautened, and a horizontal rose up above us, poised there a moment while Harry Mannion got a grip on the tag line that kept the beam from swinging. Then the boom dipped real gentle and the horizontal member eased down, out of alignment by maybe an inch. All this done blindly, directed only by Buck's telephone and Mike's sensitive feel.

I already had the torque wrench over my shoulder, both hands free. I grabbed the spud wrench from where it dangled in the tool loop back of my overalls. A spud wrench is an iron worker's basic tool, shaped something like an overgrown carrot, with an open-end wrench on the fat end and tapering down to a point. I stuck the working end in the bolt hole of the vertical column, angled it through to catch the bolt hole in the flange of the horizontal beam, gave a lateral push and the two bolt holes lined up nice and even. Johnny duplicated each of my moves at the exact same time, because we're a team.

THE spud wrenches held the beam in place while we prepared the high strength bolts. These bolts are elephant strong. The uprights will buckle before they shear, providing you place them right. We dropped a washer over the threaded end to the bolt head, put the smooth shank inside the joined lugs of the vertical and horizontal, stuck another washer and a nut to the threaded end. The torque wrench fits over the bolt head. A touch of the trigger, air pressure spins the wrench, the bolt tightens, and the air shuts off automatically when it reaches maximum torque. Do it twice, the job's finished, and you're ready to move.

The day got hotter and hotter. The kid carrying the water tank on his back was

kept hustling. Sweat just squirted out of our pores. We had to wet down handkerchiefs, place them under our hard hats so our brains wouldn't cook. I stripped down to undershorts and overalls. The iron was the right temperature for frying eggs. If you held on to it too long it would sear your hands right through the heavy gloves. Working around the iron, your shins are always barked up, and the sweat burned in the cuts like acid. The only worse place I'd ever been was Morocco when they were building the airbases there.

Even the number two inspector, who wasn't much bigger than a monkey, was staying off the iron for a change. Usually he had his nose stuck into the torque wrench, or was using your neck for a ladder rung to get a closer look at something. That was the only good thing about the heat; it kept this young jerk, Bill Sands, in the shade.

Johnny and I were standing and dripping, waiting for a girder to come up. This baby was four feet deep and 65 feet long. What the Air Force was doing with beasts this size was something mysterious, especially on the upper floors. But then the whole building had a screwball look to it. There was the big central section, and then three wings on either side each set in to the other at a precise 12½-degree angle, making for a kind of elliptical effect. Maybe an airfield would be in front of it one day, but I figured we were constructing a big research and development area.

Anyway, Mike hoisted the girder and it came booming up like a mountain about to fall on you. Mike held it steady, because once one of those babies start moving they got a tendency to keep right on going. Harry Mannion was keeping a slack tag line and the ponderous weight held it still. Mannion's job was to prevent trouble, and on a windy day he came in real handy. Buck spoke into his headset. Mike started booming down so slow you could hardly see it. The kingsize girder gentled toward us, like one of those prehistoric monsters in a lousy movie moving in to eat the hero.

At this pace—which is the correct pace—we had a few minutes before muscling the thing into place. I was mopping my puss with the sweat rag when the air was filled with such a loud twanging you could feel it in your bones.

First the girder lurched an inch, then it started to rotate in a circle. Harry Mannion was dragged across the safety deck by the tag line, let go of it before he was jerked over the edge.

"Heads!" he yelled.

"Heads," to an iron worker is like yelling "Fire!" in a nitro factory. I took off backwards, spider monkey fashion, just missed the beam I was hoping to grab, fell a story, grabbed another beam twelve feet below, swung, then wrapped around and held on like it was a hundred-dollar whore.

The girder was making like a helicopter blade. The cable snapped and a cannon concussion went off. The boom lurched, the cable whiplashed, whistling. All 65 feet of the couple of tons of girder came whirling into the structural iron. The earthquake hit. Beams buckled and coiled around as if they were snakes. Verticals broke like dry twigs. The clanging and banging noise was so damn bad it rapped your ears, and you couldn't hear anything plain. I was shaken and tossed till I thought my shoulder and hip joints would come apart.

The girder hit the safety deck, pulling everything after it. Spruce planks are not only strong, they have a lot of resiliency.

Some were smashed in half by the impact and speared down below, jagged edges first. The rest bounced and rattled and fell like a heavy rain. Enough held to restrain the iron and keep it from crushing everything beneath. The guys below were scattered, some running, some crouched waiting for the roof to fall in.

Columns and beams were swinging and tossing like branches in a stiff wind. Everything was quivering. The iron was smashed the way a karate expert splinters a bunch of match boxes. The beam I was making passionate love to was pointing down hill.

THE shimmy finally stopped. The girder hadn't gone all the way through the safety deck, having been slowed down by all the structural iron it had smashed to twisted metal. A big gouge went down two floors and I was right on the edge of it. I took count. Johnny Eagle was playing squirrel on a vertical; it was bent and he arched along with it. Buck was clinging Hindu-fashion to a corner of the safety deck; the boards were gone and his butt was sticking out over a lot of nothing. Harry Mannion had been dragged along the planks, then the impact had popped him forward like a champagne cork, so that he was looking over the edge. Both his arms were skinned raw and blood dripped from his hands. Below us, a carpenter had had the side of his face scraped off by a jagged board. Another was holding his arm; from the weird angle it was obviously broken. One guy was heaving up out from under a mess of boards. Beneath his tan he was chalk white.

"Joe!" I yelled. "Joe Bright! Reach some ladders up to us. Rest them against secure spots. Stay away from the planks." Then I talked to my gang. "Come off the iron easy. Watch where you put your feet."

They knew what I meant. The whole rig was unsteady; a wrong push might start an avalanche. I eased down to a vertical, sat on it and hitched along because I wasn't sure my nerves were steady enough to let me walk it. When I came to a ladder I went down it, planting one foot securely on a run before I let go and took the next step. Hell, right then I was scared of a six-inch drop.

Shell Mikkelson came limping toward me. He looked around, shaking his head. "What a mess. What a mess! Might as well tear up the schedule."

"Shell," I spoke real soft. "You damn near lost a raising crew."

"I know that," he snapped. "Get the rest of the boys. We're going below."

On the ground my nerves steadied enough so I could move the shoes one after the other without danger of losing my balance. I wasn't feeling too good, but when I saw Mike Gallagher I felt better: he looked like a white wet rag. The guy was drained, absolutely drained. He was trying to smoke and came close to putting the butt in his ear as often as his mouth.

"Christamighty," he croaked hoarsely. "I didn't jerk it. I was easing it in. You know I was easing it in."

"I know," I patted him on his thick shoulder. "I was there. I saw it. No one's blaming you."

"It just went loose. I don't know how it got away."

I looked at the solid steel roof of his cab. There was a long running groove in it and at the end of the channel was a hole. The cable had done that whipping back. I've seen them cut a man in half when they break under tension.

"You get hurt?"

"Nah." Mike dragged on the cigarette till the glowing end almost singed his lips, then spit it out, exhaling. "Put that roof on myself. Didn't even know the wire came in. Mighta been outta the cab. It shouldna snapped. All I could think of was you guys up there. It shouldna snapped, Pete. I hauled plenty bigger loads than that. It just shouldna snapped!"

"Yeah." I mopped sweat off, and all the sweat wasn't from the heat. "You check the cable recently?"

"This morning. Every day I check it. Ask the mechanic. Every morning. I run out near the whole length and look for wear. There was no wear on that cable, Pete. No wear at all."

I walked over to the dangling frayed and sniffed. A bitter pungent odor came from it.

"Sulphuric acid," Mike whispered, coming over, his eyes going wide white.

Shell Mikkelson grabbed the wire out of Mike's hands and inhaled. "Sunovabitch!" he said.

"Sulphuric," I said. "The core's eaten away. It was the outside strands that broke. Mike couldn't possibly have noticed it."

"You mean, somebody injected the acid?"

"I'm just saying the acid got inside the cable."

"Sounds like sabotage."

Mike grunted. "Carl Wick?"

"Maybe," I said. "But he'd have to have an ear right here on the job for sure. You were hoisting beams without any trouble. The twisted strands of wire on the outside could hold the beams."

"So," Shell finished the thought, "it was a guy who knew our schedule, a guy who knew a girder was being lifted today."

The Air Force Chief Inspector came over to join our conference, a Captain Schezas whom we called "Sneezer" on account of his name. Probably he was an engineer and while his learning came from books, he was smart enough to realize we knew what we were about better than he did and keep his nose out. One of those types who could design a building but wouldn't know how to lay a foundation form. Right now he was one worried warrior and wasn't bothering to hide it.

"Are you going back up again?"

"Sure," I said. "The boys are going for the torches now."

"Torches." His eyebrows made an impossible leap for his receding hairline. "I thought you could unbolt them."

The torque wrenches work in reverse all right, but anything twisted out of plumb is just naturally gonna pull the bolts cockeyed along with it. A bent bolt is a bitch to remove. It's easier to take an oxygen torch and burn through the iron."

The heat and the aggravation and the accident finally got to Sneezer. "Iron!" he screamed. "Iron! That's all I hear. Those columns and beams are steel. You understand. Steel! That's what they're made out of. Steel."

I kept my cool, because there was no sense getting riled at plain ignorance. "Look, Cap," I explained real nice, "we belong to the iron workers union. The steel workers union makes the beams and columns—they're the guys who sweat it out in the mills. Anything they touch is automatically steel, because they're steel workers. Anything we touch is automatically iron, because we're iron workers. All clear now?"

"Oh hell," his anger left him. "Let's forget it. How long will it take to get back on schedule?"

Shell and I puzzled that one over. I

turned to Mike. "Can you get the girder out of there without upsetting the apple cart?"

Mike shrugged his heavy shoulders. "If you give me a clear pull. Buck's a good signal man. I read him okay. Then you'll need at least two tag line men with a delicate touch."

"Johnny and I can take care of it." I looked at Sneezer, still worrying away, and offered him some words of comfort. "We'll do a preliminary clean-up today, finish it Monday about noon. If you're willing to pay overtime, we ought to be back on schedule about Wednesday morning."

"All the overtime you want." He let go a sigh of relief.

Shell asked me, "How much extra time can you put in with all this heat?"

"Two, maybe three hours."

Shell nodded at Sneezer. "His figuring seems right. I'll give you a list of the new materials we need. Expedite them, even if you have to throw weight. And have your lab boys run a test on the end of the cable. We think sulphuric acid ate through it."

"Acid! What the hell is acid doing near a cable?"

"Just test it, huh?"

The rest of the day was pure bitch. Clearing wreckage is always a mean job. One error in timing or balance and *bang!* You're into the pickle barrel deeper than ever.

Cutting through the iron and lifting the girder out occupied all my thinking, so I wasn't concerned about Carl Wick or what was facing me. But when knock-off time came and we were sluicing down at the hoses, my mind started dwelling on the crud. I wondered again who the hell was behind him. . .

Saturday night at the Bradley boarding house would make the Battle of Waterloo look like a Cub Scout picnic. Everybody trying to down the chow like a blender and get moving to town. Ann Bradley served so fast little pin curls were sweat plastered to her forehead. Mrs. Bradley huffed and looked like she was suffering from a bad sunburn. One after the other the guys shoveled in chow then took off running for upstairs, still chewing. First in the showers was first out, first in town. Soon the top decks were a pandemonium of pounding feet, shouting, snapping towels, bangings on the doors, please to hurry up, hurry up.

I was alone at the table, alone in the dining room, eating slowly, finishing off the platter of veal chops. This was one night I didn't need indigestion. I also planned on taking it easy, getting some rest. I don't care how strong you are, working in the heat all day saps your strength and I needed every bit I had.

ANN Bradley sat down limply, poured a glass of lemonade. Her sleeveless linen blouse looked like she had been caught in the rain the way it stuck to her. No complaints on my part. She had the material to push the blouse out in the right places. In fact, despite her youthful leanness, she had one hell of a nice build.

"Whew!" she exhaled, waving her skirt under the table. "What a panic. Aren't you going to town?"

"Later. Looking for a lift in?"

"Ma won't let me. She's the protective type."

"She's smart. These aren't school boys."

"I know it. I don't dig school boys. Heard there was an accident today."

"Didn't think you could hear anything with all the yelling around here."

"Johnny Eagle told me. Gave me five

dollars to use the shower in Ma's room."
 "Johnny's getting smart in his old age."
 "Said you were almost killed."
 "He was closer than I was."
 "Are you the boss?"
 "The job steward. There is a difference."
 "Most of the men act like you were the boss."

"I'm not. I take orders. Why all the questions?"

"Nothing. It's a dangerous job, isn't it?"

"More like a hard job. We get paid for it."

"Paid real fine from what I see. Where do you go when you finish here?"

"I don't know. There's always something waiting. Something in Vietnam right now but after the heat here, I think I'd like a change of climate."

"There's cold beer in the kitchen. It's okay to take it." She stood. "See you around."

I WENT into the kitchen. The dishwasher was swabbing a mountain of plates. Cookie Kruse was drying, and badgering him because cooks are supposed to have bad tempers. His daughter, June, who worked out of state as a teacher during the winter was stacking dishes, and was she stacked. One of those 35, 25, 35 things with a gorgeous head on top of it. Really displayed the form when she stood on a chair and reached up. If I were a gentleman I would have helped her, but I'm no gentleman.

I grabbed a beer, sat at the round wooden table and leered. Leering was permitted otherwise it was a hands off proposition. After having made the traditional pass, we were now friends. Not as firm friends as I would have liked it, nevertheless we were on talking terms—which was more than most of the guys could brag about.

"Hi, Pete," she said.

"Trite," I shook my head. "Very trite. A trained school marm and all you can think of is 'Hi, Pete.' Why not something original like, 'Lover, don't leave me alone on this night of all nights. I am beset with loneliness. Remain with me and we will abide in perfumed luxury.' How's that?" I took a long pull on the beer.

"Sounds like you've been reading some pretty trashy stuff."

Old Man Kruse put in, "If that 'perfumed luxury' means what I think it does, you're going to be digging out Number Nine shot."

"The typical mind of a father," I talked to June. "Always thinking in terms of shotgun weddings. Now, if he had the heart of a father he'd leave us alone to do our romancing."

She stepped back off the chair, displaying the lovely inside of a thigh. "That'd be like stranding me on a desert island with a lascivious ape. How come you're not joining the thundering herd?"

"Thought I'd catch up on my reading. You know, Aristotle, Socrates, that sort of thing."

"You phony. Socrates didn't write a word."

"Yeah, but the pictures in the book are crazy."

June was smiling as she put another stack of dishes on the table. Snores came from Mrs. Bradley's room. "Saturday nights are kind of exhausting for her," June explained.

A lot of feet came pounding down the stairs and went out the front door.

"They are for the boys, too," I said. Cookie Kruse put in abruptly. "You afraid of Carl Wick?"

"Sure."

"Good. Fight scared. don't lose your

temper. Tell you something. Carl has a hair-trigger temper. Loses it easy and then swings wild for the head."

"Thanks. Where did you hear?"

"Cripes, boy, I'm a long way from the grave. I still get around."

June frowned. "What's all this?"

I got up. "Your father just gave us his blessing."

In my room I laid out a clean pair of slacks and a fresh sport shirt on the bed, then hit the shower. The hot water was long gone, but it didn't make much difference with the kind of weather we were having. It made shaving brutal though.

Wrapping a towel around the middle was more habit than modesty. When we arrived home from work, the top decks became off limits to the female population by order of Mrs. Bradley. We liked it that way, too, because a lot of the guys didn't cotton to bathrobes and paraded to the heads in short arm fashion.

I don't know what my mind was on, Carl Wick or what, but things focused back fast when I opened the door. Ann Bradley was sprawled on Johnny's bed, bolstered against a pillow, ankles crossed, ash tray on her lap, smoking a butt. She looked fresh and cool. Her hair was swept back and was still wet at the temples from the shower.

"Out!" I jerked my thumb. "Don't louse up a good deal for me. I'll be tossed out on my ear if your old lady finds you here."

"Ha!" Ann's laugh combined sarcasm with amusement. "She's good for at least two more hours sleep."

"Out, anyway. I have to get dressed."

"I want to talk to you."

"Downstairs."

"Here. In private." She bent a knee, showing all of her leg right up to the curve of her buttock. She was wearing pink panties.

I grabbed some cigarettes off the table, so I wouldn't have to look. This kid was stacked and I knew a seduction when I bumped into one. No sense fooling myself, the urge was on me real strong. Two months on that lonesome prairie and this had to happen. My luck! Being in the same room with Ann was like looking for a gas leak with a match.

"Know what it's like living in this backwater?" she snapped bitterly. "Broil in the summer. So goddam hot the shadows melt. Then in the winter it freezes till the trees crack. It's an Arctic expedition to get to a dance—that is if the roads aren't buried under twenty feet of snow. Some social life! None at all in the summer, and during the winter, you worry about the weather. Mostly you stare out the window, hoping."

"That's tough." I said, still not glancing in her direction.

"You can change things." The bed springs squeaked as she got off the sack.

"Mel!" I whirled around.

"No, me." She started unbuttoning her blouse. "Right now I'd be gobbled up in a big city. I need somebody who knows their way around. A girl has to use her brains and whatever else she's got."

I swallowed hard. The buttons were open almost to her waist. She wasn't wearing a bra. There was an obstruction in my throat I had to talk around. "I'm not looking for anything permanent."

"Who is? Some letters of introduction, a few addresses." She peeled off her blouse, thrust her breasts at me. "There. How does that compare with what you've seen in the city?"

Snubbing out the cigarette, I moved toward her. "Real well."

She retreated slightly, laughing. "I told you a girl's got to use what she's got."

I clenched my fists. "If this is a striptease... or a tease—"

"It's not." She unzipped her skirt, let it drop to the floor, stepped out clad only in her pink panties. Then she was on me, eyes smouldering, her body pressing against mine.

You wouldn't think a towel could fit tight, but it damn near strangled me at the waist. Ann chuckled. She undid the knot and somehow managed to tug the towel from between us. My hands slid down her back. I was getting ready to rip off the flimsy panties when she whispered in my ear, "No. Don't. Ma would find out. She'd kill me. Let me take them off."

I held her by the shoulders, watching her, wondering if she was going to run from the room screaming rape, trying to blackmail me out of my bankroll. But she tugged the panties down sitting on the edge of the bed, and threw them toward the skirt. Smiling at me she leaned back against the pillow, held her arms out, wiggled her fingers and murmured one word, "Gimme."

The springs squeaked when I added my weight to them. She grasped me in a tight clasp, digging her fingers into the muscles of my back, and gave a cry of triumph...

I stretched out comfortably on the bed, feeling the tenseness drain from me. Ann rolled toward me, lights sparkling in her eyes. She had the grin of the cat that had just stolen the cream.

"How was that?" She drew circles on my chest with a finger.

"Not a bad bit of acting," I admitted.

"Acting! That was the real thing."

"That was everything but the real thing."

"Oh hell!" She sprang from the bed and went over to the window. "I thought I had you fooled."

"Well, if you want to be a call girl, you've got the talent."

"Who's talking about that? I took a secretarial course."

"What have you got in mind?"

"Become a secretary. Marry the boss or an up-and-coming executive. A few years of married fun, cruises, that sort of thing, then settle down in the suburbs, join clubs, raise a family."

"Hope you make it. Working in an office though, I wouldn't hand away too many free samples. Word gets around."

"Ohfergodsakes, I know better than that. Now, how about names and addresses?" She stooped, waggled her skirt over her hips, closed the zipper.

"I know some construction firms. Maybe you'll meet an engineer."

"That'd be nice. She shrugged into her blouse, buttoned it. Pausing calmly by the door as though she had just stepped in to borrow a pack of cigarettes, she stood with her hand on the knob. "You know, it'd be okay by me if you stayed late next Saturday." Then she winked and was gone.

SUCKER! Dreaming dreams. She wasn't going anywhere, or she'd have left home the day she got out of high school. Probably wind up a rancher's or farmer's wife right here in the neighborhood and make life miserable for both of them. Meanwhile, if she wanted to play, I was game.

Because of Ann, it was late when I got to Vic Johnson's. Elsewhere, Johnson would have been a politician or a high-powered finance man. As things stood, he wasn't doing bad at all. The day he heard construction gangs were moving in, he converted a small barn into a spacious barroom with plenty of area for just

wandering and standing and talking. The second floor, where there had been a hay-loft, held round tables for the guys who felt lucky at cards. The beer was cold, the booze priced right, and even in a populated place it wouldn't have been a bad watering trough. Of course, it was jammed and a thick layer of smoke hung in the joint. The noise was a steady roar of sound punctuated occasionally by loud laughter.

Vic Johnson worked through the crowd, holding out his mitt. He was a decent-sized guy with a big-featured face, an ex-farmer still in good physical shape. He had graduated to owning a feed and grain store, was a part-time real estate broker, and I think he contracted to corn-fatten beef out on a big tract of land he owned. Knowing Vic's talent for turning a dollar, he probably sold the manure and made a profit on that too.

Smiling broadly, he shook my paw and with his free one, clapped me on the shoulder. "Hiya, Pete! Nice seeing ya. Thought for awhile you wasn't coming. Say, heard about that accident. Damn near thing. Know what caused it?"

"A girder dropped. See the boys?"

"Your gang? Yeah. Somewhere in that corner." He pointed through the fog. "When's Jelly's funeral?"

"Tomorrow."

"I'll be there. Say, if there's any collection for the family or expenses, count me in."

"No family, no collection. The Air Force gave us permission to plant him over in a corner of their land. See you, Vic."

Johnny and Buck hadn't been there long enough to get half a load on, which was some relief. With a sheet or two in the wind, they could be dangerous—to themselves as well as other people. It wasn't always that way, but when they had worries like now, their method of solving them was to put their heads down and ram in straight. Mike, of course, could pour it down hour after hour and the only effect it had on him was that he alternated between funny stories and sad songs. Shell Mikkelson was immune,

had a head like concrete, just grinned at everybody. Joe Bright liked to demonstrate calisthenics. Al Massi argued on any given topic: if you casually mentioned black was black, he'd contend it was white and try to prove his point.

The gang pulled me into the middle, pushed me up to the bar. I was about to order a boilermaker when Mike said, "Carl Wick is here," then he signaled to the guy behind the stick for a finger of bourbon and a glass of water and handed it to me. "Here, Pete. Just enough to stroke your temper without making you fumble-footed."

"Where is he?"

"He was circulating. Maybe he's upstairs now."

"Anybody with him?"

"Four or five muscle types. Nothing to worry about."

NOTHING to worry about. Just whether you were going to see another dawn, or work another day, or walk again on your two hind legs. But Wick had to be called here and now, in front of the bunch. It had to be proved that he wasn't invincible, that we could buck his phony organization.

I sipped the bourbon, looking around, making plans. Not exact plans; a blow by blow rehearsal of the entire fight. In one of these scrambles the unexpected always happens and you have to react instinctively and take advantage of it. Somewhere, in every scrap, there's a turning point. It might be one punch or a flurry of them. After it's done and over you know about it; you have your man. Or he has you. You've committed the mistake. To avoid that you have to make your opponent fight your type of fight.

Thinking objectively, I weighed my chances. I was strong and fast and knew the angles. Wick was stronger and, from his pushed-in face, had been around a bit too. So I had to depend on speed, stay away from him if possible. If Wick could move fast enough to keep up with me, then the odds were on his side and I was a gonner. You had to take losing

into consideration and it wasn't a pleasant subject to dwell on. What I did have going for me was hate, good, hot hate. I figured he didn't have it, not as bad as me. So the plot was to use my hate as an asset that would keep picking me off the floor, keep me coming at him, let me win.

Wick came down the stairs from the second deck, light-footed. Not good! Not good at all the easy way he handled his bulk. The slobs following him might have been picked out of an advanced weight-lifting class, and most of them looked like they had been flunked from kindergarten. Carl bent over one of the boys in a raising gang, dug his fingers into his shoulder, showed big teeth to pretend they were all buddies. I let a little of the hate well up in me, not so much I'd go blood-blind, just enough to pump up the adrenalin.

"Hey, pig!" I yelled.

The joint went so quiet you could hear the tobacco smoke rustling in the rafters. The boys seemed to float toward the bar in ghost fashion, leaving the whole center of the area free. Carl was still anchored to the iron worker, staring at him, not talking anymore.

"Pig!" I roared. "You want to talk union, you talk to me. I'm job steward." I pushed away from the bar, not anxious to get pinned there.

Wick turned his head, that's all, just turned his head. He was grinning from ear to ear. He knew he'd been called and thought he'd get some jollies out of it.

He chuckled. "Everybody calls me Carl. You call me Carl and I won't hurt you too much."

"Pig! A fink pig."

He turned. He was immense, almost six-five. His shoulders were huge, not only in width but in the sheer bulk of them, a thickness like a bowling ball. He and a gorilla had about the same chest measurement; the same arms, too, and matted hair. Just under his loose hanging sport shirt was the hint of a pot belly—he wasn't board flat across the abdomen. His calves were massive enough to bulge his trousers. When he stepped on the scales, he must have tilted them at -320 or better. All in all he was one hell of a hunk of man to waltz with.

He moved in and I moved in fast, flicking a left toward his face. He slid aside and stepped right in the path of the right-hand belly shot I threw. It landed above the belt, felt like I was hitting a sand bag. There was plenty of muscle there, big slabs of it as hard as truck tires, but there was a layer of flab over them. Maybe I had found his weak spot.

I slid out under his right elbow. He knew something about brawling sure enough. He had started the right, feinted it, but there it was still cocked and ready to go while a left hook whistled over me as I planted my shot and slipped around to the rear. That gorgeous belly punch got me nothing more than a grunt.

Wick spun, retreating one step, on balance, both hands in front of his face, elbows snugged in tight. He was crouched now, leaning forward slightly to protect his gut.

His crouch brought his face about level with mine. I gave him a head bob in one direction, a body weave in the other, saw his eyes flicker back and forth and stepped in to feed him a fast one-two to the face and got out of there quick, just evading a long, lunging hook aimed at my ribs.

I circled to his left, having a sneaky suspicion that he kept hooking lefts because he wanted me to come within punch-

Instead of getting out of the room like I told her, she backed to the bed, began to strip . . .



ing range of his right. His right was probably the crusher, and I had no yearning to meet up with it—or with the left for that matter. I kept circling, looking for an opening. He had me on the outside track which could grow pretty wearying. Occasionally I changed pace and speed, retreated, tried to tempt him off balance by moving in a fraction, but he just pivoted, keeping himself close and dangerous.

I dipped low for a belly punch. He bent with me. I snapped a left into his nose that drew blood and back-pedaled out. A looping left hook caught my left forearm, and I thought a beam had fallen on it. Wick came roaring in, swinging a couple of roundhousers. I curled, tucked my head in his chest, and while I skidded backwards put in a dozen—minimum—into his bread basket, each one bouncing off that damn tire of muscle. Me, I felt like I had been in a vise. Both his punches had landed below my short ribs and I wasn't sure my legs were still attached to the rest of me. Maybe it was instinct that let me slip out under his armpit, bounce off his rib cage. As long as I was there, in position, I decided to hit him a beaut in the kidney.

Was that ever a mistake. He spun with cat speed—a slob who was just on the receiving end of a paralyzing kidney punch—chopped down with his right. I saw it coming, tried to slip it. I didn't quite make it but at least I was riding with the force. The coconut fist grazed my cheek and I thought I had been hit by a truck. As I staggered back, trying to shake the cobwebs out of the brain, I saw the roundhouse left whistling at me like a guided missile, about to remove my head. I got my shoulder up and in the way. The sledgehammer landed. I was blasted to the side, couldn't quite manage to get my legs under me, bounced off the floor using my hands and came back up again on guard.

Wick was charging, wide open. I sunk one over his head, then clinched. Might as well have been tangling with a bull dozer. He shook me like I was a dust rag. Then he knotted his big paws in the small of my back, planted his head in my chest, and yanked me in with the force of a recoiling canon.

My spine bowed. About three seconds of that kind of pressure and it would break. I tried to get my thumbs alongside his nose and scoop out his eyes, but his face was buried in there like it was growing out of me. No good. No use. Had to switch tactics before my vertebrae parted company.

I HOOKED my middle fingers in his ears for leverage, dug in with my thumbs against the outer edges of his lids, and started popping out his eyes. The pressure slackened. He roared with rage and threw me away. I landed belly-down on the floor hard enough to knock the wind out of me. Rolling over, I was barely in time to get my hands in front of my throat and catch Wick's shoe as it came ramming down. I clamped on to it, twisted the ankle, kicked him behind the knee of his supporting leg. He went straight over and when he hit, the whole damn room shook.

I twisted away, climbed to my feet to check on the damage. As I did, I got a quick look at the background scenery and almost laughed. Mike Gallagher was holding a busted bottle to the throat of one of Wick's weight-lifters. On another slob, Johnny Eagle was casually resting the needle point of his knife against the artery that runs under the ear. Buck had found an ice pick and was holding that

at the back of a joker's neck. Fortunately, he wasn't drunk. When he's drunk his hand isn't very steady. Joe Bright and Al Massi had hooked elbows with another joker to keep him from going anywhere—in one piece, that is. Shell Mikkelson was trimming nails with a long file ground down to a razor edge and somehow the point kept circling under a hood's throat. A number of the boys must have hidden spud wrenches under their shirts because they were evident now, a few of them being flipped up in the air and being caught with a definite smack.

Carl Wick came to his knees, watching me. There was a lot of blood on his face now: the outside corners of his eyes had been sliced by my thumbnails and there were two steady leaks from his nose and mouth. He heaved back and was on his feet—quite a trick, indicating he still had plenty of strength left. His deep set little eyes glared red rage at me. It reminded me of what Cookie Kruse had said: Wick lost his brains when he got mad.

I came in cautious. He launched a kick. I caught him behind the heel, heaved up and toppled him over with a crash like thunder. I dug a shoe into his short ribs, backed right out. A big paw brushed my trouser cuff; if he had caught my ankle and dumped me, he would have broken my leg.

Wick was slower getting up this time. Maybe he needed a breather. That last kick I gave him couldn't have helped his health. I slid in low, bounced one off his jaw, wished I hadn't, sank two in the belly, then was flying through the air without even knowing what the hell had happened. I landed on my heels, felt the impact jar through my spine, and Wick was on me, trying for the bear grip again.

His hands wrapped around me too high. I drove a knee for where it hurts most and found a blocking thigh. I snapped my forehead into his face. Something gave; his grip slackened. I got my left free, drove four or five jolting shots to his breadbasket, gained some more swinging room. An uppercut to his jaw that hurt my fist, then I sensed, rather than saw, a whistling boulder-fist. Ducking under it, I jabbed two straight ones to the face. Beautiful! His nose was broken, gushing blood.

He kept wading in, swinging wild, trying to knock my head into the next county. I put on my dancing shoes, concentrated on his middle, planting my best shots in his stomach and rib cage. Every time I landed a good one he grunted, so they were getting to him.

Suddenly I was out of dancing room. I had backed into a roof supporting pole. A sledgehammer hit my already bruised face. Mentally I swore at myself for not paying attention, screamed at everything I had fought for and lost. He was going to clobber me to death with my spine pinned to a pole. But, by God, I'd brand him good first! I hated. My brain was muddy, and I could barely see the bastard. I just stood there swinging, swinging, swinging, not feeling anything.

A roar sounded. I blinked. Carl Wick was down, absolutely down, on both knees and one hand. I grabbed him under the arms, yanked him up, proceeded to destroy him, using the short dirty punches anyone with sense uses in an all-out fight. Right cross, finish the swing with a right elbow smash, back with the elbow. I drove him staggering in front of me, slicing him to bits.

I jammed him against the bar, took long swinging shots at his ribs. He still had some sense left: windmilled his fists, at my head and shoulders, used his knees,

his feet, his head, but I smashed away. And then gradually it came to me that I was holding the bum up, and it was very wearying.

I slid aside. Wick bent over double, kind of sighed sprawled flat. I kicked him in the ribs, then went around to the other side.

Hands held onto me. It was Vic Johnson. "That's enough, Pete. You beat him. We don't want a homicide."

"Then get the garbage out of here," I muttered.

"I'll take care of it. Cool off."

I walked toward the gang. It was a thousand miles and all uphill. Just before I reached them, my knees started getting shaky. The reaction had hit. I was one weak kitten. Maybe the joint was pandemonium, but I wasn't hearing background noises too good.

MIKE shoved hootch into my hand, helped me find my mouth. It burned like acid because of all the cuts inside. The boys were pushed in close to me to give me support.

"How am I?" I asked Mike.

"You're standing," he said, then deliberated a bit. "I've seen worse. Not often and not on winners. Your back teeth still there?"

"A little loose."

"They'll tighten up. That eye oughta get some attention though."

"Which eye?"

"Left. Bad cut along the bone. The cheek is sliced too. Maybe you should get some stitches."

"The hell with that. Will tape hold it?"

"Oh, yeah. Be a little rough shaving, and I'd wear a sweat rag around the forehead for a few days. Soap and water will take care of the rest. Johnny! Get him back to his room."

"Sure, Mike. Pete, can you walk all right?"

"Stay in front of me. Don't let anything get in the way. If I fall, I think I'm going forward."

"Okay. Buck, you follow us out. Use my car. I'll take Pete's truck."

I don't remember too much about that ride. Johnny was chuckling and saying how drunk he was gonna get to celebrate. The movement of air inside the cab of the pickup revived me slightly. The wet bartender's towel somebody had shoved into my hands helped more.

Johnny maneuvered me through the front door of the boarding house and left. I aimed myself at the kitchen and stumbled to the refrig for some ice to help close the cuts and reduce the swellings before they got too bad. While I was fiddling with the trays, I heard a rear door open. Cookie Kruse stood there pointing an antique Colt .44 cannon. June was behind him, wearing pajamas.

When he saw it was me instead of a prowler, Cookie lowered the gun. He used the butt to crush the ice June handed him. I wrapped it in the towel and held it to my aching puss.

Cookie and June took a seat. "Carl Wick?" Cookie asked.

"Yeah."

"Win?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Just the same, you look like a loser. Or is it a case of 'you should see the other guy'? Or am I talking too much?"

"You're talking too much."

"I figured. Well, gotta get up early, feed you drunken slob," he muttered. He got up and wandered to the back.

"Cookie!" I called. "Thanks for the tip. Wick did get careless."

"Told you. Told you. Musta been pretty

to see. Haven't watched one of those in a long time."

After he closed the door behind him, June fixed another ice pack and slapped it onto my face. "Have fun?" she sounded bitter.

"All I wanted. Why the mad?"

"Why did you have to fight Carl Wick?"

"Because nobody else could."

"You're great!" She was fuming. "You'll take troubles but you won't take responsibilities."

I suppose the chill from the ice hit my head, because I turned cold on her. "What the hell's that suppose to mean?"

"I've heard the men talking. They say you could be a top union official, but you keep turning it down."

"I'm happy where I am."

"That's not the point. You'd be more valuable as an executive. You're wasting your abilities."

"You sound like a school teacher."

"I am. I'm telling you the important thing is what you *should* do, not what you *want* to do. Like hang around Vic Johnson's and joke with your friends and," she jerked her head toward the back rooms, "playing games with little Lolita there."

"What do you know about Ann?" I snapped.

"Plenty! She's no sweet innocent young thing. No one takes advantage of her!"

"You finished, teach?"

"Yes." She sat down and covered one of my hands with both of hers. "I hate to be a nagging bitch, but when I see people with brains and abilities that could carry them far not using them. When I see somebody like you, I . . . oh, forget it." She got up suddenly and started for her room. The hip roll her determined walk produced was real interesting to watch. I wanted to delay things a bit.

"We're burying Jelly tomorrow. Going?"

"If I can get a lift."

"Mind riding in a pickup truck?"

"No. See you in the morning."

It was a nice funeral with a preacher praying and the sun shining and just a hint of a breeze blowing. The Air Force had done a nice job, fencing off a fair-sized section as though they expected more tenants, and decently covering the raw earth next to the hole with a green tarp. We tucked Jelly away and wished him well, about a thousand of us, most of the men standing on little rises outside the fence.

When it was over and everybody was drifting off, the same sergeant of state cops stopped me, keeping polite but meaning business and letting you know it.

"Conover! Another man nearly died last night. Or was nearly beaten to death."

"No!" I put on the shocked expression. "Who could it be?"

"Don't get cute. Him and you had it out—that I can see from your smiling puss."

"Who are you accusing me of mistreating?" It hurt to smile, because of the cuts, but I smiled. Score one for me. The sarge had hoped I'd come out with Carl Wick's name when he hadn't mentioned Carl at all.

He took out his notebook, thumbed through the pages as if he were trying to find the right one, then stopped.

"Here it is. Carl Wick. He's in the hospital with multiple cuts and contusions, ribs broken on both sides, a fractured sternum—that's his breastbone—nose smashed, and various teeth missing. What have you got to say about it?"

"It's a shame. He deserved better."

"Stop smart-mouthing me. Look at your knuckles. I suppose you're going to deny you were in a fight."



Wick kicked for my throat as I rolled. I grabbed him by the ankle, clamped on and twisted.

"That's right. I must have gotten drunk and fallen down. I don't remember."

"All right, Conover, have it your way. As soon as Wick is conscious, I'll get the truth out of him."

"Probably. He's a snitch."

Vic Johnson strolled up, lighting a cigar.

"What's the trouble?"

The sergeant answered. "Carl Wick got worked over last night by person or persons unknown. Considering his size, it was probably a lot of persons. They took him to the front door of the hospital and he crawled the rest of the way. You wouldn't know anything about it, would you?"

"He was in my place last night. Not drunk or anything."

"How about Conover?"

"He . . . er . . . had a few."

"Drunk when he left? Conover, don't say a word."

"Well," Vic mused, searching for an answer that would match mine, "when he was leaving, anybody could see he was ready to fall over. I doubt that, in that condition, he would have raised a hand to a man like Carl. But why don't you ask the other people who were there? Maybe they saw more than I did."

VIC'S big features spread when he smiled. The sergeant muttered, "Glue. They stick together like glue," and walked away.

Monday we were still cleaning up the mess. The heat hadn't eased off. Sweat worked under the tape holding the long cut on my face together; it felt like somebody was digging in there with a hot bayonet. I didn't think it interfered with my capabilities, but I noticed Johnny was pushing hard until I told him to pack it.

During lunch break, I went into the shack where the surveyors and civil engineers and such types protect themselves from the sun, and asked Shell if it was okay to use the phone for long distance. He shrugged, but he knew what I was about: he made excuses so that everyone got out of there and left me alone.

I called international headquarters. Because of the time difference most of the wheels hadn't arrived yet, but luck was with me and I got the guy I really wanted to talk to, Tom O'Reilly, an old-time iron raiser pushed into a V.P.'s chair. Of course he caught on right away I was double-talking to keep big ears from following our line of conversation.

"Tom, we ran into some trouble out here. Not everything is so level as you'd want it. Some things coming in from the outside are crooked, and that interferes with our long established policy of keeping everything true. In fact, I'm sure it's a violation of our contract."

"I think I see." Tom picked up the ball. "You say there is defective material that we never approved, but that somebody else's plans seem to include it."

"That's right. Those plans cover everything, so you might want to talk to your opposite number in the carpenters, or concrete, or operating engineers."

"Well, Pete, I don't see where there's too much to worry about. Any carpenter will tell you if you pull the king post on a house, the roof will fall in. You used to be pretty good at pulling things. I don't think you've lost your touch."

"We inspected the material and I caught the obviously crooked stuff. The problem seems to be there's a hidden flaw we can't locate. I thought you could send out some special investigators to find this thing for us. It's what's causing all the trouble."

"Slow down, Pete. That's a small town you're in. The . . . er . . . investigators are stand-out types, if you know what I mean. Stick together. Tell the boys that."

"You must have read the report where Paul Jellicoe was killed because of the flaw. We're getting hurt out here right now. We have to locate it, or there's going to be more accidents like what happened to Jelly."

"Hmmm. What about that crooked material you uncovered?"

"That was in the open all the time. It's undergoing repairs right now."

"Fine. That's a step in the right direction. The best advice I can give you is to put pressure on everything till something breaks. Of course, we'll pay for any damages and take care of legal problems. Where does the Air Force stand on this?"

"They're trying to stay neutral but naturally they want what's best for everybody, like ourselves. Their main interest is the completion of the job. However, I think they'd take steps, if they saw somebody was trying to put over a bad deal."

"Okay, Pete. You have full jurisdictional authority. I'll send a confirming letter. You also have our backing one hundred percent."

"Big deal! I need help."

"You're capable of taking care of things by yourself. You have the experience. I have full confidence in you. Keep in touch."

That was one phone call that was practically useless. Then, to top it off, Captain Schezas approached holding a piece of onion skin paper. He waved it at me. "You were right. The lab boys just confirmed the cable was eaten through by sulphuric acid, introduced inside it. Look, Pete, I don't know much about union squabbles, but I have to send in reports—"

"Then say the cable came in contact with the acid accidentally."

"But the lab clearly states the sulphuric was put *inside*!"

I stood up. "Figure it out for yourself. If it wasn't an accident, if it was sabotage, you're going to have a couple platoons of Air Force investigators here, plus a wing or two of the FBI. They'll be all over the construction site and we won't be able to work. Now, of course, I don't know how long it takes the Air Force to compare reports from different departments, but do your duty as you see it, Cap. Thanks for the info."

He stood there puzzled and troubled. I was willing to bet a month's salary the lab report would be mislaid until all the iron was raised, or the building finished.

Wednesday we were doing construction instead of destruction, fighting to get back

on schedule. We were raising iron, not taking chances, but working at optimum. There was a regular rhythm to our movements, and when you can feel that music in your bones, all the individual human units synchronizing, the hours slip by. At knock-off time you can't believe the amount of work you've accomplished. The two bad cuts around my eye and on my cheek were closing, so the sweat didn't bother them much anymore. I was feeling good, nice, loose.

Then the young kid inspector came up, Bill Sands. He signaled Buck to hold the iron. I looked down, puzzled. Sands signaled me to get off the column.

"Conover," he said sharply, "there's a vertical below that's out of line."

"Out of line," I repeated, automatically. "How could it be out of line? Where is it?"

THE kid was real irritated by my disbelieving attitude. "Beneath the safety deck," he snapped. "Probably thought I wouldn't notice it. Tried to hide it."

"Oh come off it," I showed my disgust. "Number One: all the columns are perfectly aligned. Number Two: all the beams form precise right angles. You know as well as I do everything interlocks. A bent or twisted piece just doesn't fit. Try to cram it in and the mistake shows up right away. We have two stories of perfect boxes, so, there are no defects. Now toddle off and go bug somebody else."

He exploded, red-faced, screaming. "You don't buffalo me, Conover. I'm red-marking that vertical. You raise another piece of iron and I'll have your butt!"

I dropped the torque wrench off my shoulder, dropped my gloves, stuck my chest in his face. "You'll what?"

He stood his ground. "You heard me. No work till that vertical is replaced."

"You expect us to take down everything we just put up? Two floors of construction?"

"That's right!"

"Why?"

"Because I'm telling you. Because that vertical doesn't pass inspection."

I grabbed him by the shirt and pitched him toward the ladder. "Little boy, you have another think coming. Where is this vertical?"

Sands stumbled down the ladder and pointed. He was working on such a short fuse his finger trembled. Everybody nearby had stopped work and was watching us. "There!" Sands' voice quivered.

"Joe Bright!" I yelled. "Give me your best spirit level."

It was passed to me and I put it up against two surfaces of the column, watching the three bubbles in the level center themselves on the line. "Perfect!" I declared, then walked up the column, slapping the level against it, yelling, "Perfect! Perfect! Perfect!" For good measure, I checked the horizontal; that was absolutely level too.

The gangs were laughing. Sands was so mad his skin was tight from holding himself in. "It's still red lined," he gritted between clenched teeth.

There's no arguing with determined morons. They never see the light. The best you can do is step on their heads. I yelled up the ladder to Buck. "Get Sneezer up here."

Captain Schezas checked the disputed column with a spirit level and, just to make sure, got a surveyor with a plumb line and a transit sight. The beast was perfect. I told Schezas if he didn't keep that jerk kid out of my hair, I'd pitch him down the hole.

We were coming into overtime when Buck motioned me to his headset. It was Al Massi on the other end, mad enough to short-circuit the wires.

"Pete! That stupid little sonuvabitch tells me I got air pockets in the concrete I'm pouring around your columns, and I'm using vibrators. How the hell can I have air pockets when I got vibrators going? Besides, it's only a twelve-foot pour."

"Tell him to pack it, Al. When you rip off the wooden forms, he can test the concrete all he wants. He finds pockets, you'll chisel them out. He doesn't agree to that, you can accidentally give him a concrete bath."

Occasionally after that I saw Sands crawling around like a nimble spider on the webbing of the building, but he stayed away from our section. When we had put in two hours overtime and were about on top of the schedule, Shell signaled the knock off. We turned off the torque wrenches, the bull hose stopped roaring, and the guy on the manifold bled the lines. Then Bill Sands came skimming down off the iron and ideas clicked into place.

Maybe the argument I had had with the little jerk was all the mental shove I needed, because I sure hadn't been doing much thinking. When you're raising iron you keep your mind on the job. Then the heat we had been having kind of drains you, so you're blank at night. Besides, most of my worrying had been about Carl Wick.

Buck was putting away his headset when I gave him the high sign and told him to get Mike Gallagher up. Everybody was trooping for the fifth floor where there was an elevator hoist—maybe six, seven-hundred men—so there was quite a crowd. I cut Joe Bright out, told him to find Al Massi and meet us on the eighth story safety deck. I planted myself in front of Bill Sands. Johnny Eagle not even knowing my reasons, stuck his shoulder alongside mine. Everytime Sands tried to move closer to the hoist, he was blocked by two backs, all done nice and easy, making him think he was still on a line.

A bunch got on the hoist; one of them pressed the bell to signal down, and left standing alone on the deck were Al Massi,

I signaled, and Johnny and Joe picked the little rat up, carried him over to the "plank" . . .



Joe Bright, Johnny, Buck, Mike, myself, and Sands. I turned around. Sands' color faded to white. He stepped back.

"Now look, it's my job to check all the construction and see everything is perfect. About that column . . . Conover, I swear I thought it was out of line. Massi, there *could* be air pockets in the concrete." His voice went up. "You can't blame me for doing my job."

My voice was flat. "A man named Jelly goes over the side. Mike's cable gets an acid injection just before he has to lift a girder. That calls for timing. One so-called accident happened on the building and the other had to happen on the ground. None of us gets around like that. We're restricted to our own work areas. It has to be somebody who can go anywhere on the construction site without a question asked."

Sands backed away. "Lay off. Lay off me. Sure, I'm all over the place. I'm supposed to be."

We closed in on him. I heard myself talking like it was coming from somebody else. "You've got some experience, enough to know that column was aligned, enough to know you don't get air pockets when vibrators are used. You were just trying to delay us, weren't you, little man?"

He was sweating a lot now. "No. No. I swear it. You're just guessing." He inhaled and tried to look brave. "See here, you can't hold me against my will. It's your privilege to bring charges against me in the proper form. Until then, I'm free to go about my business."

I grabbed the front of his shirt. "Mike! Did you check your cable?"

"Always do. Every morning. I run out a couple hundred feet more than we'll be using, and the mechanic and I walk it looking for signs of wear."

"Did junior here fool around with the cable?"

"He was there a lot of mornings, first thing. Seemed particularly interested in the last few feet—which is funny. That isn't where a cable shows wear. It's where it runs over the wheel. Matter of fact, this is the first job I've been on where an inspector checked me out. It's my responsibility and no one else's."

"Buck," I said. "Stand over the edge, grab hard on to a column. Now suppose, I picked up an air line running from the manifold, 'Jelly was told there was a leak in one of the hoses. How does he test it? He wets his lips and feels for the rush of air. Or he puts spit on it and checks for bubbles. Either way, he's on the edge holding the hose near his face. Now watch what happens.'"

Naturally there was a lot of slack in the line, because we moved around in our work and couldn't be tied down by the torque wrenches. "Buck! Hold on tight now." I snapped the hose like a whip.

THE line jumped alive, jerked out of Buck's hand, slapped him in the face, threw his head back. If he hadn't been wrapped around the column, it would have tossed him over the side. The boys made a couple of nasty comments and grabbed Sands' arms.

"That's how Jelly died. No trick about Mike's cable. A one-ounce perfume bottle filled with sulphuric, the glass stopper taped down, could cut it easy. Use a spike or a spud wrench to unlay the twist and you can pour the acid directly into the interior where it eats away without being noticed. Right, kid?"

Sands licked his lips, whispered, "I didn't do it."

"Nah. You just happened to be in the right places at the right times. If you

want to talk now, you can save yourself lots of trouble. Joe, fix a plank for us."

That jerk Sands giggled hysterically. "Oh come on. You're not going to make me walk the plank."

"That's too easy," I told him.

Joe Bright hammered a sixteen penny nail into the middle of the plank, fixed it across two beams on the ninth deck. Before the little rat got the idea, I rolled my sweat rag into a ball, shoved it into his mouth, tied it there with Johnny's rag.

The plank was over the entrance to the safety deck and there was a three-story drop below. We hauled Sands up to the plank, stretched him out on it, and backed off, standing on the iron. He had to put a tremendous arch in his back to keep his spine off the point of the nail. If he tried to hitch forward or backward, it got him. If he relaxed, his own weight would force the nail into him. On either side there was a lot of space.

We stood there and watched the muscles stand out like ridges in his neck. His hands were free and he used them to help keep the spinal arch, but you could see the quivering begin in his arms and the muscles knot from prolonged tension. His heels kept slipping, and he had to scramble with them to stay off that nail point.

Maybe it seems cruel, sadistic, but we were serious, dead serious. A friend of ours had been killed, and we were sure Sands had done it. If he went over the side, chose that way out, we'd accept it and walk away without grief or another thought. Like I said, we handled our own affairs, were kind of pragmatic when it came to doling out justice.

I called to Sands, "Any time you feel like holding sensible conversation, just signal."

He was in agony, quivering from the strain. He was rising and falling, putting little punctures in his back. He had more guts than I figured to take it for so long. Whatever the end was going to be, it would come soon.

Sands nodded, wiggled his fingers. He'd had enough. We yanked him off the plank, pulled the gag and I started the questions.

"Why?"

"Money. I was paid for it."

"You have anything to do with that phony union?"

"No. What do I care about unions?"

"Who paid you?"

"I don't know."

"Put him back on the board."

"No!" he screamed. "It's the truth. A letter of instructions and money were slipped into my trailer. I figured it was about unions. I didn't care . . . I just wanted the money."

"How much did you get for killing Jelly?"

"A thousand dollars."

"One grand. One grand for a guy's life. Okay," I nodded to the others. "I'll take care of this."

Joe Bright shook his head. "You'd better be seen below. You had the big argument with him today. The police can't prove you did anything to Carl Wick, but they have their suspicions. This would just be frosting on the cake—too much of a coincidence. Al and I will handle it."

"What are you going to do?" Sands whispered. "What are you going to do?" his voice climbed.

"Well," I informed him, "you'll never be an inspector again where union men work. If I were you, I'd start thinking about another line of work."

Because the hoist operator was gone, we had to ladder it down all the way to the bottom. Shell was in the shack work-

ing on his schedule, Captain Schezas was writing up reports when the scream came, followed by a thud.

"Hey!" Joe Bright yelled. "Man hurt! Who's down there? Give us a hand."

Mike shouted, "I'll send up the hoist."

The hoist came down. Sands had had a fall. Both his legs were broken, compound fractures. His face was grey and his teeth were clenched. He kept muttering as though he had memorized it, "I'm lucky I'm alive. I'm lucky I'm alive."

Al Massi said, "He sure is. Must have been climbing on the iron and slipped."

Captain Schezas stared at us long and hard. Shell Mikkelson limped into him. "Oh, excuse me, Captain. Call an ambulance, will you?"

After Sneezer had gone, Shell turned to me. "What's this about?"

"Paul Jellicoe."

"Okay. I'll handle it from here."

Just like Tom O'Reilly said, you put on the pressure and something breaks. We still didn't know who was behind the phony union, but we figured we had bought ourselves time, maybe time enough to top out and leave for the next piece of construction. At the least we had obtained breathing time and given ourselves a chance to think. We had pulled Mr. X's teeth. We had gotten rid of his front man, Carl Wick, and we had neutralized the sneakily little bastard he had stuck right under our noses. The pressure was on Mr. X now. When he moved, he'd stick his neck out, and we'd step on it.

WE finished the week in such good time that we passed Shell's revised schedules, and he knocked us off at three o'clock, Saturday. Everybody whooped and hollered. A good number of the guys didn't bother sluicing down, just hopped in their cars and roared off, hoping to get in some beer time before chow—or they'd just get stiff and forget eating.

The gang hit Mrs. Bradley's like a sky rocket, exploding in all directions. This time I fought my way to the shower. There was Ann and there was the fact that I hadn't been drunk in two weeks. The decision was tearing me in half and I was coming to a sort of compromise: Ann first and a drunk second, or I could ship aboard enough beer to eliminate the dehydration and then come back to a nice toss in the hay.

The clock made the decision. It was too early for Mrs. Bradley's pre-bedtime nap, and I wasn't going to spend a couple hours chewing my nails. While I was dressing, through the shouting and towel snapping I could hear Cookie's ancient car barking and coughing.

The minute I was respectable, I trotted down the stairs with some of the other guys. June was standing by the door trying to snag a volunteer, but these boys were glassy-eyed to get to Vic Johnson's and didn't even look at her—and in shorts June was something to look at.

She latched on to me. "Pete! If you want to eat next week, will you please drive me to Lodge Pole for the shopping?"

"Lodge Pole is better than forty miles. It's your Pop's job."

"His antique just rolled over and died. I think he's going to ship it to the Smithsonian."

"We've been breaking our backs all week. I rate—"

"I'll have you back in time for fun and games with Lolita."

"Oh hell! Come on."

"We need a few things first. See you around back."

I use a camper for traveling, can move my pickup in or out and let it stand on braces I built in. It gives me mobility,

although I have to admit the pickup, while practical, hasn't got much class.

June was waiting for me, had put on some sort of wraparound skirt over the shorts. She helped me throw those light plastic foam boxes in the back, the kind that will keep frozen food frozen for a half day or better.

As she climbed into the front seat, she tapped my red-haired arm. "Thanks, Pete. I really appreciate this. Take the scowl off your face. You'll keep your date with Lolita."

I snapped, "There's nothing between me and Ann."

June tightened her lips and stared out the windshield. "From what I've heard, there usually isn't on . . . er . . . those particular occasions."

I clashed gears and sped down the road. By damn! I was going to come back to Lo—I mean, Ann.

Passing Vic Johnson's, I swear my throat almost closed. I choked when I thought of the bourbon sliding down and the cold beer chasing after it, the good feeling spreading out as the muscles relaxed. June must have read my mind.

"I won't mind if you stop for a drink."

"If I want to stop for a drink, I'll stop, and you'll have nothing to say about it."

"Pete, I don't deliberately try to rub you the wrong way."

"You're the only broad I ever let get under my skin."

"Broad! That's what you think of me."

"Broad! This is one trip I want to get over and done with as fast as possible."

We bickered all the way in to Lodge Pole, then declared a truce when we reached the big market. June had phoned in the order. They had it prepared, helped us pack the frozen stuff in the plastic insulators, wedge it fast with bushels of potatoes and such like, then lash everything down.

It was dusk when we left. Lodge Pole is nestled in the foothills of the Rockies, and as I topped the last rise, I pulled off the road for a minute. The prairie was turning purple. The construction site was a pebbled scar on the land. The massive building was just a pencil point of shadow. You couldn't even see the town: it was weathered to the color of the prairie.

"Peace," June muttered, maybe as an apology, maybe at what she saw, maybe as an expression of how she felt.

I snorted. "That's what Johnny Eagle always says. He enjoys pulling that cowboys and Indians stuff."

"He likes you a lot."

"We've been working together quite a while."

"Where do you go from here?"

I shrugged. "There's always a job."

"Don't you get tired of traveling?"

"Just when I have to do my own cooking."

"Ever think of settling down?"

"One time—and that cured me. I was a seventeen-year-old kid heading for Korea, married a little doll face. Turned out she was married to four more guys, was collecting allotments from all of us. A real shrewd piece of work. Often wondered what would have happened if a couple of us had come home at the same time. Bet she would have juggled us from room to room, kept us all happy."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know. Out of jail for certain. Probably rolling drunks on Skid Row someplace."

"That's a pretty bitter statement."

"No. It's the truth. She's history. End of story."

"Not quite. You're still running, still traveling."



We climbed to the eighth-floor safety deck without any trouble, and I gave June a hand up.

I turned to her. The last light shone in her blue eyes and made her dark hair shine blue-black. "I travel because I make my living that way and because I like it."

"The other men say—"

"I know, I know. I should be a wheel at the local or work at the international. I'd still have to travel some, and I'd miss all the fun."

"Like meeting people like Carl Wick."

"Occasionally like Carl Wick. More often it's nice people like you and your Pa."

"Is that a compliment?"

"Why not? You *are* a nice person."

She ran her fingers through the red hair on my arm. "You're a pretty nice person yourself, Pete."

I put my hand on her shoulder, twisted her toward me, tried to see what was in her eyes. I couldn't read anything there. I guess there were too many complicated emotions to distinguish any one. I pulled her in close. She came willingly enough. Her lips were pillow soft, smooth, sweet tasting. I bent her back so her head was leaning against the arm rest of the door. My searching hand found a cloth-covered breast, caressed the voluptuous roundness of it.

SHE struggled, protested, "No, Pete. No."

I let her rise to a sitting position. "What's the matter? Afraid of me?"

"Afraid of myself. I'm sorry, Pete."

"It's okay." I twisted the key and tromped the accelerator. "I never took advantage of anyone who didn't want to be taken advantage of."

She forced a laugh. "Perhaps I've heard too many traveling salesmen jokes."

"Or traveling iron raisers. Traveling men period."

"I didn't mean it that way, honestly, Pete."

"Forget it." I poured down off the rise and hit the flat full out. "I want to show you another reason why I travel after the job."

I pulled off the blacktop highway and bumped along the rough construction

road, parked so that she could see the half-completed structure with the night lights outlining it.

"Look. A lot of brains went into the planning. Think of all the men who made what we're putting together. Now look around you. What have you got? A little town rotting back to dust. Would this place be any better off if the buffalo were still here? Naturalists, smart men, say we upset the balance of nature and kill off birds and animals. My experience is to go into a deserted place, build something big and strong, and when we're finished, we leave a bustling area behind. What do you think that one-horse town is going to be like when we complete this job? It will boom, burst at the seams, get a fat new lease on life. I can't put it all into words, but we build, see? We're the builders."

"It's beautiful, Pete," she agreed, speaking low. "I always knew it. I didn't think you did."

"I don't see beauty there. I see raw muscle and hot sweat and chest-busting pride."

"Can we go closer?"

"Sure." I released the brake. The night watchman wasn't around. Maybe he was making a tour of the rear. It was all right; he'd recognize my truck, wouldn't shoot at us.

"Pete," June suddenly said. "I'd like to go to the top. Is it possible?"

"It's an eight-story climb up ladders."

"I don't mind. I can make it."

"Okay. I'll go first," I slapped her rump, "so you won't think I'm peeking."

"Go on." She pushed my shoulder. "Any man who talks about sex as much as you do can't be great shakes as a performer. Besides, I still have my shorts on."

"Another of my hopes wrecked. No kidding, when you climb the ladder, put your foot down the way I do. Don't hook your heels into a rung. If the heel tears off, your foot goes out from under."

We reached the safety deck without any trouble. She was breathing hard, shining with the joy of accomplishment. The

slight night breeze ruffled her hair. I showed her the tools we worked with—the spuds, the torque wrenches; described how we raised iron, told what the men following us did, so that an immense structure rose section by section.

She inhaled, swelling her chest. She was a lot of woman, a lot of woman. My bad luck that she wasn't for me. "Oh," she cried out, "it's so darned big and wonderful."

I nodded. "I've known old-timers, arthritis victims, climb the columns even though every step was agony. You couldn't have pulled them off the high iron with a crane. They didn't need the dough either."

THE breeze strengthened, a cool breeze that brought relief after all the heat. June did something to her skirt, held it out behind her, stood spread-legged in her shorts, hair blowing and skirt flopping. Her calves had roundness to them without too much swell; her thighs were slender but substantial. She was narrow enough in the waist so that her abdomen dipped in between her pelvic structure. Her breasts I had been briefly introduced to: large, firm, thrusting. Ann had the taut build of youth; June was a prime woman, contained lightning.

"Look," I said, "I'm going to kiss you."

She gave me a half-smile, a half-laugh that might have been a dare. "Come ahead."

I kissed her good and proper and this time there was no hesitation, no withholding. Her lips were as soft as ever, her body molded to mine. She didn't resist when I lifted her off her feet, sat her down still kissing her, then carefully lowered her head to the spruce safety deck. She held on to me tight and her fingers splayed against my back seemed to encourage me. My searching hand found her breast again. She inhaled sharply and for a brief second I thought she was going to fight me, but she only moved closer.

June helped me undress her.

"No strings?" I asked.

"No strings, Pete."

"You know what you're doing?"

There wasn't any fear in her eyes.

"Give me my honeymoon. I'm not going to get married, not in this town, not anywhere. Who can I marry? Give me my honeymoon, Pete..."

When it was over I rose, slipped into my clothes. June asked, "Is it all right if I stay here a little while?"

"Sure." I grinned, studying her perfection of figure.

She found a tarpaulin, pulled it over her. "This isn't modesty," she smiled impishly. "It's chilly. I'm cold after... well, I mean it's chilly."

"Sure," I lit a cigarette.

Her eyes danced in amusement. "We'll have to do this more often. But where? There's Ann to consider, the way she prowls around."

"Cut it out. No more needling."

"I know! Your camper." She sighed. "Now that that's settled, I'd like to rest a few minutes after this rather... er... shattering experience."

I drifted over the edge, leaned against a column. A shadow dashed through the lights below. The watchman.

But what was he doing running, crouching?

I flicked the cigarette into space, let it fall in a shower of sparks. It hit in a burst of embers. The figure jerked straight. There was another spark. Something clipped a plank near my feet and it splintered. I heard a whining buzz and realized I had been shot at. The

shock held me there; my damn muscles were locked. And then I was jumping and rushing at high speed, yelling at June who was on her feet, tense as a startled deer.

"Stay down. Keep away from the edge."

I grabbed two spud wrenches, leaped back to the edge. A slug spanged off a column. The guy was running backward, increasing the range but getting a flatter and more accurate sight on me. Automatically, instinctively, I pulled the spud wrench back to my ear, launched it like a football, giving a twisting spiral to it. The thickly tapered steel went out into the darkness, then reappeared, streaking down point-first, following a long, arcing path. It glittered on and off as it reflected in the bulbs; then I couldn't see anymore.

The long shadow collapsed into a small shadow, a burst balloon lying crumpled and still. Then it moved, feebly but definitely. I flipped the other spud wrench end over end. In this job you get used to throwing things. I suppose I scored another strike although the first one had been pure luck: a matter of muscular reaction similar to a boxer's or a basketball player's.

I made record time descending the ladders and hitting the ground, but damned if June wasn't right on my heels, and she had had to dress. First thing I saw was a mound of earth at the base of a supporting pier. Wires ran out of the middle of it. Hunkering down, I carefully brushed aside the dirt. When I saw an electric detonating cap sticking up, I started removing the earth practically grain by grain. The cap was inserted in a bundle of dynamite resting against the foundation pier, all of it neatly tamped to get the maximum explosive effect. A couple of blasts like that could tilt the whole building, maybe even bring it down. Bracing my wrists against the hole, I gingerly removed the cap, following the same line in which it had been inserted. I'm not afraid of dynamite but fuses scare the hell out of me, especially when they're attached to explosives.

Once I got the cap free and clear, I yelled to June to get behind the truck and stay there, then ran and traced the wires back. It was the shooting box I was interested in. An expert never makes his connections to the box until the last thing, but from the way the fuse had been placed in a dynamite stick—the bottom just rammed straight in—it looked like an amateur job. It would work, sure, but it didn't have the neatness of the pros: they cut a long slash in a stick, insert the cap, then tape it down.

I raced by the prone body, scooped a six-inch barrel revolver off the ground, kept running using the wires as a guide. Placed behind a protecting knoll was a shooting box—and the wires weren't wrapped around the poles. I relaxed, exhaling, feeling like I had been holding my breath for the whole time. Later we could trace the wires to the rest of the dynamite, but for now it was relatively harmless unless there was an electrical storm or a sudden earth shock.

I told June to go into the shack, crank up the phone, call the police and an ambulance and stay there. I went to see who Mr. X was. The shirt and trousers looked boneless; the top right half was a sodden mass of blood. The first spud wrench I had thrown struck him behind the clavical—the bone connecting the shoulder to the neck—had gone straight down, ripping hell out of muscles and ligaments and arteries and such, and had finally slammed into the shoulder blade and dislocated it by pushing it out. Just the wrench part of the spud was visible.

The second wrench had caught him near the spine and shattered the back of the rib cage.

He was unconscious but breathing in a raspy, gurgling fashion. I rolled him over for a better look. It was Vic Johnson, greedy Vic Johnson, the guy who loved money. It figured. I had been stupid for not pinning it on him before this. He was the only one with enough money in town to hire muscle and finks. What really hurt was that it was our money he was using against us, the money we tossed across his bar.

Give him credit for brains. He knew he had a prospective boom town on his hands. If he could force his phony union on us and make it stick, then all the industrial and home contractors that followed would have to allow their men to be unioned into his blood-sucking organization. Probably he was making a land grab too; right now he could buy acreage for peanuts. Vic had wanted to be a millionaire in a hurry and wouldn't let anything stop him—not even murder. This was his last chance. He had to delay us as much as possible, buy time for himself to rebuild and regroup and get that phony union bit going again. Dynamite was his answer.

His wide lips were drawn back from his teeth in a grimace of agony. I didn't know whether he was going to live or die. I didn't care. I was still standing there, June beside me, when car lights came bounding along the access road. Cops, Air Force, ambulance, the works.

They found the rest of the dynamite; they found the watchman with the back of his head crushed in. If Vic lived, he'd stand trial on a murder charge.

A couple of weeks later, we topped out. The last piece of iron went into place. Everyone hooted and hollered. We rattled the air guns, beat metal against metal—anything to make noise.

Then we wondered what to put on our impromptu flagpole. Buck grinned shyly, took some pink material out of his overall pocket, raised it on the lanyards. There, flying over all, were Ann Bradley's panties. A roar of approval went up. Buck tipped his hard hat and bowed.

"It took me two weeks of no Saturday night drunks, but I figure it was worth it."

I packed my duds fast at the Bradley place. Ann came into the room. "Hey, how about those addresses you promised me."

"Honey," I snapped the locks on my suitcases, "ask Buck. He made you famous. Any big construction company in the country will hire you—for something or other."

I ran downstairs. June was waiting near the front door.

"Leaving?"

"Yeah."

"Where?"

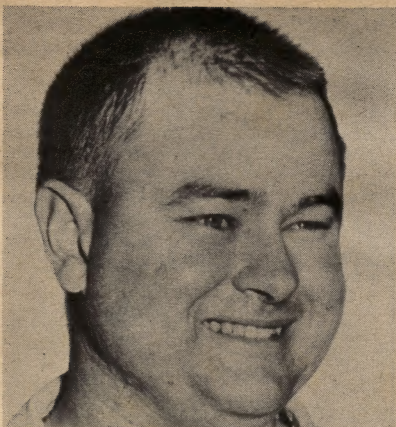
"East. Tom O'Reilly offered me a job at international headquarters as a field man. I thought I'd give it a whirl. Be jockeying a desk mostly, but there's some travel involved. Want to try it with me?"

"Is that a proposal or a proposition?" She was quite contained, smiling, waiting as if my answer didn't matter. Maybe that's what decided me.

"It's as near a proposal of marriage as you're going to get out of me. You've got ten minutes to pack your wedding gown and your hope chest."

She whipped a big suitcase out from behind the door. "Darling! I thought you'd never ask."

Well, I always did have luck—of one sort or another.



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